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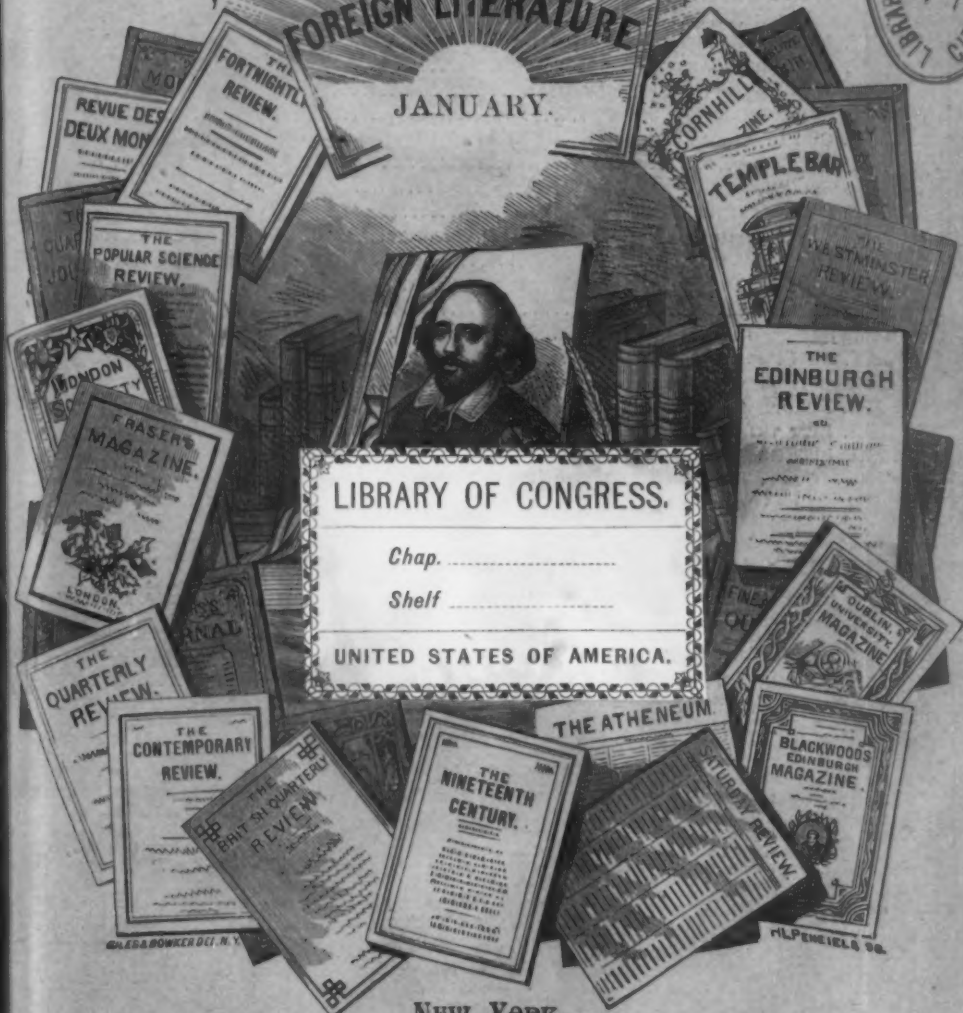
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OF  
FOREIGN LITERATURE

JANUARY.



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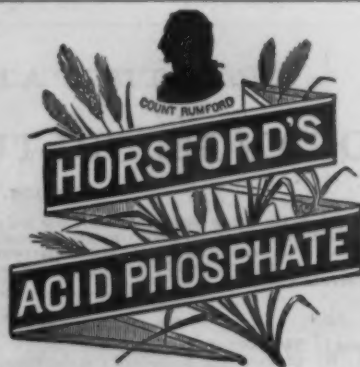
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plete in 63 vols.

THE STORY OF JAMES BARKER:

A TALE OF THE CONGO COAST.

## PART I.

KABOOKA BAY was a quiet spot on the desolate Congo coast. There was no European habitation within forty miles of it on one side or the other, and the whitewashed roof of the factory, or trading station there, could be seen from far out at sea, a solitary speck on the border of an almost treeless, barren-looking country.

The large wide bay itself was bounded at each end by low cliffs; and from dark seams in the sides of these exuded a thick shale oil, which lay yellow and greasy on the surface of the pools of sea water at their bases, amid the rocks round which the sea curled and poured.

Nevertheless the surf was neither so high nor so heavy at Kabooka as at many other places along the coast. Out seaward, instead of the usual lines of white dangerous water, were only here

and there little patches of foam, where the rollers came upon the hidden rocks. Close inshore the breakers fell in almost gentle succession, and at last spent themselves on a beach of fine sand, strewn with coral-encrusted seaweed, pink, white, gray, grass-green, yellow, and purple in color; while delicate sea-shells of all shapes, tints, and sizes, lay scattered about, and glistened in the rays of a tranquil sunset.

Drawn up beyond the reach of the water lay two gayly-striped surf-boats, their sharp curved stems pointing seaward. Beyond them a pathway was worn through the bent grass, and led up a gentle slope to the factory.

On the planked veranda of the low wooden felt-thatched house sat two white men in the coast costume of a shirt and a pair of white duck trousers a-piece, enjoying the cool of the evening after the long heat of the day. And the

two had had a piece of hard work, as upward of a hundred tusks of ivory lying in the dark cargo-room of the factory testified. These had all been bought during the day, and probably more would be forthcoming from the native traders on the morrow. On this day, too, a steamer from Europe had been due at Kabooka, and it was the probability of her arrival before they should be ready to ship their ivory by her that the two men had been discussing.

"Ah, well, when she comes," said the elder—a dark, sallow-faced, but good-looking man—"she will be the last but one before my relief arrives, and then 'hey for England, home, and beauty!' Eh, Master James Barker?"

"Ay," returned the younger; "and I don't know how I shall get on without you, sir," he added. "Since you took me, a sick ship lad, out of the old bark in Sharks' Creek, and nursed me to life again, when near every man aboard died of the 'bilioso' fever, you've been more than a father to me—you have, sir;" and the lad turned a glance full of gratitude and trust toward his companion.

"Tuts, tuts," replied the elder, shortly, "yours was the worst case, and you were the youngest on board; so naturally I took care of you. But what's more to the purpose, James, you've amply repaid anything I ever did for you since you've been in the service of the firm. You've turned out an honest, brave boy, an Ar trader, and a prime favorite with the natives; and I'll go bail you'll be quite indispensable to my relief when he comes; for I dare say he'll be some fellow quite ignorant of the trade and the way of the natives here," and Mr. Monke's voice had in it a touch of sarcasm.

"Let me go home with you," suddenly pleaded the lad. "I will be your faithful servant; I will not ask for wages from you if"—and he stopped—"if you will only allow me to be near you," he whispered.

Mr. Monke stared. Here was evidence of attachment in all sincerity. He was flattered; but he said, "What, James Barker! you propose to be *my servant*? And what about your position on the coast? Why, you will be an

agent in charge in course of time, with a station all to yourself, and your own master. If the firm had only taken my advice, they'd have put you in here until I returned; but they never do the correct thing until it is too late," he added, having another fling at his relief.

"I am sick of the coast; I hate it," returned the lad vehemently, the color mounting in his face. "The same sea, sky, and land, day after day. Nothing but the prickly bush and the niggers to look at. Why, sir," he went on quickly, to hide what the other might possibly deem ingratitude, "we haven't seen a white man for three months, and not a white woman for as many years."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the elder man, kindly, seeing through the pretended disgust of the lad, "you've tired of it all very suddenly. And as for a white woman, wait till you have a beard. I never heard you mention the name of one before, James. You surely did not leave a sweetheart at home, eh?"

"No, sir," replied the lad, shortly, and rose as a native servant, clad in a white flowing cloth, caught dexterously round his shoulders, came on the veranda, and after making a low salaam with the whitish palms of his hands turned outward, announced that dinner was served. He then, with free stride, followed his white masters into the dining-room, his round black face and thick red lips showing in the lamplight like polished ebony and coral. There could not have been a greater contrast to him and the other three of his race who waited at the table—the counterparts of himself in the *physique* of their frames, and the unmeaning look of their broad faces—than the two white men. The latter, though thin and pale through the effect of the climate, and looking as if any one of their servants could have mastered them with ease, had yet in their clear cut features, and, above all, in the quick intelligent look of their eyes, a something that gave warning not only of what they could do, but would attempt.

Yet between the two there was a great difference beside that of age. Monke's face was dark, thoughtful, and sarcastic in expression, seeing through things, as the natives well knew. The lad's countenance, on the contrary, was open and

fair, his hair was light brown, almost yellow in color, and there was a dreamy look in his blue eyes which contrasted oddly enough with his quaint, awkward, growing frame, whose bones showed too plainly. Yet there was a gentleness about him which had first attracted his senior. In short, while the one was educated and practical, the younger, ship-boy though he was, and rough and coarse in exterior, had the finer mind.

After their meal the two wearied men retired to rest through a night brilliant in moonlight, beneath which the phosphorescent waves glittered as they broke with the swell in the dark water of the open bay, and edged the beach with continual flashes of silver. On the shore there was not a sound heard save the murmur of the ocean and the melancholy cry of the watch set round the factory.

Even the vast shadowy background to the bay was silent. As the hours wore on and day broke, a heavy mist collected over the gray sea, and crept slowly inland, and the natives for the last watch drew their trade blankets about them, as they shivered with the cold. But as the sun showed himself the mist soon rolled away, and everything sparkled and revelled in the warm light of the early tropical morning. With it came a band of traders from the native village, numbering, with their bondsmen, fully one hundred. Between each two slaves, in a sort of wicker basket, was slung a heavy curved elephant's tusk, and in single line the men descended a path through the grass, and forded a river. The interpreters belonging to the factory and the masters headed this procession, holding long wands, with which they gesticulated and pointed as they walked, and the rear was brought up by a crowd of fighting men, whose duty it had been to guard the band on their journey, and who, now their duty was over, beat tom-toms, blew horns, and made a great fuss.

All this excitement was by way of rejoicing over the arrival at the factory of another company from the far interior, whence, after many months' journeying through tribe after tribe and past danger after danger, they had emerged on the sea-coast, and had come to Kabooka to dispose of their produce. The men

were, one and all, armed with knives and flat-headed spears, and some carried bows. Their knives they wore stuck through folds of native yellow grass cloth wound round their waists. The bondsmen and fighting men had no other clothing on their bodies, but confined their decorative talents to their hair, which they wore in the form of great trained bushes of wool. The masters, in whatever condition they had travelled, after their rest in the village of Kabooka, had arrayed themselves in long trailing pieces of European cotton cloths, and wore anklets and bracelets of brass, and strings of bright beads round their necks. All had flat features of the true negro type, and they differed outwardly only in color, verging from a dark brown to quite a light bronze tint. Their frames were worn through their long march; but to them repayment for all their toil was soon to come through the instrumentality of the white trader.

Arrived within the yard of the factory, the bearers sat themselves down beside the walls, while the others stood about in groups discussing prices while waiting for the white men. Presently the large doors of the cargo-room were thrown open, and immediately, irrespective of degree or rank, a rush was made through them to be brought up in front of a small desk, at which James was seated calm and ready. He motioned with his hand to the foremost men, who instantly squatted down on their haunches on the floor in circles, their tusks of ivory in the centre. The others blocked up the entrance to the room, and streamed out into the sunny yard, each man agog to catch the price of the first tusk sold, which would necessarily serve as a guide to the value of the rest. James rose and inspected one belonging to the group immediately in front of him. It was what was called a prime tooth, fully five feet in length, curved gradually and without knot or crack, although its dark-brown smooth surface was dented and scarred, and its point worn fine by use in far-off forests.

James signed to a native to put it in the balance, and it turned the scale at fifty pounds. Then he thrust a stout stick into the hollow root of it, and brought out the end of the stick covered with wet mud. A downy cast look came

over the faces of the owners as he smiled grimly and bade them clear the tusk. At most times he would have packed the group off, or made them wait till all were served; but as theirs was the first tooth, and a fine one, he passed over the attempt to cheat, and after the mud had been scraped out of the tusk, took a good two or three pounds off the weight of it by way of retaliation, and then considered his offer. So many guns, so much powder, and so many "parts" of cloth, he cried out, after a brief calculation of the goods he had for barter; and immediately his voice was heard, it was answered by a derisive chorus of refusal from all parts of the room.

He sat down and waited calmly while the groups consulted among themselves and with the interpreters in a state of pretended frantic indignation. He feigned indifference. After a while, an offer to take a price exceeding his by fully a third was made by them, which he refused, and told them good-humoredly to speak their "last mouth" next time, or in another word *sense*. Upon this he was asked to name a fresh price, and after pretending to look with much seriousness at the slate before him, he increased his offer by a very little, informing them that he had now truly spoken his "last mouth." Then ensued another chatter, in which bondsmen and fighting men joined, so great was the eagerness of all to have a part in settling this most important question. James was implored and entreated over and over again to make yet another mouth, but he answered firmly, "What I have said I have said," and sat back in his chair with folded arms.

It was a sufficiently striking picture—the long, low, wooden, whitewashed cargo-room, with the many groups of stalwart black figures squatted before the solitary white man seated at his desk, and keeping the whole company in check, as it were; while behind him, for a background, were piled huge opened bales of gaudy-colored cloths—striped, checked, figured, flowered, or dyed wholly red or blue. Blankets, rugs, and shawls were spread beside gold and silver threaded dress-pieces, and soldiers' uniform coats—trappings gorgeous to the native eye. Stands of

old flint muskets with shining barrels, some of which bore the Tower mark, were ranged along the walls, or lay in open cases. Bundles of glittering swords, spear-pointed knives, *machets*, and much other cutlery, were placed beside hundredweights of heavy brass rings, slender brass rods, flints, hoop-iron, and other hardware. Pottery of common sorts, and heaps of knick-knacks in the shape of toys, hand looking-glasses, and a great quantity of false jewelry, took up the whole of one corner, while another was occupied by boxes of beads. Cases of coarse liquors stood thick together, and stowed behind them loomed large puncheons of rum.

The sight of all these riches was perhaps too tempting to the crowd of savages, for at last, though with a tremendous show of reluctance, James's second offer was accepted by them, and a bargain struck for the number and quantity of muskets, powder, and cloth he had named, which articles would be afterward exchanged for many others, according to a fixed standard of values much in favor of the white trader.

The price of the first tusk sold having thus been ascertained, and received with a grunt by the natives, bargaining was speedily proceeded with, and Monke joining the lad, the two men toiled busily and eagerly for many hours, managing the increasing stream of sellers with consummate tact, ability, and good humor. Indeed, so much ivory was bought that the elder man began to have serious doubts of there being sufficient goods in the store to pay for it all, and he bade James stop buying and take a look round and give his opinion. James rose and was beginning to roughly calculate the contents of the bales and cases before him when he happened to turn suddenly, and saw, in the little doorway which led to the dwelling portion of the house, the slender though tall figure of a white woman. He started backward as if shot. He could not at first believe his eyes. He stared, and slowly approached the figure, which looked at him. He gave an inarticulate cry to Mr. Monke, who, turning, was also transfixed with astonishment. A lady! a white lady! It was the last object either had thought to see, and she stood before them, and quite close, hav-



ing advanced into the room, and being brought to a standstill by a roar of surprise from the astonished natives.

James further approached her, and she put out both her hands, which he took involuntarily between his own rough palms. There were tears in her eyes, and it was with difficulty she spoke. At last she cried, "Oh, you are English, are you not?" "Yes," answered James, "this is an English house, and we are both English, Mr. Monke and I." Monke now came forward and told James to take the girl into the dining-room and attend to her, while he would go on with the work.

So the pair thus oddly brought together went out of the dark and now close-smelling cargo-store into the light and cheerful dining-room of the factory, and there James found a Dutchman leaning out of one of the windows, and talking at the top of his voice to a number of hammock-bearers outside.

Senhor Thoolen explained that he had conducted the lady to Kabooka. She had landed from the steamer that had passed down the coast two nights before. "The steamer is past Kabooka, then?" queried James. "Yes, but it is to call on its return from the south." Mees M'Gibbon had come out to her brother, and was forwarded by the Dutch house to the nearest English factory. He, Senhor Thoolen, had instructions to return with all speed, and would make his farewell if the Senhor English would provide him with four fresh bearers for his hammock.

"M'Gibbon!" ejaculated James, as he heard her name pronounced. Was it possible that she could be the sister of the notorious Bill M'Gibbon, well known on all the coast betwixt the Congo and the Gaboon? "M'Gibbon!" again said James to himself—a Yankee in manner, a Scotchman by birth, an ex-soldier of the American war, whose face was scarred by the mark of a bullet-wound through the cheek, a swaggerer, a drunkard by reputation. Could so fair a being be of the same flesh and blood as he? And if so, how had he allowed her to come too so strange a land? It was cruel of him. And James poured out his inquiries in Portuguese to the Dutchman, who, surprised, shook his head slowly, and did

not know any more about the matter than that the *senhora* had landed from the steamer, and that he had been ordered to deliver her safe and sound at Kabooka, which he had done. "But," and he drew James to one side, "is she not beautiful—*loovely*?" and he grasped James hard by the arm, and his little eyes twinkled knowingly as he turned them up in his head until nothing but the white of them was seen, and kept them so long inverted that they began to look like fixtures.

The sooner he was out of the way the better, thought James; and sent for the bearers he wanted. Then the girl, who had stood by wondering, staggered the lad by asking simply to see her brother. James tried to explain. "Is he not here?" she asked, trembling violently. Nothing had been heard of him, confessed James. But Mr. Monke would be only too glad to receive her until a messenger could be sent to him. If she could trust herself to stay at Kabooka, that would be the best way. It might be a week or more before the messenger could return; but she might be sure he would go as quickly as possible. It was of no use. By some misapprehension she had expected to meet her brother, and her disappointment was too great. She sat down and burst into tears. She had already heard enough of the country on her passage out to know that probably she was the only Englishwoman in the land, and the thought frightened her. By the sight of her distress James was distracted. He did not know what to do. Smellingsalts, perfumes, he thought of; but there were none within a thousand miles of him. All he said to her seemed at first to increase her grief. He contented himself with cursing, to himself, the absent M'Gibbon. And yet he was conscious that he rejoiced at his absence.

At last she calmed down a little, and following up his advantage, he sat down beside her and soothed her as well as he was able in his awkward way; and she, becoming gradually interested in what he said, told him in return how and why she had been brought to the coast.

Her profession at home had been that of a governess. Her only brother had never taken any notice of her; but

having lost a situation she had been in, and not being able to obtain another, she had written to his agents in England asking him, as her only relation, to help her, and for a reply they had paid her passage out to him.

This surprised and puzzled James very much. What kind of life did M'Gibbon imagine she would lead on the coast? What could she expect to do there, and in its climate, if it did not kill her? As these thoughts ran through his mind, Margaret—for that was her name—plied him with questions as to her brother and his surroundings; and though the sympathetic lad gave her as good an account of the man as he could, and of his house and the place it was in, yet he could not help showing some of his anxiety to her, which she perceived, and he felt that she seemed to look to him for help. Mr. Monke found the two together, and alone; and he smiled in spite of his curiosity to know the wherefore of the appearance of this waif from the civilized world. Upon being told, he was as much astonished as James had been, and then he was grave. There was something more than curious in the fact that a man like M'Gibbon should bring this young and educated girl out to the coast. She would undoubtedly be a restraint upon him, which his rough disposition could not but feel irksome. And, like James, Monke thought, What of the girl's fate in a spot far from any other woman?

However, he could do no more for her than to assure her that she was as welcome as possible until her brother came for her; and he despatched a messenger to him at his factory on the bay of Donde with the news of his sister's arrival and a letter from her. Then the two men, leaving Margaret alone for a time, went back to their work as if no unexpected interruption had come to the routine of their solitary lives—at least the elder one did. As for James, already something led his thoughts astray.

That night, when the work was again done, Monke sat on his veranda in the shade and watched the two young people as they talked together, entirely forgetful of him, and already fast friends. Thoughts of far-off days many years

past came to the man involuntarily. And James happened to rise and go out with the girl into the bright moonlight. The two strolled away together, and then they came back and stood by the veranda covering. Presently the lad turned his face up to the great orb, whose strong pure light brought out his every feature. There was an expression on his face which had never been there before, thought the elder man; and he leaned forward in his chair, breathless and startled in spite of himself, for the moment. The look of the lad had suddenly reminded him of some one, and he gazed, utterly transfixed, until James came on to the veranda again, when he dropped back into his chair with a sigh. "It was the expression, the very expression," he murmured to himself half-affrighted. "Bah! the idea was nonsense," he muttered, recovering. It was only the effect of time and circumstance on his imagination, and he tried to dismiss the lad from his thoughts.

Yet that night the vision of a face came to him again and again, so that he could not sleep, and he rose and went outside. Just as he reached the edge of the veranda, he gave a little cry of surprise and partly of terror. There, before him in the moonlight, was the very face that had haunted him. But the next moment he recognized James; and, to cover his emotion, he asked the lad roughly what he did out so late, and on getting no answer, ordered him off to bed.

The sudden advent of the girl had unduly disturbed both the lad and himself, Monke concluded, and the sooner she was away the better. It was no business of his how her brother would behave to her; and with this decision he tried to sleep.

Nevertheless, not even James became more attentive to Margaret during her enforced stay than Monke. It was wonderful how readily he, so disinclined to be disturbed or roused, put himself about to accommodate her. He insisted on giving up his own room to her, and had all his bachelor belongings removed out of it into a little dark room. He found in his trunks collars and neckties of bygone fashions, and white drill-coats, and adorned himself to the great envy of James, who possessed no such

evidence of refinement, and had, to his great disgust, to appear at table in his usual costume of shirt and trousers and an old pilot coat.

All the native women about the factory were banished with the exception of one, who had strict injunctions to wait upon the *senhora* and do nothing else. James, whose duty it was to superintend the household arrangements of the factory, endeavored to make up for his want of a white coat by extreme nicety in the supply of the table. He held long consultations with the cook and the cook's mate. He shot and dressed a bullock. He bribed the native hunters, with the result that little deer not much larger than hares, red-legged partridges, green pigeons, and other delicacies, were served every day after fresh oysters from the river. And for vegetables there were green corn, yams, and large red peppers. He went on board the steamer on its return; and after seeing two tons of ivory safely stowed away on board, returned with as many loaves of the ship's white bread, and bottles of pickles and sauces, and potted meats, as he could buy from the steward. At this improved fare Monke chuckled to himself, and wished the girl would stay a very long time to stimulate Mr. James in his arrangements.

And to Margaret's great distress, a whole week passed away without any news from her brother. The first intimation that was received of the message being delivered, was the reappearance of the man who had carried it, as he crawled through the open doorway of the dining-room. Beside him strode one of the head-men of the factory, whose brazen bangles and heavy coral necklet rattled as he pointed with angry gesticulation to the head of the messenger, which was bound up with a piece of blue *baft*.

His story was soon told. He had delivered his "book" (letter) on the third day after leaving Kabooka, and on its presentation had been paid his cloth. While resting after his quick journey, he had been summoned before the "mundella" (white man), who had struck at him and cut him—and the man's hands were lifted tenderly to his head. Then he had been seized, tied up, and lashed—and he turned his back

to his audience and remained kneeling in that attitude. However, a cross-examination conducted through the head-man elicited the fact that Zinga, the bearer, had received two extra bottles of rum over and above his allowance, and as to what had happened after receiving those bottles of rum his memory was defective. He had been flogged, he explained. But that he had been drunk was suspected, and his case was dismissed amid many groans and complaints of injustice from him, which were summarily cut short by the head-man, who, when he found nothing was to be made out of Zinga by way of going shares in compensation for injuries received, laid his wand across the poor creature's sore back without compunction, and drove him out of the door.

The treatment the messenger had received gave Margaret but a poor idea of her brother. He had been terribly severe with the poor negro, she thought, and his continued silence in regard to herself filled her with vague alarm. However, by James's advice, she tried to be hopeful, and was rewarded in two days by the sight of a white hammock which was carried into the yard of the factory amid a great noise, and came to a sudden halt before the door. Out of the hammock rolled M'Gibbon, and as he lighted on his feet he was conscious that a pair of soft arms were about his neck, and that a face so sweet, that it seemed to him a vision, was upturned to his own bronzed and bearded countenance. It was a face set in a frame of soft hair and gemmed by a pair of eyes of the color of the ocean that rolled not fifty yards from him. So taken aback was the rough man with the beauty before him, that he kissed the face on the brow, and then, as if ashamed of the emotion he displayed, he thrust his sister a little way from him and stood looking at her through his gray eyes.

"By G——!" he exclaimed, partly in admiration and partly to himself. "How old are you?" he added, quickly. "Twenty, Will," she replied, wondering.

"You are too young and too good-looking to be buried on this d——d coast," he answered. "I've made a mistake to send for you."

She trembled a little as she heard

what he said, and she was bitterly disappointed by his manner; but she bravely replied, "So long as you are near me, Will, what need I care?" and so saying clasped her hands caressingly on his arm. M'Gibbon hastily withdrew it, and muttering, "Well, as you are here, you'll have to stay," he went on to the veranda where Monke stood surveying him. That gentleman gave him the very tips of his fingers to shake, and was frigidly polite to him. There was not one thing in common between them save the fact that they had both failed in life; but Monke, though he had blundered, knew how and why he had blundered, and that his self exile on the African coast was of his own doing. Whereas the other was a coarse bully, who had sinned, and would sin again. He felt most uncomfortable under the keen eyes of the trader, particularly when the latter chided him in his most sarcastic manner for his want of attention to his sister, and let him know he thought him most unfeeling. Then there was that matter of Zinga. But as for Zinga, M'Gibbon swore that if he caught the rascal he would repeat the flogging he had given him; for he had been discovered in an attempt at theft. And as in principle theft, or attempt at theft, was never allowed to go unpunished by the traders, Monke said no more on the subject; but privately sent a message to the erring Zinga to the effect that it would be as well to keep out of the white man's way for a little while to avoid unpleasant consequences, a hint which Zinga at once took, and disappeared to his own village. James, M'Gibbon treated with the greatest curtness, despite the lad's care for his sister, of which he was informed by Monke. The lad was but an "assistant" or trader's servant in the man's eyes. Nevertheless, when the little coasting schooner that was to convey the brother and sister to their destination dropped anchor in the bay, James was the first to go on board to make its little three-cornered den of a cabin, with its curtained berths and its single-peaked sky-light, fit for her reception. In fact, he turned the skipper out of his cabin, much to that seaman's disgust at having to make way so unexpectedly for a woman. But when Margaret stood upon his

quarter-deck, as he called it—three steps and overboard—he, in his own vernacular, clapped a stopper on his jawing tackle, and bowed her below.

Before she went down, James took her hand to say "good-by;" and so beautiful did she look to the foolish boy, as she stood on the moving deck with the blue sky and the rolling sea behind her—things dear to him—that he was hardly able to say the word. But presently the rough growl of the skipper gave the order to up anchor, and the foresheet was loosened, and James went over the side. But when a little way off he bade the crew of his boat lie on their oars, and they waited beside the low black hull of the schooner, as it dipped to the swell into the clear water, until the clank of the windlass on board ceased, and her head pointed seaward. By the time James reached the shore she was already a far-off speck upon the water, and before long had vanished out of sight—but not out of mind.

For three months nothing more was heard of Margaret, and her stay at Kabooka had come to be regarded as a far-off remembrance. Monke's leave of absence had now come, and with it his substitute. To him Monke praised James's zeal and judgment, and recommended the lad strongly; but, to his surprise, when he told James of what he had said for him, he found him uneasy and dissatisfied. James did not like to offend his friend, that was evident, but there was something on his mind which turned that friend's kind words to gall, and Monke questioned him until he confessed that he too was going away from Kabooka. Monke turned on the lad, astonished. "What!" exclaimed he, "that silly notion again! Do not think of going home for many years, more than you've been here."

"I was not thinking of home," answered James; "I have no home," he added, simply.

"What, then?" asked Monke.

James placed a letter in his friend's hands, and on opening it Monke found it contained the offer from M'Gibbon of a situation on terms no better than the lad was receiving. The trader looked straight into James's face, and read him at once.



"It is that girl you are thinking of, you young fool," he said.

James did not reply.

"For the chance of seeing her you would sacrifice your prospects with the firm? Bah, it is the utmost silliness," and Monke laughed outright. The result of this was that James walked away seemingly not the less determined. Monke, seeing that ridicule would have no effect upon the lad, strode after him, caught him by the shoulder, and, turning him round, endeavored to reason with him, but to no purpose.

"Yet you are as changeable as you can well be," said he at last. "Not long ago you wished to leave the coast to go to England with me, and now you wish to leave me to go to this M'Gibbon for a longer term of years than would see you master here. I am disappointed with you. However, you are nothing to me, to be sure," and Monke shrugged his shoulders, and turned away. "If you choose to may a fool of yourself, do so. Accept this berth," he added, with rising anger, "but do not call me your friend again."

"I have accepted it," said James quietly.

Then the two faced each other; and Monke in his anger, was about to say something bitter regarding the ingratitude that had been displayed toward him, when the pleading look that filled the lad's eyes struck his imagination with such force that he stepped back a pace or two almost in dismay, and was silent.

Recovering himself with an effort, he laid a kindly hand on the lad, for he could not be rough with him now. "Very well, James, have your own way," he said; and without speaking more, went straight to his bedroom and sat down, amid the preparations for his departure. Placing his head between his hands, he fell into a deep revery. He was more effected than he thought he could be. Was it possible? he reflected. No. He knew the lad's story, as James had often told it to him—How his father and mother were dead; how he had been brought up by an uncle, a laborer in a bonded dock warehouse; how the child's earliest recollections were of the greasy, narrow, and filthy streets, close to the river, of a great

town, and among the tall smoke begrimed warehouses which overshadowed everything near them, except the flaunting gin-palaces, fed by the sailors, laborers, wagoners, and loafers, who pushed in and out of their greasy swing-doors in two almost never ceasing streams; how three golden balls, poised aloft, were the only signs that rivalled those of the drinking places; how the rumble and jolt of countless wagons, bearing merchandise in value untold, sounded from gray dawn to late night along those very streets, whose darkness, squalor, and wretchedness the lad had suddenly exchanged for the blue sea, the breezy sky, and the strong rushing wind, as he found himself on board ship.

These facts Monke knew, and they were commonplace and trite enough, and hardly to be twisted into any romance about James any more than the not less simple story of the little native boy, who on his knees was busily packing the great white man's boxes as neatly as could be, his black eyes sparkling the while in anticipation of receiving an old shirt or coat in a present. Both he got, though what possible use the garments could be to such a mite of naked humanity, whose sole attire was a narrow strip of cloth over his loins, was not apparent. But he rose and salaamed for them gracefully.

A few days after this Monke had embarked, and James had set out on his journey by land, and the factory was left in other hands, to the great outward grief and lamentation of the head-men, who had certainly received enough parting gifts to console them, but who thought it politic to impress upon the new-comers a sense of the ineffable goodness of the white men who had gone, and the miserable inferiority of their successors.

At Donde all James's regret at losing his only friend was at once swept away by the mere sight of Margaret, who received him with an eagerness which brought a sparkle to his eyes. But he perceived at once that she looked pale and thin, and not at all so strong as when she had arrived on the coast, and there was in addition a wistfulness in her eyes which told his eager and concerned glance that something more than

fading health affected her. He had not been many days in Donde before he found out that she had always been neglected and left alone in that solitary spot. It, like Kabooka, was a bay; but a beautiful one. It was landlocked, and surrounded by steep hills, wooded down to a tiny strip of circular beach, upon which there was scarcely a ripple, so smooth was the water. It was so nearly round in shape, that from most parts of it appeared a half circle of the dense vegetation of the valleys and the more scattered hardwood forests on the hill sides, some of which were reflected in the pool of water, as it were, for the height of the hills dwarfed the size of the bay, so that it appeared much smaller than it really was, and not until one took boat and tried to reach an opposite shore was its size revealed. To the southwest a narrow opening led to the sea. The soil of the country was heavy and rich, and consequently the chief trade was in the products of it—palm-oil, kernels, and earth-nuts. Of this trade M'Gibbon ought to have had the better share, for his only opponent was a Portuguese of the name of João Chaves, who lived in a mat-house surrounded by woods. But, as James soon found out, the Portuguese had the better trade, and what was more curious, the Scotchman, instead of being jealous of Chaves, spent no little time with him, to the neglect of his own business. Moreover, he was always assisting him with goods, for which he received apparently no return.

James could not account for all this. The Portuguese was known to him as one of the many convicts who are deported to West Africa by the Lisbon Government, and after a time are allowed to go at large, provided they do not return to Portugal. What particular crime Chaves had committed James did not know; but his face, to the lad's eye, was not a pleasant one. And in truth he was cruelty itself to the natives he was possessed of. In frame he was a tall, loosely made, powerful man. From his straight heavy eyebrows his dark eyes flashed quick furtive glances, while his lips kept their alertness company with a shifty smile, which appeared to be always verging upon a snarl. This was partially concealed by a thick black

mustache and a tangled beard. There was a something about his presence that always took James by surprise. It flashed upon the lad like that of some wild animal. Nevertheless, Chaves tried to be on good terms with James, and would bid him good-day, with a sweep of his *sombrero*, and the smile that was like a snarl, whenever he saw him, which was not often. Margaret shrank from the man.

M'Gibbon's neglect of his sister was James's opportunity, and Margaret and he became closer companions than ever. He shortly worshipped the very ground she stood on, and while doing his work faithfully, tried to comfort and amuse her to the best of his ability. But somehow never did he show by word or deed what was in his inmost heart. He considered her too beautiful, too far above him for that, and she—well she looked upon him only as a sailor.

As time flew on, the factory, denuded from time to time of goods, gradually fell into disrepute with the native traders, and the trade dwindled away slowly but surely during all the wet season. James ventured to remonstrate about this, but was roughly told to keep a silent tongue in his head, and to do the best he could, which he did, until at last all the goods, except a supply sufficient to buy provisions with, had been either bartered away or sent to the Portuguese.

Then it was, after a week of nearly constant rain, one stormy night as the lightning zigzagged in the heavens in constant, broad, violet-white bands, blinding in intensity, and the heavy thunder rolled peal after peal right over the house, shaking it to its foundation of bricks, and the rain plashed down in almost solid sheets of water, that James was awakened during a slight lull in the storm by the sound of a woman's scream, followed by the noise of the heavy footsteps of a white man staggering along the veranda, and the patter of the bare feet of the black boys as they fled before him. To throw aside his mosquito curtains and leap out of his bed, took the lad but a few moments; but during those moments the scream was repeated. He dashed into the chief room of the factory, and saw, by the light of the lamp that burnt there of nights, a sight that for a second almost

paralyzed him. Margaret was struggling in the arms of the Portuguese, and at one end of the room stood her brother, swaying to and fro, and fumbling at the lock of a revolver.

Without a thought James sprang upon Chaves, and struggled with him to bring him down, and so far succeeded that Margaret was enabled to escape from him; but the strong man, recovering from the shock, threw the lad from him, so that he staggered and fell. The Portuguese then strode out of the room into the darkness, M'Gibbon daring him with many curses and flourishes of his weapon to return. At once James did his best to calm his drunken master, and relieving him of his weapon, got him out of the room and into his bed, and hastening back, he found Margaret in a faint. He bathed her face with water, and when she had recovered a little, supported her to the door of her room. As she was about to enter it, she suddenly turned and clung to him convulsively. "You will not—you will not leave me?" she whispered, affrighted.

"No, no," he muttered; and then she told him in broken sentences what had happened.

She had awakened in the night, and feeling thirsty, had called to the little native girl who attended on her; but finding the child stretched across the doorway of her room fast asleep, she had stepped across her, and had slipped into the dining-room to draw the water herself from the round earthen jar which always hung there suspended from the roof. Suddenly, as her arms were stretched upward, she found herself clasped in the embrace of the Portuguese. She struggled to escape, and then James entered.

This was her story, which she told amid the gradually decreasing noise of the thunder, and the fainter lightning flashes trembling violently the while as she half lay in James's arms. Thus he held her until, on his promise to watch over her for the rest of the night, she went into her room. He stretched himself before her door, taking the place of the little negro girl. His thoughts were troubled for her safety. He knew the nature of men like the Portuguese, and he knew also that the man had

somehow a hold over M'Gibbon. The latter, in spite of his bluster, was afraid of Chaves, and if—if the latter had taken a fancy to Margaret? And, sickened by the thought of what might happen to her in such a case, James lay awake until the dawn.

When he saw Margaret again alone, she added to his suspicion by confessing to him that her brother had even gone the length of hinting to her that the Portuguese admired her, and it would be for her advantage if she did not discourage him; and he had backed his hints up by coarsely reminding her that she might any day find herself a begger.

James's indignation at this knew no bounds, and on Margaret adding that her sole anxiety now was to leave the country, he, without a moment's hesitation, offered her the bill that represented the whole of his savings, to pay her passage. Even the generosity of this did not reveal to her all that was in the lad's heart toward her.

"Present the order to the captain of the next schooner that calls here," said he, "and get you away while you are safe. The captain will take it, for it is on the firm I was with, is signed by their agent, and nearly due. But will M'Gibbon permit you to leave?" he added.

"He cannot surely prevent me," she replied, "except by force, and he could not use that. And you—you will be on my side, will you not?" and she laid her hands on his arm.

James smiled at the trust she had in him, and at the thought that he could be anywhere else except on her side, and then he told her how much he feared from the ascendancy the Portuguese had over her brother.

"Yes, yes," she answered, "there is something between them—something that gives that man"—and she shuddered—"power over him. I had felt it before you came, and now I fear it."

"He has already about ruined him," said James.

"I fear he may do worse," she replied.

James said nothing more to her; but he resolved that that night he would, if possible, satisfy himself as to what bond kept the two men together. He had

already a suspicion ; but he was determined to verify it.

M'Gibbon, after having mooned about the factory for the whole of the day, and without referring to what had occurred the night before, or even showing that he expected it to be referred to, went as usual to the factory of Chaves. James waited until darkness had well set in, and then placing Margaret in the charge of two brawny natives, armed with *machets*, followed him.

The single path wound gradually upward past scattered trees and brushwood until above the point of the bay, near to which the house of Chaves stood. Then it descended into a valley where the forest was thick and tangled, and the trunks of the huge red-wood trees so encircled by thick creepers, so matted and interwoven overhead, that the starlight only flickered through them here and there to make the darkness visible. On the opposite side of this valley the factory of the Portuguese was built, encircled by the forest except to within fifty yards or so of the house, where the ground was clear.

James, when quit of the wood, crept as softly as he could through the grass so as not to disturb the watch, and succeeded in passing the sentries unobserved. He halted beneath a single tree on a small level space. All was silent about him except the ceaseless "tick, tick, tick" of the insects in the tree above, and the solemn "croak, croak" of the frogs in the marshy places far below. Before him the light given by a twisted rag floating in a dish of palm oil, shone yellow and dim through the reed blinds of the open veranda of the house. He could hear his own breath. All at once the long-drawn moans of some one in intense agony fell upon his ear, and sounded as if from close beside him. He started, and peered about, and again he heard a moan. Guided by the sound, he saw, a little way off, the punishment post of the factory, and beside it lay the naked form of a negro, and a puff of wind coming from that quarter brought with it a sickening smell.

The man was chained to the post, and the moans he made were so distressful that James crept up to him. He was lying on one side fastened by

his wrists tightly, so that he could hardly touch any part of his body with his hands. His ribs showed through his skin, which was covered with mud, wrinkled and cracked by exposure, and seamed by raw and partially healed welts where the lash had twisted round him. His arms and legs were wasted away, and his face was hollow. The only sign of life about him was his eyes, which glittered with a piteous stare as James knelt down beside him. This the lad was hardly able to do for the stench and filth about the slave, who must have been chained, exposed to sun, rain, and dew, for some weeks. There was a tiny cup with a little water in it, which James put to the lips of the man, who made one effort to swallow, but could not. He was evidently dying. James thought to put him on his back, and to support his head a little ; but on placing his hand behind him, felt that it was covered with blood, and that little strips of flesh were adhering to it. The whole of the slave's back was one mass of deep cuts crossed and recrossed, as he had been flogged again and again, with just sufficient intervals between each flogging to allow him to recover some vitality. This was a piece of the cruelty of Chaves, thought James, as he slipped a billet of wood under the man's head, and rose to leave him. He could do nothing for him, and he had yet to accomplish the discovery he had come to make.

Notwithstanding the want of cover, he managed to gain the edge of the floor of the veranda undiscovered. This was elevated a couple of feet or so above the ground, and he could hear the voices of the two men in the room inside. As he lifted a corner of the rattans, M'Gibbon gave a loud laugh. James paused and heard a slight rattling sound, followed by a second or two of silence, and then a low chuckle of exultation. He knew now what he had come to find out.

## PART II.

The sound was the rattle of the dice, and M'Gibbon and the Portuguese were the gamblers. For some time the pair continued to throw—the Portuguese always in silence and determinedly, while M'Gibbon threw very slowly but



with ill-concealed impatience, gloating over each turn of the dice. Each noted down his gains.

At length, after a run of ill-luck, the Scotchman's impatience culminated in a hoarse cry of disappointment, and throwing down the dice-box, he rose, went to a side-table, and helped himself to spirits. The Portuguese sat with his legs stretched out before him, slowly adding up what he had won. Suddenly M'Gibbon returned to the table. "Again," he cried, in Portuguese, and pushed the box over to his opponent, who nodded, and began to play. Nothing was now heard for a long time but the almost continual rattle of the dice. At last the Portuguese, in his turn, threw down the box, and taking up a piece of paper, added some figures to it hastily, and threw it over to M'Gibbon, whose face paled.

"Fifteen hundred mil reis!" he murmured to himself in English.

"E verdade" (it is true), said the Portuguese.

James started. Fifteen hundred mil reis in the Portuguese currency of the coast was over £300 sterling; and where had M'Gibbon such a sum? Yet, as the two talked, he gathered that there had been many payments to account in goods. After a while the play recommenced, the Portuguese taking the whole matter lightly, and seasoning the course of the dice with reflections in his own language. And he could afford to do so; for fortune that night went over to his side so completely, and remained there so long, that the debt mounted up and up, until, for the second time, he refused to play on, though M'Gibbon, fairly exasperated with his ill-luck, challenged him to do so, and ended by throwing it in his teeth that he would not play because he was afraid of not being paid.

"Contas de perto e amigos de longe" (short reckonings make long friends), replied Chaves, coolly.

"How much is it now?" asked M'Gibbon, grinding his teeth.

"Quarto mil" (four thousand).

"My house is worth the money," returned M'Gibbon. "I will play you for it."

The Portuguese was surprised in spite of his self-control. Here was a man

ready to risk his credit and very means of existence on the turn of the dice. Well, if he were willing, he should not be disappointed. And with renewed interest Chaves began to play. In less than ten minutes M'Gibbon was without house or home, and at last seemed to realize his foolhardiness—for he put his hands to his head, and did not speak.

"Quem tem quatro e gasta cinco, não ha mister bolsa nem bolsinho" (he that hath four and spends five, hath no need of a purse), soliloquized the Portuguese, tauntingly.

"Once more!" shouted M'Gibbon furiously, and seized the dice.

The Portuguese laughed. "Your grace," he said, in his own language, "forgets that you have no house, and that you are as yet indebted to your humble servant to the extent of four thousand mil reis—enormous—to pay which you have nothing—nothing. Stop," he added suddenly; and fixing his eyes on his opponent as if to observe his state closely—"yes, you have one thing"—and as he leaned over the table to whisper, his eyes fairly sparkled, and he lost his cool manner; "you have one thing—a sua irmã" (your sister).

James started to his feet; and if the Portuguese had not been engrossed by the thought of what he said, he would have surely heard the noise the listener made.

Not that the lad had understood at once all that the scoundrel meant. It was only as, sinking down again, he stared with fixed eyes through a chink between the rattans, and listened, that he comprehended the scoundrel's idea of playing M'Gibbon for the possession of Margaret.

That the brother did not at once take the brute by the throat astounded James; that he should hesitate even for a second was inexplicable to the lad; and he was about to rise and rush forth to denounce the villain himself when M'Gibbon began to speak. What he said James could not well catch, he spoke so low; but the interval gave the lad time to reflect that his best policy, for Margaret's sake, at present was silence; so he lay still, strained every nerve, and listened again.

"You do not know what she will say or do," at length spoke the Portuguese,

in reply to the trader; "and your grace forgets you have no place for her. *Mal via ao fuso quando a barba não anda em cima*" (alas for the spindle when the beard is not over it)! "She will be better off with me than without me;" and he laughed.

James bit his tongue to keep himself quiet. The savage beast! to speak so of Margaret—his Margaret! He listened again.

But the voice of the Portuguese sank to a whisper; and after some time, the lad, to his utter dismay, saw the two men deliberately set themselves to play. And now again the dice rattled in the box, as the bearded scoundrels bent over the table to watch their course, by the yellow light of the smoking wick, which left all but the space about them in deep shadows. At last the Portuguese rose with a triumphant smile.

"By G—, you shall not have her!" cried M'Gibbon, with compunction in his voice, and also rising. But the Portuguese looked at him; and there was a devilry in his look which showed that he meant the chance of the dice to be kept.

"Once more," groaned M'Gibbon, sitting down. "I will work any debt out—every real of it—I will."

"You will give me your sister," replied the Portuguese. "Moreover, I will be liberal. You shall have five hundred in cash for yourself, provided you leave *Donde* for good," he added quickly and decidedly.

M'Gibbon's eyes glistened; the all-absorbing spirit of the gambler was strong within him.

"But," went on the Portuguese, "the sailor must be got rid of."

"Must he!" ground out James between his teeth; and then he grew cold at heart as he heard the details of a plan dastardly in its cool brutality.

"Then you will acquaint the *Senhora Margarida* with the regard of your humble servant," concluded Chaves.

"And if—if she does not—does not consent?" stammered M'Gibbon, glancing nervously at him, and stopping short.

"What have you to do with that?" returned Chaves, quickly. "She is not yours. Come, if you will leave *Donde* at once you shall have a thousand mil

reis. I have five hundred by me," and he made a move to leave the room.

M'Gibbon did not stop him, and he went away. When he had gone, the ex-trader rose and walked unsteadily toward the edge of the veranda, where James was; and the lad had only just time to glide away into the darkness before the man put aside the blind and stood looking out into the night until the Portuguese returned, when he once more sat down.

The blind remained on one side, and James did not dare to venture near the little stream of light that shone on the ground; and he waited where he was until he saw the lamp burn low, flicker, and then go out, when he ventured to creep up to the veranda again. He saw in the darkness that M'Gibbon was lying sound asleep in a canvas chair, but that otherwise the room appeared to be empty.

Suddenly the voice of the Portuguese sounded, and James saw him bend over the sleeping man.

"*Do coiro lhe sahem as correias*" (the thongs come out of his own skin), he muttered, as he looked at him; and then he turned, and James heard his footsteps as he went into the inner part of the house.

It was now near morning, and the lad got away as quickly as possible, his thoughts full of alarm and rage. He came to the spot where the slave was chained, and turned to look at him; the man was dead.

All was quiet at the factory when he got back to it. Margaret was apparently asleep, and the two guards were watchful. But, exhausted though he was by the excitement he had gone through, James could not rest. His mind was torn by doubt, and he paced up and down the veranda for the remainder of the night.

That instant flight was necessary for Margaret's safety was distinct and clear to him. But how, and in what direction? Even if she could get clear away, the stations along the coast belonged to Portuguese, who would be certain to favor their countryman Chaves.

M'Gibbon did not return until late on the next day, and went straight to his own part of the house. Of this James was glad, for by that time he had made up his mind to a course of action,

and he sought Margaret. He told her what he had been a witness of on the previous night as softly as possible, and tried to soothe her agitation and alarm as she heard it; but in vain. She appealed wildly to him to save her, and cast herself at his feet in an agony of apprehension. Fearful of discovery, he hushed her cries and raised her tenderly—this coarse lad—and told her of his plan of escape to Kabooka, if she would trust herself with him. Or would she risk an appeal to her brother's better nature? For reply, she clung the closer to James, and he then and there bade her be ready at a moment's notice. "It shall not cost you a thought," he cried, "if you can only bear up against the fatigue." And then he gently thrust her into her room, as he heard the trader call loudly for him.

"Here, you, Barker," said that ruffian. "You're due a month's notice or a month's wages. I give you the cash, and you can go as soon as you can get away."

James's heart gave a sudden bound. He knew by the offer that the money of the Portuguese had been accepted, but he managed to stammer out an expression of surprise at his own dismissal.

"You must see," returned M'Gibbon, that I have done no trade here for months; and therefore I can't afford to keep you, and feed you. The long and short of it is, I won't; and the sooner you go the better. No, I've no fault to find with you; but don't you see, Jim, I'm pretty well ruined already by this d—hole," and he turned away. "You can have a boat and the boys to take you where you like," he added, turning back. And if you wish to go home, there's a steamer calling at your old place in three days' time. Eh, what do you say now?"

A gleam of hope sprang up suddenly within James's breast. One difficulty seemed almost dispelled—the difficulty of getting clear away. To conceal his joy, he pretended indifference to his own dismissal; and M'Gibbon, evidently pleased at the prospect of getting rid of him so easily, invited him into his room to take a *matabicho*, or "kill the worm,"\* and even went the length of

informing him, privately and in confidence, that he had sold the factory and its contents to the Portuguese, and was preparing to leave the place shortly with his sister, which was the reason why James had to go.

James made no remark, but swallowed his liquor, and said he would go and look out the boat-boys, and give them their rations, so that they might be able to start when wanted.

M'Gibbon consented to this, and the two men parted on good terms, James longing in his heart to tell his late master what a dastardly coward he was.

The journey from Donde to Kabooka usually necessitated the use of both boat and hammock; the boat for the first part, where it was difficult to go by land on account of the bad character of the natives, who were treacherous; and the hammock for the second part, some sixty miles from a solitary station, inhabited by a Portuguese, where bearers could be procured. James would fain have gone altogether by land for the sake of the increased speed; but he hesitated, for Margaret's safety, to take the risk. Moreover, it would be easier to get her away in a boat with him unperceived; and he trusted to the start he might have before her absence should be discovered, to reach his old factory in safety. He quietly summoned the head boatboy, José, and bade him have his crew in readiness that night, and the heavy surf-boat hauled close down to the water's edge, with mast stepped and sail bent; and to insure his orders being carried out, he gave him a piece of cloth for each of his boys, and several yards of saved list for himself, the last there was in the factory. He then stowed away in the boat's locker with his own hands a little meat, some loaves of bread, a breaker of water, and a small keg of rum for the boys. While he was doing this they came trooping down to the beach; and he gathered from their talk, and the alertness with which they got the boat ready, that they were as glad to leave Donde as himself. This, although they were not natives of the place, was strange; and he questioned José, who suddenly became cautious, and would not say more than that the captain, "Jimmy Jim"—the name James went by—did well to go away.

\* The Coast expression for a drink.

"Why?" asked James.

José shrugged his shoulders, and a light came into his black eyes, but he only grumbled, "Despacha, despacha, Senhor." And with this answer James, though puzzled, had to be content. It was so far lucky that the men were willing to go.

All the following day M'Gibbon did not stir out of the factory, much to James's dismay, who apprehended a visit from the Portuguese and what his sharp eyes might discover. But as the hours wore on nobody came, and after his dinner the trader drew his chair close up to a table, put thereon spirits and water, and then proceeded to smoke in silence. He had not seen Margaret that day, nor had he once asked for her.

In this way he sat for some hours by himself, during which James kept a discreet watch upon him from outside the door of the room, turning in his walk along the veranda so as to be able to eye him through the trellis-work of the upper part of the room without exciting his suspicion.

But M'Gibbon had none, and toward midnight his bushy red beard sank on his breast, the pipe he had been smoking dropped from his hand, and he sank backward in his chair asleep. After gazing at him for some minutes to make sure of him, James judged that now the time for flight had arrived. Before another sun had set it might be too late. Therefore he went softly along to Margaret's room and tapped gently at her door. She was ready, and opened it at once; and though she was pale and distressed with waiting, James was glad to feel that there was that in her manner, as she put her hand in his, which betokened her resolution. He took the pillows and blankets from her bed and then hurried her down to the beach. José and his crew at a signal followed swiftly from the hut in which they lived, the impassive negroes luckily not taking any particular notice of the white woman, to whose presence they had become accustomed. Indeed they were too eager to be off.

Of late the trader had sent away most of the factory servants, so there was no watch kept, and no onlooker saw the boat launched into the water that lapped upon the beach. James wished the

moonlight had not been so brilliant, but the late storm had cleared the sky.

He arranged the pillows in the narrow stern of the boat, and then, taking Margaret in his arms, carried her through the water. The boys then put their shoulder to the craft, and in a few seconds she floated, and jumping into her they gave way, silently at James's warning, but with a will, stimulated by his encouraging promises.

Indeed, so smartly did the heavy boat start forward under their strokes, that in a quarter of an hour she was well into the neck of water that formed the opening into the sea, and James, looking back, could see no sign of life or movement upon the beach. So far he had been lucky, and had no need of the rifle concealed beneath the blankets. Lifting the latter, he folded them tenderly round his companion, and she looked up into his face and thanked him sweetly—by which he was more than satisfied. And now the boat, leaving the shelter of the bay, began to feel the huge masses of sea as they passed beneath her, and shortly the roaring of the surf along the open shore of the coast was heard, and the white-crested waves were seen tumbling and bursting on the beach. But the boat's head was turned seaward, and having gained a sufficient offing, the lug-sail was set to a favorable breeze, as against a strong current running to the north. For the rest of the night the boat made fair way, rolling to the send of the waves; but just at the first break of day, without the slightest warning, the mast snapped by the thwart. James roused the sleeping boys, cleared the wreck, and did his best to splice the mast, but it had broken too short off to admit of a repair that would stand the pressure of the sail, so the boys unshipped it, and took to their oars, pulling a long slow stroke hour after hour until well toward noon, when the sun, being most powerful, they laid in their oars and ate greedily of the cassada meal and ground nuts with which they had furnished themselves, washed down with a little water. James would fain have seen them eat something more substantial, for with the fall of the mast he had to depend entirely upon them for the further progress of the boat. He



served them out a cupful of rum apiece, and they fell to work again, singing cheerily, as they rowed, a song led by José.

But as the afternoon drew to a close, the vigor of their strokes, instead of increasing with the cooler air, died away, and James, distressed himself, could not help them. For the heat out on the smooth rollers, at first without shade, and latterly without a breath of wind, had been almost unendurable, and even Margaret, though she had been sheltered by the sail, which James had spread over the stern of the boat, lay pale and exhausted. Suddenly José cried, "Olha, Senhor!" and pointed to the northwest, where, far away in the sky, and just above the horizon as yet, stretched a long line of dense black clouds.

It was a tornado, or rain-storm, coming toward them, and at any rate would give them relief; so they waited for it, the boat dipping its bows to the loud swell of the sea. On it came, increasing in size and obscuring the half of the heavens with an inky lining, and dotting the surface of the sea with little splashes of white foam, which were instantly beaten down by sheets of hissing rain. Rapidly it caught up to the boat, and for nearly half an hour nothing could be seen overhead and all around but the great black cloud and the white tops of the waves breaking before its steady rushing wind. Then the storm passed over to the southeast, having cooled the air and refreshed the crew, who resumed their oars.

Toward the night, which was cloudy, they edged the boat near the low barren shore of the part of the coast they were off, until the sandy beach, with the great rolling breakers, could again be seen. Then they cast a large stone, fastened to a rope, into the sea, which brought the boat's head to the rollers, and she rode at ease. James did not hinder them; for he thought the position of the boat secure enough, and the men were so utterly done up that they could row no more.

Indeed, once anchored, they stretched themselves along the bottom of the boat and along the thwarts, and became oblivious, wrapped in that deep sleep common to negroes. Toward midnight James, wearied, also fell asleep. How

long he slept he knew not; but he suddenly became conscious that he heard Margaret's voice, which made him broad awake at once. He looked over the side of the boat, and his eyes encountered a sight that made his heart stand still. By the light allowed by the clouds he saw that they were surrounded on both sides by breakers—great curling masses of water, whose crests shone phosphorescent and pale, and whose sides were moving sea-caverns, until they suddenly toppled over and dissolved in long lines of white surf. A *kalemma*, or sudden rise of the surf, had taken place with the wind, and the boat had drifted into too shallow water. It was a mere chance that right ahead of it there was more depth than on both sides; so that, while all around was white water, ahead the rollers as yet passed by it unbroken.

James perceived that the safety of the boat was a matter of moments, and, holding on to the gunwale of the pitching craft, crept forward and roused the crew, who leisurely took up the stone and pulled ahead; and so sound asleep had they been, that it was not until a line of foam rose high right before them, and a roller trembled for a moment, and then burst, nearly swamping the boat, that they seemed to realize their danger, and gave way with all their strength.

But so soon as they were out of the peril, and into deeper water, they shipped their oars, and prepared to let down the stone again. He was powerless to prevent them, but he resolved that the boat should not be allowed to drift again for want of watching, and when she was baled dry he sat up in the stern-sheets with one arm supporting Margaret. She had borne up bravely so far, but the last shock had been sudden; and when she chanced to look back at the wild seething sea behind her, which she had just escaped from, her heart failed her.

So the second night passed, and daylight, most welcome, broke again, when James set the crew to work, which warmed their stiffened limbs. He had hoped to make Cobra Grande, the point of the coast for which he aimed, and where he trusted to procure hammocks and bearers for the land journey before



the noon of the third day ; but in spite of all the vigor the boys could put forth—and to the poor fellows' credit they rowed most stanchly—hour after hour dragged away, and night had almost come again before the boat, after a brief struggle with the sea, buried its nose in the sand of the beach at the base of a great bluff, shaped in the fancied resemblance to the head of a snake. James left the boys by their craft, which they drew up on the beach, and gave them the remainder of the spirits in the keg ; and so pleased were they with the present, that they immediately forgot all their past troubles, and set themselves down in a circle on the sand to finish it, oblivious of him and his companion.

Owing to the increasing darkness the arrival of the boat had not been noticed by any one on shore, and when James entered the factory, which was situated round a corner of the great cliff that rose out of the sea, he found it tenanted by a single snuff-colored half-bred, with unmistakable wool on his little round head, which he scratched sleepily, as he welcomed James in Portuguese, evidently not exactly understanding where he had come from.

But when this youth perceived Margaret, who had at first remained outside the door, his surprise knew no bounds. He leaped clear into the air with astonishment, and with difficulty recovering, stood gazing at her open-mouthed.

So fair a creature, this poor half negro, half Portuguese, had never seen or dreamed of.

And she *was* different from the brown-eyed, woolly-headed mulatto girls he had known in his rare visits to the town of St. Paul de Loanda, or even to the ivory-tinted, black-eyed Portuguese ladies he had seen in that city, as, lying back in their *maxillas*, they passed him by in the streets. And, in truth, the three, as they stood in the lamplight of the rough wooden bungalow, made sufficiently distinct pictures. James, tall, brown-haired, and resolute ; Margaret, pale and frightened ; and in the background the short squat figure and dun-colored face of the half-bred. Never had he heard of the presence of the Englishwoman on the coast, and now she stood before him.

James took him by the arm and shook

him out of his trance, and then he became at once all hospitality. He bustled about and roused out all his servants, and quickly had the remainder of his late dinner put on the table—oily fried fish, oily fowl soup, and stewed fowls smothered in little round beans drenched in oil. He got out a jar of his favorite olives, and slipped them into a little basin of water, and with his own hands drew a large goblet of "vinho tinto," the best wine he had, from a cask that stood in a corner.

As for the Senhora proceeding on her journey that night, he could not hear of it. He should feel too much responsibility if he permitted it—he should indeed. And he placed a plump, brown, and dirty hand in the bosom of his colored shirt, and bowed to the ground.

But James gave him to understand that it was imperative that the Senhora should go on, and that she would be much beholden to him if he would procure bearers for her ; and Margaret looking acquiescence in this, Senho Pepe at once hurried outside, and after a while came back with the information that he had, much against his will, sent messengers to the native village for the bearers.

Then he returned to the duties of the table, and, waiting on Margaret himself, pressed her vigorously to eat of all the oily little dishes, only pausing to gaze at her with such serious admiration, that she could not help smiling at him, when he would nod and and laugh in reply, and drink glass after glass of the "vinho tinto" to her health. But James was all impatience, and now the shuffling of bare feet was heard on the soil outside the factory, and stopped suddenly at the door, and guttural voices rose on the night air. Then torn cloths were tightened as rations were distributed by the Senhor Pepe, who disputed, argued with, and abused the bearers at one and the same time at the top of his shrill voice. At last, all preparations being completed to his satisfaction, Margaret lay in her hammock, her head pillowed on one of the little man's own greasy pillows.

There were six men to carry her, two at a time, and James was glad to see by the torchlight that they were all strong full-grown bearers, fit for the long jour-

ney before them. Thanking the little half-bred for his kindness, and shaking him heartily by the hand, he swung himself into his hammock, and gave the order to start. As Margaret was carried past the Senhor, she put out her hand, which he seized, and conveyed to his thick lips, bending low over it, and running beside her hammock as long as he could. When at last he relinquished it, he stood for a long while gazing at the lessening lights as they flickered through the brushwood, and then he returned slowly to his solitary house in a state of profound dejection.

As yet all had gone passably well with the fugitives, and James congratulated himself as the cool night air swept against his face, and the tall grass rustled swiftly past the sides of his hammock, while it was borne along the narrow bush path, the bearers running fresh and strong under his weight.

In this way the flight was continued for some hours, sometimes within sound of the sea, and sometimes diverging into the bush, until at last the party, after passing quickly through a native village, came to a halt on the bank of a broad stream, which flowed silent, dark, and treacherous between slimy mangrove-covered banks, and met the white surf about half a mile below where the panting bearers stood. On a cleared space a canoe hollowed out of a great tree trunk was drawn up, and a little inshore of it was the hut of the ferryman, who, awakened by the shouts of the bearers, came crawling out of his grass-thatched dwelling rubbing his eyes and quite stupid from sleep, until shown some cloth James had brought from Senhor Pepe, when he brightened up and consented to launch his craft without delay. Into it four of the bearers and James and Margaret got, and were slowly punted over, the current carrying the heavy and narrow canoe down the stream and quite near to the breakers before the opposite shore was reached. Then the ferryman returned for the rest of the men, who embarked in safety; but as they were in mid-stream the pole with which the man punted snapped, and the canoe at once swung round with the stream. Then there was a wild shout for help from the men in the canoe to the men on shore; but the latter could do nothing.

Nor could the men in peril aid themselves, for the hammocks with their poles had been taken over on the first voyage. The canoe drifted swiftly down toward the mouth of the river, and was almost at once lost to sight, and the cries of the men after a while were not heard. Though it was probable that they all swam ashore, yet not one of them was seen again on either bank of the river.

By this disaster, then, at one stroke James lost two-thirds of the bearers, and had not any way by which he might replace them, for he could not cross to the village, and he dared not stay until daylight to be seen from the opposite bank. So he set out again with the remaining four men, but with a sinking heart. And soon he felt that they were not able for the task before them. The two who carried Margaret went lightly enough for a while, but his own boys almost at once began to lag wearily behind, and went slower and slower through the tiring long grass, studded with spiky palms and cactus-bush, until just before daybreak they came to a halt on rising ground, beneath a huge stout-limbed tree, and cried for help to those in front. But this James would not allow, and jumped from the hammock, when the poor sweat-soaked, sore-footed creatures threw themselves on the ground at the foot of the tree, and lay there as if they never meant to rise. It was only the urgent necessity of the case—how urgent he did not then know—that made James threaten to use blows to them to get them on their feet.

The men who carried Margaret, easily disheartened by this state of their comrades, now pretended to show distress, and it was with many protestations and much unwillingness that they took the hammock-pole upon their shoulders, and again went forward with her. James half walked, half ran, by her side, encouraging them, while his own men brought up the rear with his empty hammock. In this way another start was made, and the men kept going through the early morning hours.

They had now got upon a long curve of sandy beach, and James calculated that there were not more than a dozen miles between them and Kabooka, and by-and-by he fancied he could see in the

distance the nearest headland of it standing out above the slight mist. But after some time, happening to look behind him over the long stretch of glistening sand, with its tracery of surf, over which they had come, he thought he saw certain black specks a great way off moving along. He clutched the arm of the bearer nearest to him, and bade him look also as he ran; and the long-sighted negro at once said the black specks were men, and that they carried a hammock.

James said nothing, except to urge his men to go faster. He knew them too well to use violence to them at this critical moment, for with their friends in sight they would simply have stopped short; so he cheered them by voice and gesture, even joking with them. Yet the black specks grew steadily, and within two hours could be made out quite distinctly. There were eight of them carrying one white man. Consequently the bearers were changed so frequently that there was no chance of escape from them by flight, even if James's men had not told him they would stop. To this he responded by pointing to the headland, now quite clear, ahead, and promised to each man 150 yards of *panno da costa* (cloth of the coast) if he made yet another effort. As this offer was something great in its liberality they all raised a shout, and starting forward did their best to increase their pace, and for some short time the sand flew beneath their feet; but suddenly the effort died away, and they came to a dead stop completely done.

By this time the pursuers had come so near that their shouts were heard; and Margaret, who had hitherto lain quite still and silent, raised herself in her hammock and for the first time saw them. She divined at once who it was that followed, and whispering "Chaves!" clung to James's arm. It was the Portuguese. There was no mistaking his figure and face as triumphant he rose from his hammock and ran forward gun in hand.

Then James put into execution the plan he had kept to the last. He called the two men who had carried him, and placing Margaret in his own hammock he set all four men to the pole. "A casa! a casa!" (to the house! to the

house!) he shouted; and the men, catching something of his excitement and meaning, with one effort staggered away along the beach.

The Portuguese had now come within fifty yards of the lad, who waited for him, and Chaves, seeing his advance barred, also halted, and the two men stood confronting each other, the black boys standing well to one side of their master. His irresolution was but momentary, and summoning James in a hoarse voice to stand aside he again advanced. To this the lad responded by cocking his rifle and retreating slowly. His eyes were steady and his lips firm set, and there was not the slightest sign of flinching on his face, which was slightly flushed. "Guarda! guarda!" shouted the Portuguese, and brought his rifle to the present. All the natives fell flat on their faces on the sand. Both men fired simultaneously, and James flung up his arms, staggered convulsively for a second or two, and fell a huddled-up heap on the sand.

"Ah!" shouted the Portuguese as he ran forward. There was neither sound nor motion from his prostrate foe, and stooping down he turned the body over. Then he thrust his hand beneath the rough shirt and withdrew it—it was bloody. After this he stood in the bright sunlight dazed for a few moments. He had not thought to kill the boy outright. But a quick revulsion of feeling seized him, and he spurned the body with his foot. Then he turned to call his bearers, but not one was to be seen. At the discharge of the fire arms they had all run into the bush, and the only objects in view were the men who still carried Margaret. Roused by the sight, the Portuguese shouted for his slaves, and promised to cut them in pieces if they did not come to him; but there was no response. Full of the fury of disappointment, he pursued the flying hammock on foot.

But the bearers of it had by this time obtained a good start, and on seeing him coming after them gun in hand, increased their pace through sheer fright and desperation, and he found he could not overtake them before they would make the headland of the bay where they would be in full sight of the English factory. So he was forced to turn

back, and he sat down by the side of his hammock to wait. He knew his men would not go far into the bush on this strange part of the coast, and that they would return one by one when they found the danger past. As he sat, his fears for his own safety increased. Away close to the factory of the Englishmen he was in their power; but once in *Donde*, surrounded by his slaves, he could defy revenge, and in that No man's land laugh at justice, even if what he had done had not been in a fair fight. As these thoughts coursed through his mind with a sense of dread creeping upon him in spite of the fierce determination of his character, he cast a furtive look now and again at the dead body, unconscious that already the faces of his men were peering at him through the tall grass.

Meanwhile the hammock that contained Margaret was carried across the bay, and drew toward the factory, and was seen. Moreover, the burden that it contained was noticed to be something unusual; and after a long look through a glass, one of the men in charge of the place cried out that it was a woman—a white woman! Upon this a tall sallow-faced man took the telescope, and looked eagerly through it, supporting it with trembling hands against a post of the veranda. All at once Monke, for it was he, gave a great cry, called to the servants to bring him a hammock and to the men beside him to follow him, and sprang down the steps of the veranda into the sandy yard. He had been on the coast only a few days, and had returned before his leave had expired, on a matter that had surprised and pained him infinitely.

When he met the hammock, Margaret summoned all her resolutions and told him in a few brief words of the cause of her flight, of the pursuit, and of James's peril away beyond the cliffs; and Monke, at the bare mention of the lad's name, urged the men who carried him, forward, leaving his two companions to look to Margaret. One of them did so, while the other followed the trader.

On they went past the headland and along the shore; but much time had been lost, and when they saw the men they sought, the latter were already far

ahead. With a feeling of disappointment Monke acknowledged to himself that, with the number of men he had, he could not overtake them. But what had become of James? Was the lad with the men away in the distance there? Then a native, who had been standing shading his eyes with his hand, sprang forward and pointed again, this time to something nearer—something lying on the sand—and they all saw it, and went toward it.

As they approached, they knew it was the body of a white man, and a thrill of dismay ran through them as the face became visible. With one loud shout they all rushed forward, Monke leading. He recognized it; he threw himself on his knees beside it; he clasped it in his arms; he tried to raise it; he supported its head on his breast; he called wildly for water! brandy! he chafed its palms between his own; and then, when he became conscious the life was out of it, he threw up his arms with one loud cry of "James, James, my son!"

He remained by the body, and would not allow any one to touch it—motioning all away; and, in truth, his companion was too much astounded by the utterly unexpected discovery, and the vehemence of the grief displayed, to intrude upon him. Even the natives, stoical and indifferent to the sight of death, were struck by the sorrow of the white man for his brother, as they thought, and stood apart. At last his friend ventured to approach him and to take the body from him, when the grief-stricken man rose and followed the party back to the factory. After a while he spoke, and told his friend how he had discovered, when in England, that the lad whom he had known on the coast had been indeed his own illegitimate son; and turning, he halted, and in a sudden accession of grief, made him promise to give him his help and arms to pursue the Portuguese.

Margaret's grief was not less intense than that of Monke. She knew now that the poor lad who had died to preserve her had done so out of his affection toward her, and she threw herself beside the couch on which they had laid him. There Monke found her, and gently raising her, looked into her face,



and thenceforth the new love that both had begun to bear toward him formed a bond of union between them.

On the next morning James was laid to rest with the ensign over him. He was buried on the sea-slope of the southernmost bluff of the bay fronting the great ocean. All the head men of the factory attended in solemn silence, and with a twinge here and there among them of regret; but death to them was simply the inevitable, and to be as quickly and easily forgotten as possible. Therefore, when Monke and his friend swept out of the factory gates with a strong body of bearers, they only stopped the games of chance they were playing with small cubes of wood on a square board for a moment to look after the departing party, and then with a shrug of the shoulders they resumed their play—the white men's quarrels were not theirs.

All that day Monke and his comrade travelled along the sea-shore, and through the grassy plains, and over the dark river, and arrived at Senhor Pepe's house. The little man was astounded to learn for the first time what had happened, and wrung his little hands in grief, only brightening up when he found that the Senhora was safe. To his credit he willingly told the Englishmen that Chaves had been at the factory, and the hour of his departure, and he placed his boats and boats' crews at their disposal, though he knew he ran the risk of incurring the anger and revenge of his countryman by doing so.

Thus enabled to proceed without delay, and having the current in their favor, the pursuers entered the bay of Donde by the night of the second day, Monke's heart thirsting for revenge. It was just such a night as that on which James and Margaret had left it, and apparently all was as tranquil on shore. But suddenly, as the boat passed on, a glare of light shone for a moment on a hilltop, and then shot up a steady stream into the still night air.

"What does that mean?" ejaculated Monke.

"The factory of the Portuguese is on fire," returned his companion, excitedly. "That is his; M'Gibbon's is to the right."

"Pull, boys, pull!" cried Monke,

severed by the sight. "And God grant that I may not be too late to punish him!" he exclaimed to himself, gripping his gun nervously.

But quickly though the boat went through the water, the flames grew and spread, almost at once devouring the old cane-work of the house with a rapidity that showed it must have been set on fire in many places. Also the building was too far inland, and the boat too far off the shore, to allow any sound to be heard; and the fire shone red and silent through the thick fringe of the forest.

But just as the boat touched the beach, the powder-house belonging to the factory blew up with a terrific roar. This had been situated some hundred yards from the main building, and its destruction surely showed that it had been fired purposely. The boat-boys were awed and cowed by the roar of the explosion and its shock; but the two white men rallied them, and led them with a rush up the hill and through the forest. They noticed as they went that from the spot where M'Gibbon's factory stood came neither sound nor light.

As they drew near to the burning house, shouts and yells were plainly heard above the roar and crackle of the flames, whose light fell upon fully five hundred natives in the cleared space, some of whom crowded and fought round broached puncheons of rum, while others danced or reeled about the factory yard clad in all the fine cloths and shawl-pieces they had been able to pillage from the bales lying about, and adorned with strings upon strings of bright beads, which glittered in the fierce light. Many kept up a perpetual fusillade, loading their muskets with handfuls of powder from open kegs that lay strewed about.

As a background to this stood the dark and silent forest, into which the more cautious and sober of the negroes were stealing with their booty and returning for more. So intent were all upon the spoil, that the approach of Monke and his band was not noticed; and not until the two white men stepped into the circle of light made by the flames were they seen, when there was an instant stampede on the part of the marauders into the forest. Two of them were



captured, and dragged on their knees before Monke, who had been driven back from the building by the intolerable heat; and on being questioned at the muzzle of a musket, they told how the slaves and the villagers had combined to rise against the Portuguese, and having surprised him, had tied him to his bed and then set fire to his house.

His cruelty had at last met with its reward. Monke, callous though he was to the severity of the fate that had befallen the man, could not help looking aghast at the house where the tragedy had taken place, and as he looked the roof fell in, and a shower of fiery particles rose up into the air, and the flames were dulled for a few moments, but only for a few moments. They shot up again fiercer than before.

The revenge of the Englishman had been suddenly snatched from him, yet it was with no feeling of disappointment that the task had not been spared to him, that he turned to the forest. And now the little band had to look quickly to their safety, for with returning courage, the pillagers began firing their muskets, charged with slugs, as they advanced to the edge of the wood.

Not wishing either to confront or harm the maddened creatures, Monke withdrew his men in the direction of M'Gibbon's factory, and sent two of them to search the house. They reported that it was empty, whereupon the party ran smartly along the beach for their boat, which they reached, the slaves following them down to the shore as if to cut them off; but suddenly they halted and turned back toward the Scotchman's house.

As the boat was pulled off shore, flames burst forth from the hitherto dark and tenantless factory. Of its owner nothing was heard or seen. Whether

he was murdered, or whether he escaped from Donde, remained always a mystery. It was supposed, however, that he was taken inland by the natives, and there put to death by them, to prevent any tales being told.

With the destruction of the two factories, the Bay of Donde returned to the possession of the natives; for the houses were never replaced upon its shores, and the only craft to be seen on its placid waters are the canoes of the native fishermen of the village, dotting its expanse with tiny specks.

When Monke got back to Kabooka, he took Margaret under his charge and protection; and though at first it went hard with him to look at her without thinking of his son's death, yet as time passed, that feeling passed away with it, and was replaced by the recollection that she had been the lad's favorite; and it was for her sake that before long he gave up his charge of the factory, and returned to England.

Margaret, on her part, was well aware of the feelings with which Monke at first regarded her, and she would fain have left him; but since he had not permitted that, she, mindful of her error, set herself to make him love her, and with such sweetness and success, that the two became inseparable, and were known in the little country village to which they retired as father and daughter. This village was situated inland, far away from the sound of the sea, which was distressful to Monke and to the girl—for it reminded the one of his son, and the other of the days she had spent on the far-off lonely African shore. Yet, as time wore on, the memory of the lad who had died on that coast became fainter and fainter with both, and at last, as at first, he was forgotten.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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## THE MENACING COMET.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

A FEW months ago a dismal report appeared to the effect that the comet of 1843, which was supposed to have returned in 1880, would come back again in 1895 and bring about the end of the

world. The origin of the report was not altogether clear. At least it was not altogether clear to the writer of these lines, who, if the report had had any legitimate foundation, should have

known something about it. It seems that a remark to the effect that the comet of 1880 travelled in the same orbit as the comet of 1843, and was probably the same body, but that if that were the case, it had returned long before it should have done, so that the period of revolution seemed to be shortening, had been to some degree misapprehended.

It had been suggested by several Fellows of the Royal Astronomical Society that if the comet of 1880 were really the same as that of 1843, the next return might occur in a very few years; perhaps, said Mr. Marth, in about fifteen; and each return thereafter at shorter and even shorter intervals. For the path of the comet carries it in very close proximity to the orb of the sun; and it is generally believed that a retardation of the comet's motion must occur at each return to the sun's neighborhood, for the simple reason that the comet can hardly be supposed to get through the matter which forms the sun's corona, without encountering some resistance. The more the comet is retarded by such resistance, the faster it will travel round its orbit—paradoxical though this may sound. At each return it will encounter more and more effective resistance, until at length it must be absorbed into the body of the sun.

Whether such absorption would produce any great effect or not upon the sun, and through him upon the solar system, was a question which to many seemed answerable only in one way. Newton had pointed out that comets might serve as fuel to the sun, and perhaps produce disastrous effects in that way, by unduly increasing the solar light and heat. "A comet," he said, "after certain revolutions, by coming nearer and nearer to the sun, would have all its volatile parts condensed, and become a matter fit to recruit and replenish the sun (which must waste by the constant light and heat it emits) as a faggot would this fire if put into it." (He was speaking to Mr. Conduitt at the time, beside a wood fire.) "And that would probably be the effect of the comet of 1680 sooner or later; for by the observations made upon it, it seemed to have a tail of thirty or forty degrees, when it went from the sun. It

might, perhaps, make five or six revolutions more first; but whenever it did, it would so much increase the heat of the sun, that this earth would be burnt, and no animals in it could live." "He took the three phenomena seen by Hipparchus, Tycho Brahé, and Kepler's disciples," he added, "to have been of this kind; for he could not otherwise account for an extraordinary light, as those were, appearing all at once among the fixed stars (all which he took to be suns enlightening other planets, as our sun does ours) as big as Mercury or Venus seems to us, and gradually diminishing for sixteen months and then sinking into nothing."

But although what we now know respecting the mass of comets is by no means so much opposed to these views as many seem to imagine, our knowledge of the way in which the sun's heat is maintained will not permit us to adopt Newton's opinion. Nor will the accepted views as to the origin of the sun's heat justify us in accepting a belief in more than a very moderate accession of heat as likely to accrue, under any influences due to comets now actually travelling around the sun. All those which have passed once round the sun's immediate neighborhood, can pass again, and yet again, with effects which can never greatly exceed those produced at their first passage. If at any one perihelion passage a comet is slightly retarded, it will be slightly retarded again at its next passage close by the sun, somewhat more at the next return, and so on continually, until it is finally absorbed, the interval between these passages continually diminishing. Only in the case of great retardation at one passage, will the retardation at the next perihelion passage be markedly greater; but in this case the effects at the earlier passage should have been noteworthy; so that as no noteworthy sudden accession of solar light and heat has ever been observed, no such earlier passage has yet occurred which should make us seriously fear the next passage of the same comet by the sun's neighborhood.

The fears entertained, therefore, respecting the next return of the comet of 1843 are without foundation. If that comet was really so checked in speed in 1843 that it returned in thirty-seven

years instead of the much longer period assigned to it by the best astronomers; then we had an opportunity at that time of estimating the effect of such interruption of the comet's motion. But no effects were then perceived. The sun was neither brighter nor hotter than usual. The inference is, then, that that frictional resistance cannot appreciably affect the sun's condition. In 1880 we had a repetition of this experience—assuming that the comet of 1880 was the same body. The sun in 1880 shone much as he had done in 1879, much as he did later in 1881 and 1882. So that the world might await with calmness the future returns of this sun-lashing comet, satisfied that whatever effect might be produced on the comet, very little would be produced on the sun or the solar system.

But now suddenly news comes that a comet has been seen which American men of science have identified with the comet of 1843 and 1880, so that from thirty-seven years the period has dwindled to little more than two years and a half (more exactly 2 years, 7 months, and 21 days), which would leave us every reason for believing that the next return would occur in a few months, and the final absorption of the comet by the sun a few weeks later. And an English astronomer of deserved repute has done something more than endorse these ill-omened predictions; he has pretty clearly indicated his opinion that the approaching destruction of the comet portends events of the most serious import to this earth and all who dwell on it; that, in fact, the time is drawing near when Prospero's prediction is to be fulfilled that—

The great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And like an insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind.

"Could there have been anything more heartbreaking to all astronomical souls," writes Professor Piazzzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal for Scotland, "than the uninterrupted cloud by day and by night of our unfortunate climate, ever since the announcement of the brilliant daylight comet of Monday, September 18? Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and their several

nights, have each and all been uniformly utterly covered in with thick impenetrable clouds. And yet we ought to confess that one other thing might have occurred even so as to make that cloudy appearance more aggravating, more grievously disappointing still. That one overtopping culmination of misfortune would have been"—if the comet had been announced as approaching instead of receding.

It will be seen that the Astronomer Royal for Scotland regards the comet in question as a rather important body. It is not an every-day comet whose approach is so important that failing to see it must be regarded as an "overtopping culmination of misfortune." Now *this* comet seems to be none other than *that* comet. The body, or collection of bodies (for so rather must a comet now be regarded), which was visible to the naked eye on September 18 close to the sun—"a yard or so from the sun," writes one startled observer—is no other than the comet of 1843, whose tail stretched half across the heavens, and which—like the comet of last month—was seen in full daylight; nay, even "close by the sun."

Rightly to apprehend the significance of this portent, as viewed by Professor Smyth and many others, chiefly—unlike him—unscientific persons, we should inform our readers that in this year, according to the prophecies symbolically indicated in the Great Pyramid, the end of the dispensation which began 1882 years ago is in some way as yet unknown to be brought about. Some celestial body, "the star in the East" of the Magi, appeared then; for aught we know it may have been the same comet, and the Wise Men of the East saw in it evidence that a new dispensation was about to begin. It was fitting, then, that this year, which has now been for several years announced as the time of the end of that dispensation, a similar celestial appearance, or the same body, perhaps, should announce "the beginning of the end." We cannot reasonably doubt this, for careful measurement shows that the Grand Gallery in the Great Pyramid is 1882 inches long; these inches being each the twenty-fifth part of the sacred cubit, which Pyramidalists assure us is the limit of length

in that marvellous structure. Moreover, it is not altogether an accident or a mere coincidence which has brought the British army to the feet of the Great Pyramid at the very time—perhaps at the very hour—when the great comet was passing its perihelion. On September 13, the British cavalry entered Cairo; on September 18, the great comet could be seen with the naked eye (though it had passed the time of its greatest splendor, described by Professor Smyth as the “ecstatic display at perihelion passage”), and was then beginning to recede. What more natural than to suppose that as the vanguard of Sir Garnet Wolseley’s army approached the base of the Pyramids, the great comet was in the very ecstasy of perihelion glory, rushing through the richest portion of the sun’s coronal streamers, molten by the solar heat, resisted by the densely aggregated meteor-streams, but so retarded that its return will be hastened, and that in a few months it will come back to effect the final purpose of its existence! If any doubt could be entertained on the subject, it should be removed by the consideration that the British nation has been proved, to the satisfaction of nearly all true believers in the Great Pyramid prophecies, to be no other than the lost ten tribes of Israel.

If this sounds a little strange—or, shall we say, the least little bit premature—let the following words by the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, by no means the least able of our astronomers, and *facile princeps* among Pyramidalists, be carefully considered.

“What comet,” he asks, “was this? The little that was seen on Monday, September 18, is not enough to give any clew, and no London journals, *whether scientific or political*, which I have seen up to September 23, throw any light on the matter. But a note by cable from America, if fully correct, is of *profound import*. Indeed, *nothing so important to all mankind has occurred before, through eighteen hundred years at least of astronomical history*. And there is this prospect of the statement being true, that it is given under the name of Professor Lewis Boss, one of the most able and learned mathematical astronomers of the Union, and, we may say now (such has

been the rapid progress of astronomy during the last few years in that country), of the world. He is said, then, to have concluded from his observations that the comet of last Monday was the comet of 1880 and 1843. A comet on each of these occasions was recognized to have passed closer to the sun’s surface than any other known comet. But why has it come back so soon? In 1843 it appeared to be moving in an orbit of 170 years, and yet it came back in 1880, or in only 37 years. That was startling enough, though only looked on by the world as a case of failure of astronomical prediction. But having gone off in 1880 on an understanding generally come to by the best astronomers in Europe, North America, Rio Janeiro, the Argentine Republic, and Australia—at all which latter places it had been well observed—that it was not to return before 37 years (and other comets, such as Halley’s, and Encke’s, keep to their times of revolution round the sun nearly uniformly for centuries), behold this comet has returned now, on the strength of this cablegram from America, in two years. In which case, who can say whether it may not be back again from space in a few months; and then, not merely to graze close past, but actually to fall into the sun, which is so evidently increasing its hold upon it at every revolution? Wherefore we may be near upon the time for witnessing what effects will be produced when such an event takes place in the solar system, as astronomers have hitherto only distantly speculated upon, and no mortal eye is known to have ever beheld.”

This brings the matter home to all of us, indeed. Astronomers like Newton have distantly speculated upon the effects which would be produced if a comet fell into the sun. I fear that I have not altogether refrained from such speculations myself. Indeed, the misapprehension to which I referred at the beginning of this paper arose chiefly from such speculations of my own. For speaking, not of such grazing contact as may occur in the case of the comet of 1843 and 1880, but of such direct impact as *may* through some unlucky chance occur in the case of some comet which comes to our sun from interstellar space, I have expressed the



opinion that such impact may raise the sun's heat temporarily to such intensity that every living thing on this earth would be destroyed, though the increase of heat might not last more than a few weeks or even days. I also expressed my belief (entertained before I had heard that Sir Isaac Newton, in conversation with Mr. Conduitt, had expressed similar views) that the appearance of so called "new stars" can only be explained by the downfall of meteoric and cometic matter upon some sun like our own, which up to that time had been steadily pouring forth heat and light to nourish the worlds circling around it. This opinion, chancing to be expressed in the closing paragraph of the same paper in which I had indicated my belief that the comet of 1880 really was the same body as the comet of 1843, returned before its time, and that this body would return next after a yet shorter interval, led many to imagine that I had expressed the opinion that the comet of 1843 and 1880, returning soon, would cause our sun to blaze out with greatly increased splendor, and so to destroy all living creatures on this earth.

Now the actual risk from the destruction of this comet by the sun I believe to be very small indeed. But as to the identity of the comet which passed its perihelion on September 17 last and the comets of 1880 and 1843 there is, I think, little room for doubt. I have carefully compared the observed positions on September 17, 18, 19, 22, 24, and 29, with the known orbit of the comet of 1843, and they all agree so closely as to leave no doubt that the new comet is travelling in the same track, so far as the part near the sun is concerned. But I note one circumstance which seems hitherto to have escaped attention. Although the course of the new comet as it passed away was on the right track, the comet was not making nearly so much way as it should have done, if moving even in the reduced period of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  years, or even in one year, or in half a year. In other words, the reduction of speed experienced by the comet last September was such that the comet will be back within four or five months, possibly in less time still than that. It may be that

the observations (up to the day of my writing this, which of course precedes by several weeks the day when these words can be read) have been insufficiently exact for accuracy in this respect. But if they can be trusted, the comet will be back in a very short time indeed, possibly before the end of the year—an announcement which should fill the hearts of Pyramidalists with joy.

Be this as it may, it is certain that the splendid comet seen on September 18 and 19 close to the noonday sun, although not seen under conditions at all favorable to ordinary observation, gave of all the comets seen in this century, nay, of all ever seen by man, the fullest promise that one day cometic mysteries will be interpreted. An observation was made upon this comet successfully, which, repeated on similar comets more favorably situated, will give information such as astronomers have long regarded as essential to the solution of cometic mysteries, but such also as they have hitherto scarce dared to hope for.

It is of course known to all who have followed the progress of recent scientific research, that nearly all the comets which have been observed during the last score or so of years, have given under spectroscopic analysis such evidence as shows that a portion of their light comes from glowing gas. Two distinct cometic spectra have been observed—Dr. Huggins, *facile princeps* among British spectroscopists, first noted them in the case of Brorsen's comet, and of Winnecke's—each consisting of bright bands. In one case the bands have not been identified with those belonging to any known terrestrial substance; but the other and more common cometic spectrum agrees with one which has been found to be characteristic of certain compounds of carbon. "The general close agreement in all cases," writes Dr. Huggins, "notwithstanding some small divergencies, of the bright bands in the cometary light with those seen in the spectra of hydrocarbons, justifies us fully in ascribing the original light of these comets to matter which contains carbon in combination with hydrogen."

These spectra of bands had been seen so systematically from 1864, when Donati made the first rough observations of the cometic spectrum, until Wells's comet



was observed a few months ago, that astronomers began to think that they would get no other information from comets. It was especially unsatisfactory that no bright or dark *lines* could be seen. For in the case of one particular class of spectroscopic observations, which seemed specially likely to give interesting information about comets, bright *bands* in the spectrum are absolutely useless. We refer to those observations which indicate rapid motions of recession or approach, by displacements of the spectrum. Such displacement is always exceedingly small even in the case of bodies moving at the rate of twenty or thirty miles per second. It therefore cannot possibly be determined by observing a spectrum of broad bands of light, with no well-defined edges by which to recognize displacement.

But Wells's comet last spring, though it attracted no special attention from ordinary star-gazers, showed for the first time a new and promising feature. This comet, which had shown the carbon bands like other comets during the first month or two of its approach toward the sun after its discovery, began, when it drew within a certain distance from him, to show evidence of the presence of glowing sodium. A few days later the pair of orange lines in the spectrum which indicate the presence of this widely distributed element, were very bright and distinct, and they continued so until the comet passed out of view from our northern heavens.

Now there was double promise in this observation. First, it showed that the changes of appearance which a comet undergoes as it draws nearer to the sun are accompanied by changes of physical condition with which the spectroscope can deal. Secondly, as the bright lines of sodium are well defined, and as their proper place in the spectrum is known, there was promise that hereafter observations might be made to determine movements of recession or of approach which may be taking place either in different parts of the comet, or in the comet as a whole.

Let us first consider the application of spectrum analysis to determine the changes taking place in the physical condition of a comet.

It is obviously a most promising circumstance that evidence should now be attainable to show what is the real physical constitution of those different parts of a comet which present such striking changes as the comet approaches the sun. Hitherto all that has been seen has been the raising up of luminous envelopes on the side toward the sun, and the apparent sweeping away of the matter thus formed into the strange appendage called the tail. But hereafter, in the case of any comet which like Donati's (in 1858) exhibits under favorable conditions the various changes due to the increased proximity of a comet to the sun, it will be found possible to recognize by means of the spectroscope the substances which are successively volatilized as the comet moves toward its perihelion. It may possibly be found that when a comet shows, as Donati's did, several envelopes one within the other, the luminous vapors forming these are of different substance. The constitution of the tail, too, may be found to vary as the comet changes in position. Where there are more tails than one, as in the case of Donati's comet, and of other celebrated comets, the spectroscope may indicate varieties of physical structure and condition. Possibly, Bredichin's theory, that three different substances—iron, carbon, and hydrogen—driven from the sun with different velocities, form the several tails of such comets, may be established by the spectroscopic analysis of these appendages. It may very probably be found, also, that even in the case of a comet with but a single tail, the physical constitution of the tail varies in different parts of its length.

But the possibility that movements in the nucleus, coma, and tail of a comet, may be detected by spectroscopic analysis, is yet fuller of promise.

Let us briefly consider the nature of this method of observation.

When we approach a point from which waves of any sort are moving, we cross the waves in more rapid succession, and the *effect* is as though they were narrowed. When, on the other hand, we recede from their source, so that the waves (moving, it is understood, more quickly than we do) overtake us, they pass us in less rapid suc-

cession, and the effect is as though they were made broader. (We speak, of course, of their width as measured from crest to crest.) We can easily see that this would be so in a sea across which waves were swiftly travelling, a stout swimmer urging his way so as either to meet them or to be overtaken by them. It has been shown, also, experimentally that this is true of sound. When we approach a source of sound, the tone is raised (or rather appears to the ear to be so, for, of course, the sound-waves on which the tone depends are not really altered), whereas when we recede from the source of sound the tone seems lowered. This observation, indeed, may readily be made by any observant person in railway travelling; for it will be noticed that whenever the whistle of a passing engine is sounded the tone falls suddenly, or seems to do so, at the moment when the engine which had been approaching begins (having passed us) to recede. In the case of light, it was long since pointed out by Doppler that a similar effect should be produced, if only the velocity of approach or recession is not too small to be appreciable when compared with the tremendous velocity of light—186,000 miles per second.\* The effect would theoretically be a change of colors in the case of light really of a single pure color. For light belonging to the red end of the spectrum is formed by waves of greater length than those which form light belonging to the violet end of the spectrum; and the various colors of the spectrum from the red to the violet end have wave-lengths gradually diminishing from the greatest length at the red end to the least length at the violet. Doppler was bold enough to hope that by this method the colors of the stars might indicate stellar movements of recession or of approach. But of that he should have seen, had he reasoned the matter aright, there was no hope or even possibility. For the light of a star contains rays of all colors from

red to violet, and rays beyond the red on one side, and beyond the violet on the other, which therefore no eye can see. The only effect of any diminution of all the wave-lengths would be that a part of the violet light would be lost as light, but its place would be taken by light from the indigo, that by light from the blue, and so on, the light from the red which became orange being replaced by rays otherwise invisible from beyond the red. And similarly (only the change would be in the other direction) in the case of an increase in all the wave-lengths.

But it was early shown (so far as I know I was the first to refer to the matter publicly, but Dr. Huggins—unknown to me—was working at the very time on the plan indicated) that the lines in the spectrum would be shifted—toward the red in the case of recession from the source of light, and toward the violet in the case of approach toward that source. This displacement can be measured—if great enough, or rather, if not too small; for, in the case of all such motions as are taking place among the stars and planets, the displacement must be very, very small indeed.

Now to comets more than to any other class of celestial bodies this method might, it would seem, be advantageously applied. For not only do comets themselves move during a part of their course around the sun with enormous velocity, but within the comet itself changes take place which seem to imply enormously rapid motions. In particular the development of the tail, although it has not been absolutely demonstrated to be due to repulsive action, yet seems explicable in no other way; and if it is thus caused, the movement of the matter forming the tail must take place with a velocity bringing it well within the application of the spectroscopic method.

But it is essential for the use of this method that the spectrum of the moving body should have well-defined and recognizable lines. Bands, such as those in the spectrum of the comets first observed, are utterly useless for this purpose. Their precise position cannot be determined so that we could be sure of any displacement due to motion. For this purpose we must have a line,

\* It may, perhaps, be of interest to some readers of the *Cornhill Magazine* to learn that the first matter ever written by me for the press related to this very subject and appeared as an article entitled "The Colors of the Double Stars," in the *Cornhill Magazine* for December, 1863.

which, when the spectrum is brought side by side with that of a terrestrial substance showing the same line, will be in line with this if the celestial source of light is at rest, and will be recognizably displaced toward the red or toward the blue if that luminous body is receding or approaching respectively.

So that when, last May, Wells's comet suddenly began to show the well-known lines of sodium, promise was at once, and for the first time, afforded, that the problems of cometic changes, in so far as these depend on motions taking place within the comet itself, may before long be solved. We can have very little doubt, for instance, that if such a comet as Donati's were now to appear, and to be studied under favorable conditions during those parts of its course in which it was subject to the most intense disturbing action, the bright lines which would be seen in the comet's spectrum would either by their displacement tell us that the substance of the comet is driven wildly hither and thither in the head and swept swiftly away to form the tail, as it *seems* to be, or else, by remaining unchanged in position, would show that there are no such movements of disturbance or repulsion.

Now the comet which has recently been seen near the sun has been observed by this method. On September 18, when it was but three degrees (say half a dozen sun-breadths) from the sun on the sky, it was examined in the clear sky of Nice by M. Thollon, a skilful French spectroscopist.

The spectrum, notwithstanding the obviously unfavorable conditions under which the observation was made, showed clearly the line (or rather the double line) of sodium. Here, by the way, was at once evidence such as in former times no astronomer could have of the comet's real position in space. Formerly if a comet was observed anywhere, once only, nothing could be certainly known respecting its position, except that it was somewhere in the line of sight in which it was seen. But if we are right in believing that the sodium in a comet is only vaporized and rendered self-luminous when the comet is near the sun, then the new comet on September 18 was not only shown to lie in a

certain direction, but within certain tolerably narrow limits of distance.

But Thollon observed something else, not quite so satisfactorily as to be absolutely certain of it, but still so as to give a considerable degree of assurance. He says that the line of sodium seemed displaced toward the red. This would indicate recession. Observe here again how the spectroscopic method of determining motions of recession or approach may come in to help the astronomer to determine the position of a comet. Supposing this method should ever be so improved that the exact rate of a comet's motion might be determined by it, then instead of merely ascertaining, in any single observation, the direction in which a comet lies at the moment, the astronomer may learn its direction, something (as we have seen) of its distance, and the rate at which it is moving from or toward the observer. The rate of its thwart motion cannot of course be inferred from the spectroscopic observations directly, yet indirectly it can. For the rate of motion at any given distance from the sun for an orbit of known dimensions is known; now the distance of the comet being partly indicated by the spectroscopic observations, the thwart motion is known within the same degree of error. Hence, combining this with our more precise knowledge of the motion of recession or approach, we make a first rather rough approximation to the real motion, both in direction and in amount—which would determine the orbit absolutely. Observations made a day or two later will show whether the body really is moving in this orbit; and if the later observations include spectroscopic ones we shall obtain means of testing and correcting the first estimate of the orbit which will practically give us the orbit correctly—much more correctly, at any rate, than it can be deduced by the methods at present in use from observations made on four or five different occasions.\*

It may be well, perhaps, in conclusion, to inquire how the comet will act—

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\* Theoretically the orbit of a comet can be deduced from three observations; but practically many observations are required to give anything like accuracy.

ually be absorbed by the sun—a fate which we may consider to be assuredly in store for it before many years, perhaps before many months, are past.

First, then, be it noticed that *at present* there is no tendency toward a diminution of the perihelion distance of the comet, as many seem to imagine. The point of nearest approach will remain nearly at the same distance from the sun, at each return of the comet, so long as the orbit remains eccentric. Only when the velocity in perihelion (or at the point of nearest approach) is so reduced that the centrifugal tendency no longer balances the centripetal force, will there be any approach toward the sun. This amounts to saying that until the orbit is transformed into a circle (when there will be no perihelion at all) there will be no approach toward the sun. When that transformation is effected, there will be approach at every part of the circuit—in other words, the course of the comet will become a spiral, the coils of which will draw closer and closer in toward the sun's surface; the sun will be within the coils, but the comet itself will be in the toils, and its end not far off. As

throughout this approach the comet's substance will be in the form of vapor, there will probably be a rapidly increasing resistance, and hence a rapidly increasing rate of approach toward the sun. Oddly enough, the comet's rate of travelling will be increased notwithstanding this constant resistance, the sun's indrawing action adding more motion than the frictional resistance subtracts. For several days, probably, the comet in each circuit, when off the solar disk, will be a conspicuous object to spectroscopists, though not perhaps visible in the telescope. The comet will appear outside of the sun's disk, first on one side, then on the other, at intervals of about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours— $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours being the time of circuit of a body close to the sun's surface. As this surface is carried round once in about twenty-five hours, there will be considerable loss of velocity, and resulting heat, in the substance of each part of the comet as it is absorbed. But I believe the whole heat of the sun would be little increased if the whole of the comet were thus absorbed at once; and very little indeed if, as is certain, the absorption take place piecemeal.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

#### SOME ASPECTS OF AMERICAN PUBLIC LIFE.

BY JAMES BRYCE.

AMERICAN politics of late have been much brought before English readers. A novel called "Democracy," published in New York some years ago, and now reprinted in England, has had a great success among us. As it paints in strong colors and with great literary force the corruption and selfishness of American public men, it has produced some effect upon English opinion. Much has also been said by our own public writers and speakers about an American institution called the Caucus, described as a poisonous weed which, when once brought across the Atlantic, will strike root everywhere among the pure wheat of English politics, just as the Canadian pondweed propagated itself twenty years ago through our rivers and canals, till half of them were choked up. The time is, therefore, oppor-

tune for saying a few words upon some aspects of politics in America, in the hope of giving English readers a fair impression of their true state, and of showing how far any warnings drawn from them are applicable to England. I do so, of course, with the diffidence which every one must feel in attempting to speak of a country that he knows only as a traveller. But a citizen of the United States would, in addressing Englishmen, be exposed to other difficulties hardly less serious than those an Englishman has to face in speaking of America.

What is the picture which not only this novel sets before us? It is the picture of a vast continent, a prosperous, rapidly increasing, and highly civilized nation of fifty-one millions of people, whose government lies in the hands of



a knot of selfish and unprincipled men, some of them accessible to bribes, the rest ready to wink at corruption and to sacrifice honor for the sake of their personal advantage or that of their party. The central figure in the novel is a man of great force of character, but thoroughly vulgar in his ideas, as well as in his oratory; a man who admits and justifies a gross breach of public duty in taking money to "put through" a contract, whose power is based upon intrigue, who has done nothing for the country either as a legislator or an administrator. This man is at the head of his party, a candidate for its nomination to the Presidency of the United States, and not unlikely to be chosen. The other personages are worthy companions of such a chief. Some are weak, most are ignorant and narrow-minded, all are vulgar. There is no public spirit, no statesmanlike insight among them. Their chief virtue is devotion to a party which seems to have no principles.

"What a shocking state of things!" cries the English Pharisee, not without a comfortable reflection that he is not as these Republicans. "This, then, is what democracy comes to. This is the result of putting power in the hands of the masses. Men of rank and wealth are driven out of public life; the ignoble mob choose people like themselves to be their representatives; corruption reigns; national interests are sacrificed; national honor forgotten; the morality of the country sinks while its revenues are wasted. And this is what you want to bring England to, with a lowered county franchise, attacks on the House of Lords, and the Birmingham Caucus."

One need not be a Tory to be alarmed at such a prospect. If the progress of democracy is to make Silas P. Ratcliffe a fair type of our public men, we had better pause. The present state of things, whatever its faults, is not so bad. But is the picture a true one? That is to say, are Silas P. Ratcliffe and his associates fair types of leading politicians in America? and if so, does the dominant position which he holds in United States politics mean the same thing as the premiership of a Silas P. Ratcliffe would mean in England? I am not

going to discuss the matter as a political question. Reasonings from the politics of one country to those of another are interesting and, when wisely used, instructive. But they are also dangerous, for there is always something which makes so great a difference between the two countries as to vitiate any inference except under limitations and qualifications which the ordinary reader does not heed, or soon forgets. And sensible people have, at bottom, a just perception of this, and do not suffer themselves to be much influenced by arguments of the kind. The chief practical use of history is to prevent one from being taken in by historical analogies. My object in these pages is to do what little I can to prevent Englishmen from misjudging America, not to frame any arguments in favor of democratic progress in England. Things in England will proceed on their own path whatever we may read about Republicanism elsewhere, for the forces which move them are large and potent. Apart from this altogether it is to be wished that Englishmen should have just views about the country which is most like their own, and with which their relations are most intimate.

That there are such persons as Silas P. Ratcliffe among the public men at Washington must be admitted. There are such persons in England also, and in every country, monarchical or republican. Any one writing a novel about English public life might fill it with people equally unscrupulous and, in their way, equally successful, and yet might justify every character by pointing to some well-known politician as the original of the portrait. There are persons in the English Parliament, and not merely needy adventurers, but persons of wealth or position, some of whom enjoy titles, conferred or inherited, who are no better, and whom we think no better, than these Washington politicians.

"But," it will be said, "these men are very few in England; they are not fair types; they are exceptions, rare exceptions; and in England they never rise to high places. Their schemes are mainly commercial, and do not injure the political interests of the country."

This is perfectly true. The people in question are fortunately few in England, nor have they ever climbed to the highest posts. But as they do exist among us an American may say that the picture in the novel is unfair in the same way as an English novel would be unfair which presented only such persons as figuring in English political life. Although, therefore, the American picture may be less misleading than a similar English picture would be, still it is misleading. The author of the novel is not to be blamed for this, for he wrote for his own countrymen, who would understand and allow for those exaggerations which we permit to a writer of fiction. It is only the English reader who is in danger of being misled. He may forget what the American reader knows, that there are plenty of public men at Washington who are just as upright, fair-minded, and high-minded as most of our leading politicians are in England. To determine the extent to which black sheep are to be found among members of Congress (taking them as a sample of the more successful politicians), and how far such persons have found their way into the front rank, would be hard even for an American, and is much harder for an Englishman. No doubt there are more who can be "got at," whose vote can be influenced by lobbying, than would be found in the English Parliament. So the Americans say themselves, and a stranger may therefore say it without offence. But there are very few indeed who would take a bribe in a naked form, and there are not more who have given bribes to their constituents, or been privy to giving, than were to be found in the English Parliament twenty years ago. "Lobbying," that is to say the working of a bill through the legislature, usually becomes personal solicitation, backed up by offers of some personal advantage. It is certainly far more rife than in England, and has thrown discredit on the profession of the lobbyist. The protective tariff, with the alterations which are sometimes made and constantly threatened in it, alterations affecting enormous commercial interests, is a fertile source of this evil. In general, however, it affects only what we should call private bill legislation.

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There is also great laxity in the matter of giving pledges and making promises to catch the votes of particular sections. Members of Congress who in private will speak in harsh terms of Ireland and her people, and tell you that England is too lenient in her dealings with Irish conspiracy or obstruction, allow themselves to make speeches and give votes in support of Irish agitators and against England which excite the disgust of all sensible Americans.

It must further be admitted that the men who do or have done these things, and who maintain their position by jobbing appointments in a way to be explained presently, are sometimes conspicuous men, influential in the councils of their party, talked of for the highest offices, and occasionally rewarded by a judgeship, or a lucrative post, or a foreign mission. They are often powerful stump orators, draw crowds when they make an electioneering tour, and show great skill in manipulating those assemblies of the party that are called nominating conventions. Any one who should take his idea of American politics exclusively from the newspapers in which the doings of these politicians are chronicled and their characters reviled or defended, might suppose that they were the leading persons in the State, and would be alarmed at the prospect of their getting complete control of it. He would indeed perceive that there are also honest and patriotic men engaged in politics, but hearing less of these latter, he would think that they were always being jostled out of the game, and that the bad men were going to have it all their own way. The remarkable fact is that these bad men, though always on the point of getting the great places and doing terrible mischief there, never do get them. The wind lifts the apples just out of their reach, as it did from Tantalus in the Odyssey. They intrigue for nominations to the Presidency or some other exalted position, but at the last moment, when success seems almost assured, public opinion comes in to balk their hopes. The nominating convention which has to choose the candidate of the party feels that it cannot go before the nation with a man of tarnished character, a man who has not what the Americans

call "a good record." Or if the place is one in the President's gift, he rarely ventures to outrage popular sentiment and injure his own position by making a really bad appointment. To be known as incorruptible is as helpful to a public man in America as in England or in any other country. Indeed, simple honesty and sincerity often raise to the highest places persons of quite ordinary capacity. Out of the whole list of Presidents of the United States there is not one on whose character for personal probity a stain rests, while some, of whom Lincoln and Garfield are the most recent conspicuous examples, have been singularly conscientious and patriotic. So, too, among those who have of late years filled the great Cabinet offices, and the not less important places of President of the Senate and Speaker of the House of Representatives, there are very few of tarnished reputation. This is more than can be said of minor officials, but the minor officials, for reasons to be explained presently, can do much less mischief than corresponding officials would do in England. Even as regards them there is probably more smoke than fire. People are much less reticent than in England; charges which are only whispered here are made openly there, and made so frequently and so groundlessly that the accused person, even when innocent, does not care to refute them. Scandals that in Europe would be hushed up obtain the widest currency. No doubt they are frequent. I am far from defending the present state of things, which the wisest Americans deplore. All I mean to say is that it is much less alarming than Englishmen would suppose from reading American newspapers, or from the picture the novel presents. And on the whole the public business of the United States goes on fairly well. Grave offenders are punished by the moral sentiment of the people; mischievous enterprises are checked before much harm has been done; and though as regards foreign affairs there is some gasconading, and sometimes a want of international courtesy, one might point, were it not desirable to avoid controversies of English politics, to English ministers who have rivalled or surpassed the most offensive performances of American Secretaries

of State. There is a want of dignity in politics generally; there is a want of efficiency in some departments of administration, and serious loss to the public by jobbing; but in comparison with the general prosperity of the country, and especially the extraordinary elasticity of its finance, these failings attract little notice.

It is more important and interesting to inquire how far corruption and vulgarity and ignorance among American politicians mean the same thing and have the same consequences as similar faults would mean and have in England. One may admit that they exist in America, and utterly deny that they cast the same black shadow over the country as they would over England. This is exactly what every one who knows the two countries will deny. But it needs some explanation to Englishmen, who are apt to take their own country as a type, and assume that others must be like it. Where two peoples and forms of government have so many points of likeness as we have to the United States, this tendency is all the greater. The proposition I wish to support is that politics are a totally different thing in America from what they are in England. Here the political life of the country is its main, its central, its highest social life. It is the chief occupation of the men most conspicuous by rank and practical talents. It is the great game which ambitious men seek to join in, the great means of influencing the welfare of the community which patriotic or philanthropic men desire to use. All educated people, and many uneducated, take an interest in it, watch what goes on in Parliament, are familiar with the characters and even the faces of the leading men. Here there are usually, and during the last few years have been constantly, large and grave questions under discussion—constitutional questions respecting the distribution of political power, questions of foreign policy which involve peace or war with neighboring States, domestic questions some one of which affects every class in the community. The central government, though less dominant and less meddlesome than on the Continent of Europe, is nevertheless always near us, touching us at many

points. The badness or goodness of our administration, the wisdom or folly of our foreign policy, the merits or defects of current legislation, make a sensible difference to us. They rightly engage public attention, they naturally attract much of the best talent of the country. In a word, if our central government were to fall into the hands of a corrupt Parliament or incompetent officials, England would decline at once. And if England were to suffer her affairs to be managed by such men, it would only be either because she had none better, or because the tone of public morals and public spirit had already fallen. The decadence of the statesmen would argue the decadence of the people. But in America the political life of the country is not the main or central current of its life, but seems a kind of side channel encumbered by weeds and bushes. Politics is not the career which a young man of talents and ambition naturally turns to or seeks to enter. There are at present, and have been since the pacification of the South, few political questions that rouse any interest. Nobody cares about politics (save at the time of the presidential election) except those professional politicians who are playing the game for their own purposes. There really is nothing to care about. The proceedings of Congress attract little attention, and are very briefly reported. People don't talk about politics as they do in this country. Last autumn, during a stay of four months in America, in which I had constant opportunities of mixing with all sorts of people, I never heard a political subject mentioned unless when I had introduced it myself. In fact, it makes no difference to the ordinary American citizen how the Federal Government is carried on, while as to foreign policy it is happily unnecessary to have any. As a distinguished American thinker once said to me, government in America is a mere survival, a relic of past times which has no longer the importance it still possesses in the Old World. Indeed he went so far as to call it a scab on the body politic, which may in time disappear.

To state fully the causes of this difference would require many pages, so I will only glance at a few of them.

There is, first, the fact that there are now really no great questions to engage men's sympathy and exercise their reason. There is, secondly, the superior attraction which the development of the material resources of America has for its people, the progress of colonization, the making and working of railroads, the founding of new industries; all these are more important to their eyes than to those of any European nation, and cover more of their horizon. Then it must be remembered that government is in America divided between the central or Federal, and local or State authorities. Of these two, the former is the more dignified, and in a sense the more important, because it affects the whole republic; but it touches the citizen infinitely less than the central government does in England, because it has nothing to do with direct taxation and very little with legislation, both these matters belonging to the several States. A good deal of the want of interest which educated Americans show in their government appears due to a separation of politics into two divisions, neither of which covers the whole ground. State politics seem too local, restricted, or, as we should say, municipal, to demand the services of a first-rate man. On the other hand, Federal politics are too remote, and do not include one of the departments most interesting to a jurist or philanthropist, that of the reforms in the civil law or local administrative system. It must further be remembered that there is altogether less government, less interference by the State, in America, and for the matter of that in our colonies also, than in England. The idea that things ought to be left to themselves, that private enterprise is the safest agency for promoting objects of common utility, is more largely embraced and applied there than here. It is sometimes carried to an extent which a faithful adherent of *laissez-faire* doctrines recoils from. Railroad companies, for instance, and other powerful corporations are subjected to far less control than with us, and sometimes tyrannize over the districts they traverse. There are all sorts of objects which people in England propose to effect by legisla-



tion, which in America are assumed to be left to the benevolence of some voluntary society. And, of course, there are fewer ancient rules or institutions which need to be legislated for in order to adapt them to the necessities of modern times. Lastly, the immense area of the country places its political life under conditions totally different from those of the European states. Although the telegraph informs every village next morning of what has happened at Washington the afternoon before, Washington is not, and never can be, what London is to England or Paris to France. Its life is a purely political life, dissociated from that of the great commercial and literary centres. Statesmen who reside in it are personally known only there and at their own homes. They cannot make themselves known over the rest of the Union. A French or English statesman may in the course of a twenty years' career have visited all the great towns in France or England, and made himself a man of flesh and blood in every part of his country. And in small countries like France and England people are constantly reviving their own interest in politics and that of their friends by visits to headquarters. The chairmen of local Liberal and Conservative Associations, who come up to London and are taken into the gallery of the House of Commons by the county or borough member, acquire and carry back with them a personal interest in political struggles and a sense of their dramatic aspects which no American can feel who lives in Maine or Minnesota, not to say on the Pacific coast. True, the professional politician, wherever he lives in America, is at least as much interested in politics as any one in England, for politics affects his livelihood, a professional politician being either an office-holder or an office-seeker. But I am speaking of the ordinary intelligent citizen, and he, just because there is a class of professional politicians, cares less about politics, and has less to do with them than a man of the same position and education would do in England. For these among other reasons politics mean less and politicians count for less in the United States than in any European country. Their merits are less ben-

eficial, their faults less mischievous, their whole sphere of action more restricted and less regarded than in England. Instead of being drawn from the highest class, socially and intellectually, and being a sample of what is best in the country, politicians are largely composed of persons of scanty education, small means, and average abilities. Their occupation, the practice of what is called politics in the United States, does not, or need not, for the reasons already stated, involve any study or even any dealing with that large round of difficult questions which employs the politicians of European countries. A great many, especially in the cities, and in the eastern and central States generally, are lawyers, and the lawyers (there is in America no distinction between barristers and attorneys) are the representatives of a profession no less valuable and influential than in England. But it is not generally the more eminent lawyers who take to politics; it is often the small practitioner in a small town who, when his business does not prosper, becomes an office-seeker. One does not like to make general statements, because they are apt to be misunderstood; and I know many politicians in America who are men of the highest character, as well as the highest ability. But if a general statement has to be made, it must be that the politicians reflect public capacity and thought not of the best but of the mediocre sort. And as the practice of politics does not require, or produce, any familiarity with those large questions which the members of European legislatures have to face, it is not in itself educative. Beside, it is exposed to many temptations. The president of a small Western University one day showed me a list he had made out of the employments to which his graduates had betaken themselves during the last seven years. When he had given the numbers of those who had become doctors, schoolmasters, and so forth, I asked, "And how many have gone into politics?" "I am glad to say, only five" was his answer, given without any idea of a joke. This is the ordinary sentiment of the educated American toward the local politicians, and it is of course from their ranks mainly that

the Federal politicians are taken. Socially and economically regarded, the politicians are an unimportant element in society over the Union at large. It is, therefore, a capital error to compare them with the politicians of any European country, or to suppose that their defects are an index of a decline in honor, morality, or patriotism among the people at large. And it is scarcely less an error to attribute those defects to what is vaguely called democracy.

However our English alarmist returns to the charge. "Admitting the truth of your statements," he replies, "see what they involve. You grant that the best men of the country seldom go into politics. Is this not a serious misfortune? Does it not leave the field open to bad men? Even supposing the State Legislatures to correspond (though the area of their power is so vastly larger) to the municipal councils of our great towns or to the county boards which we are promised shortly, is it not important that capable and upright men should form these legislatures? Is it not the duty of a good citizen to serve his neighbors and his country by entering them, as many good citizens in England serve on local bodies? Must there not be something seriously wrong if good citizens hold aloof? And must not grave evils sooner or later follow from leaving the reins of government, local and still more Federal government, in the hands of persons many of whom are unworthy of trust?"

That there is force in such reflections the Americans are themselves the first to admit. For years past the best organs of public opinion in the United States have been preaching their duty to good citizens, calling on them not only to go to the polls, but to see that worthy candidates are run, and themselves come forward as candidates both for the local legislatures and for Congress. One must, therefore, answer the English critic not by denying that the present evils are serious in such great cities as New York and Philadelphia, nor that they may be serious over a wider area fifty years hence, when the pressure of population on the means of subsistence has increased, but by insisting that as regards the country at large they are incomparably less serious than

they would be in Europe. Politics in America—and the same thing is true of Canada (whose condition is in many respects the same as that of her Southern neighbors)—means the distribution of offices; and the offices have so much less importance than in Europe that it matters far less who are the men that fill them. As regards the causes which keep the best men out of politics, I have only space to indicate one or two. Parliamentary life is less interesting and stimulating than in England, because it has fewer and less vital problems to deal with. Other careers, such as that of finance or railroad management, are relatively more attractive than they are here. There exists no large leisured class with a hereditary taste for politics, and almost a hereditary claim to high office. The immense area of the American Union, and the fact that the political capital is a comparatively small city, diminishes the action of good society upon politics. No such centre exists, as in France or England, where a great merchant, or financier, or advocate, or journalist, or man of letters, can live and pursue politics along with his own profession. In fact he is in most cases forced to sacrifice his other avocations if he goes into Congress, since he cannot conduct his business from Washington.

All these causes taken together go a good way to explain the disinclination of the "best people" to enter political life. There is, however, one still more important, which deserves a paragraph or two to itself, because it brings us to consider the capital evil of American politics, and involves also the explanation of what is called rather absurdly—for the word has in America a different meaning—the Caucus system. That system is a vicious one. But it has very little likeness to what is called the "Birmingham Caucus" in England, an institution which must be judged upon its own merits, and not by false analogies drawn from beyond the Atlantic.

The United States, in taking over a century ago English law and the English political system in its main features (such as the two chambers, and the vesting of executive power and the right of appointment to offices in a single head of the State), took over also that

remarkable institution which we call government by party. As everybody knows, party government is not very old in England. It grew up under Charles II., before whose time the sovereign had himself chosen his ministers instead of having them forced on him by Parliament; and it became settled under Anne and George I. Its essence lies in the existence in a country of two sets of views and tendencies, which divide the nation into two sections, each section believing in its own views, and influenced by its peculiar tendencies and associations to deal in its own particular way with every new question as it comes up. The particular dogmas may change; doctrines once held by Whigs alone may now be held by Tories also; doctrines which Whigs would have rejected a century ago may now be part of the orthodox creed of the Liberal party. But the tendencies are permanent, and have always so worked upon the several new great questions and problems which have during the last two centuries presented themselves, that each party has had not only a concrete life in its members, but an intellectual and moral life in its principles. Even when its leaders have been least worthy and their aims least pure, it has felt itself ennobled and inspired by the sense that it had great objects to fight for, a history and traditions which imposed upon it the duty of carrying on the contest for its distinctive principles. It is because practical questions have never been lacking which brought these respective principles into play, forcing the one party to maintain the cause of order and authority, the other that of progress and freedom, that our two great parties have not degenerated into mere factions. Their struggles for office have been redeemed from selfishness by the feeling that office was a means of giving effect to those principles in practice.

But if the principles which called a party into being have ceased to exist, if its characteristic doctrines have no longer any bearing on the present state of things, or, in other words, if there are no questions to which those principles can be applied so that the one party will naturally, in pursuance of its hereditary tendency, propose one solution and the other party another, what becomes

of the party? Clearly it ought to die. Its function is exhausted. It has no longer an intellectual and moral *raison d'être*. The soul is gone; so the life ought to expire and the body be buried. But parties are seldom content so to die. They live on and fight as fiercely as ever, as did the Guelfs and Ghibellines long after the power of the Emperor had vanished, and that of the Pope had ceased to oppose it. Suppose that in England all the questions which divide Whigs from Tories were suddenly settled. We should be in a difficulty. Our free constitution has been so long worked by the action and reaction of Ministerialists and Opposition that, for a time at least, there would probably continue to be two parties. But they would no longer be Whigs and Tories; they would be merely Ins and Outs. Their combats would be waged not even nominally for principles, but for place. For the government of the country, with the honor, power, and emoluments attached to it, would still remain as a prize to be contended for; and not only the leaders, but those who expected something from the leaders, would continue to register voters, and form political clubs, and fight elections just as they do now. The difference would be that there would no longer be great and noble principles to appeal to, so that men quiet or fastidious, or otherwise occupied, would not join in the struggle, while those who did would no longer feel stimulated by the sense that they were battling for something ideal, something which involved the welfare of their country. Loyalty to a leader whom it was sought to make Prime Minister would be a poor substitute, and not a safe substitute, for loyalty to a faith. If there were no conspicuous leader, the only motive left would be party spirit, and a desire that one's friends should have the good things. Something like this has happened in America. Since the resettlement of the Southern States after the civil war there have been no questions dividing the old great parties (such questions as do exist, the tariff and civil service reform, are questions on which Democrats and Republicans have not taken sides). The old principles which made the parties have been worked out, and the parties,

having no longer any distinctive programme to carry out, might with advantage have been dissolved. But the government of the country has to be carried on, and therefore the parties must be kept alive for that purpose. They have, therefore, become mere Ins and Outs; and it cannot be expected that the best citizens should feel the same desire to join in a combat of office-seekers as men in France or in England, where the interests of religion or freedom are held to be at stake. This state of matters exists in Canada also—indeed in most of our self-governing colonies—and the results are similar to those in the American Republic.

But here comes in another feature, peculiar to the United States. All administrative federal offices, from the top to the bottom, from the presidency down to a postmastership in a western village or the keeping of a lighthouse on the Pacific coast, are party offices, held at the pleasure of the executive. Custom as well as law allows the holder to be dismissed at any moment without cause; and custom prescribes that he shall be dismissed whenever the party opposed to his own comes into power. The new administration is not only permitted but bound to reward its supporters by putting them into the offices whence those of the losing party have been expelled. This is what is called the spoils system, from the famous phrase of President Jackson, "The spoils belong to the victors." Its most immediate evil result is to injure the civil service of the country by discouraging able and steady men from entering it, since they can have no security that they will keep their places, and by making the nation lose the benefit of such skill as its employes have acquired by practice, since the most devoted and experienced official may be turned out at short notice for no fault of his own, but merely because the place is wanted for some importunate applicant. There is, however, another consequence less obvious to the English reader. It creates a large class of persons who have a direct personal interest in political warfare. The absence of great public questions may make the ordinary citizen indifferent to the triumph of one or other party. But the private and selfish

interest of every man who holds a salaried place, or who desires to get one, raises up a set of people full of zeal for their party, eagerly and restlessly active in promoting its triumph by every means in their power. It is they who work politics, or, to use the Transatlantic expression, "run the machine." To these men the success of their party means their own livelihood, and the opportunity of providing for their relatives and friends; and although the posts are not highly paid, the income is a fair one for persons who themselves mostly belong to the poorer class. If Federal offices alone were involved, the number of places to be had would be too small to make the office-seeking class a large one. But in every State and every city the two great parties exist, and possess a complete organization. Every State and every city has a large number of salaried offices whose occupants are changed according as the one party or the other is in the majority. Some of these offices are elective, and the party runs its candidates for them. To this category there unfortunately belong, in most States, the judgeships. Other offices lie in the gift of the governor or the mayor, as the case may be, but to these he is expected to appoint adherents of the party to which he belongs, which has put him in power, and in whose hand his own fortunes lie. Beside, the membership of Congress or of a State Legislature is itself also a salaried place, not indeed lucrative, yet to many people quite worth having. The party organization of course looks after all elections and all appointments, to State offices and local offices as well as to Federal offices. And as elections are frequent, members of the Federal House of Representatives being chosen every two years, and there being many other elections for the State offices and municipal offices, the machine is not allowed to rust. It is kept constantly going, it needs the attention and occupies the energies of a tolerably large number of persons. They are of course the persons to whom it means place, profit, and power. Hence in every district the office-holders are the Ministerialists, who keep the party together, conduct the registrations, bring out the candidates, get up and address the pub-



lic meetings, work the elections, and (in extreme cases) falsify the polling books. The office-seekers, who can only get in themselves by turning out the present occupants, are the Opposition, and perform similar work for their own side, though of course under the disadvantage of not having the control of the election machinery. If they had only one set of places to look to, the Federal offices, or the State offices, or the local offices, they might be disheartened by repeated failures—such as the Democratic party has had to suffer since the first election of President Lincoln in 1860. But as there are two other sets of places to stimulate their desires and reward their efforts, there is no danger of apathy. A beaten party comes up fresh to the fight every time, and generally before long gets hold of one set at least of the coveted emoluments. So distinctly is the duty of the civil service to work for their own side recognized, that the party managers sometimes impose a sort of tax, informally of course and secretly, upon their officials, who have then to contribute a percentage of their salaries toward the party fund, out of which the expenses of canvassing and electioneering are defrayed.

"Is then," it will be asked, "the business of electioneering left to these personally interested politicians? Do other citizens, those active, keen, bright Americans of whom we hear so much, not take part in it, if for no other reason, yet at least to see that the affairs of the community are intrusted to competent hands? It is easy to see why office-holders and office-seekers should exert themselves; less easy to understand why other people do not join, do not keep such an important matter from falling into these professional hands? Why do not public-spirited men, whose motives are above suspicion, become candidates for the various offices and for the membership of the legislatures? They would naturally be preferred by their fellow-citizens."

Party organization has been brought to a rare perfection in America. Nothing can be fairer in theory, nothing more conformable to the principles of self-government. The unit is a small local area—in a city one of the wards. The voters belonging to the party in this

local area are convoked to a meeting for the purpose of choosing their delegates to the convention of the larger local area in which these wards are included. This meeting is called a primary, and the delegates whom it chooses are a species of ward committee for the ward. Together with the delegates from all the other wards, they form the convention for the district. Either directly or through other delegates whom they in turn choose to proceed to a higher convention, they select the candidates for office. The details of the system are complex; it may be enough to note that the highest of all party assemblies is that which meets once in every four years to choose the party candidate for the Presidency of the United States. This council is called the National Nominating Convention; and the similar bodies which meet to choose in each State the candidates for its chief offices are called State Conventions. The main duty of every convention is to choose the party candidates, both for the elective offices and for the membership of the State Legislatures and of Congress (as the case may be), the object of course being to secure that the undivided vote of the party shall be cast for the candidates who are most likely to succeed, because most in favor with the party as a whole. And the system seems excellently calculated to attain this end, because it is the rank and file of the party, in their several primaries, who choose the delegates, and these delegates who in turn choose those with whom the selection of candidates rests. The people have every opportunity of expressing their will, and it is their own fault if they do not get the best candidates. Clearly the primary is the key of the whole. Everything depends on the delegates it chooses, for once chosen, they can bring out any candidate they like. He is, through their nomination, the candidate of the party, who has a claim on the votes of the party, even of those who would not have themselves chosen him. The duty, therefore, of every good citizen who desires the best candidates is to go to the party primary of the ward or district he belongs to, and there give his vote for delegates he can trust. But unfortunately the good citizen often does not

care enough about the matter. He has an engagement to dinner, or it is a wet night, or he forgets all about the meeting. The professional politician, however, does not forget. He goes, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he has it all his own way. He has usually a number of acquaintances whom he takes with him (the men whom, in American phrase, he "owns"), so that the primary may consist almost entirely of the professionals and their creatures. In such cases the business is despatched quickly and easily. A list of delegates, which has of course been prepared beforehand by the leading professionals, is proposed to the meeting and carried without a division. These delegates are the professionals themselves, or persons on whom they can rely. The meeting is then dissolved; and in a day or two, when all the primaries are over, the Republicans or Democrats (as the case may be) of the city learn that they have left themselves in the hands of this clique, who have settled the whole thing in secret conclave, and merely gone through the form of obtaining a popular sanction. Sometimes, however, things do not proceed so smoothly. If the local party managers have abused their power by putting into office bad men, who have wasted or misappropriated the city revenues, the better citizens now and then combine to attend, and if possible to "capture" the primaries. They come in large numbers, and when the managers' list of delegates is submitted, they oppose it and propose another list of their own. A struggle follows. The chairman, who is usually in the confidence of the managers, probably tries to rule the speakers of the independent section out of order, and may sometimes go so far as to declare the list of his own friends carried when it has not been so, or even to dissolve the meeting rather than accept a defeat. Possibly, but rarely, the independents succeed in getting their delegates chosen. Generally the victory remains in one way or another with the professional clique. And it must be understood that such a contest is altogether an uncommon occurrence, only to be looked for in places where the ruling party has grossly abused its power and driven the better sort of citizens to exert themselves for

the protection of the community. This has happened only in a few of the great cities, and most conspicuously in New York, a place so exceptional owing to its vast population of poor and ignorant people, mostly recent immigrants from Europe, that it must not be taken as a type of American city politics. The more usual way of resisting the domination of the party managers is for good citizens, after meetings and combinations among themselves, either to abstain from voting, or to vote for the candidates of the opposite party, or to bring out a rival set of candidates of their own party, and run these both against the opposite party and against what may be called the authorized list of their own party managers. This is called, in the technical language of politics, "bolting," and is sometimes resorted to by moderate and patriotic men of both parties. In Philadelphia, a city which has groaned under the tyranny of its "Ring," as long as New York, it was successfully employed a year ago, to put several trustworthy men into office. But in general these tactics, when used by an independent section in either party, result in the victory of the opposite party, because the parties are so nearly balanced that any serious defection from one gives the other the majority. The immediate gain may not be great, because the candidates of the other party are probably men of the same kind as those whom the independents refused to accept from their own clique. But the warning given to the Ring against which the independents have revolted is not lost. They are made to feel that they have gone too far, and are disposed next time to bring forward better candidates, and so endeavor to win back the "bolters" to their former party allegiance. Thus the evil is by no means without a remedy. Only that remedy is not, as one might have expected, found to be most easily applied by an attack on the primaries.

Through the last few pages I have been describing extreme cases. It must not be supposed that over the length and breadth of the Union, in the rural districts and in the smaller cities, these evils prevail. They are confined to some few great cities, such as those of

the Atlantic coast. Only there does one find full-grown Rings, only there have the better citizens been driven to organize themselves against the tyranny of bad men, perverting a system which was intended to be truly popular and representative. The management of the affairs of the ordinary towns and cities may not be the best possible—neither is that of our own municipalities—but it is, taking one place with another, tolerably honest and competent, as good as can be looked for in such a world as the present. I have dealt with the extreme cases because it is from those extreme cases that English assailants of American institutions have drawn their examples, and in particular their illustrations of the working of what they call the Caucus system; and have, therefore, sketched that system as it exists in New York, the darkest instance that can be adduced.

The so-called Birmingham Caucus is supposed to be a copy of this American original, and to be likely to reproduce its faults. The different scheme of our English Constitution prevents it from being carried out with the same completeness; it exists here, therefore, only in two grades, viz. the ward meeting (the American primary) and the council for the whole constituency, the Eight Hundred, or Four Hundred, or so forth, corresponding to the American nominating District Convention of delegates from the several primaries. The essence of the plan lies in its creating a representative committee, for each constituency, to which the members of the party in that constituency delegate the function of selecting candidates for Parliament. It has no other function but that of organizing the party in the locality, and enabling it to prevent those divisions, and consequent defeats, which arose from the appearance at elections of more candidates than there were seats for, each alleging that he was the favorite of the party. There were no means, except the rarely available one of a test ballot, of ascertaining which candidate the party really preferred; and this method was therefore invented of giving the majority of the party the means of protecting itself by saying beforehand whom it wished to support. It was the alternative to two

methods, both of which had proved bad—nomination by an irresponsible and self-elected clique and the distraction of the party between a number of competitors, some of whom might be plainly out of the running, yet able to ruin the others and so give the victory to the other side.

I am not here concerned either to defend or attack the Birmingham system. My only personal experience of it has been so far unpleasing, that having been once a delegate from the primary of the ward I reside in, I was turned out when the primaries were captured by an inroad of persons belonging to another section of the party; we who fancied ourselves the "good citizens" having been culpably absent from our primary on the night of meeting. This instance taught us one of the weak points of the plan; and the London boroughs (in only two of which, so far as I know, does it exist) are obviously not the best places to try it in. However, I am not going to examine its working in England, but only the pertinence of arguments drawn from its working in America.

Two charges are brought against it. One is that it will destroy the independence of Members of Parliament by subjecting them to the dictation of a local committee. This is an objection never taken, a result never complained of, in the United States. The councils or conventions of delegates do not control members of Congress, not so much because they might not wish to do so if it were necessary, as because it is not necessary. The bonds of party allegiance are already so tight, it is so well understood that a member of Congress must vote with his party, that no local pressure is needed. This is due to the fact that, as already explained, politicians are largely professionals who must stick to their party for the sake of their prospects in life. The existence of a tight party organization is another symptom, so to speak, of the same tendency, but is not the cause of this want of personal independence. The phenomena of American politics are here too dissimilar from those of England to make a comparison instructive. Any one who has watched large English constituencies will think the fear of a member being en-

slaved by his local political committee chimerical. There are, of course, members whose real sentiments differ somewhat from those they have expressed at their election, or whose original provincial opinions have been affected by the social influences, or perhaps by other more purely personal influences, to which they are exposed in the capital. It may be occasionally irksome to these members to be reminded by the committee of their local association of what the party there expects from them. In such a case the committee is likely to be right and the member wrong. But a member whose conduct is straightforward and consistent, who tells his constituents candidly what he thinks, and who is not reasonably suspected of concealment or sinister motives, will have more power over them than any committee or other caucus and need not bow to its dictation. English constituencies are sometimes fickle, like all bodies of men. But they hate dictation. They may be trusted to support a member against a committee, and will not long put up even with their own delegates should they show a tyrannical spirit. Those who remember the political history of Lancashire during the years from 1850 to 1870, will admit that nothing so much weakened the Liberal party there as the idea (well or ill founded I need not inquire) that it was governed by a clique in Manchester representing the old Anti-Corn-law League. Since that idea has vanished the party has recovered its unity and vigor.

The other charge against the Birmingham system is that by vesting the power of selecting a candidate in the hands of a body of delegates, it limits the range of candidates, prevents good men from coming forward who would otherwise have offered themselves, and throws the conduct of the party into the hands of small knots of men who will use it in a narrow, grasping, selfish spirit, who will push forward their own friends only, and insist on a servile conformity with the programme of their school. Here, it may be said, American experience is in point. The Rings, with their control over the delegates and their manipulations of the primaries so as to get just such delegates as they want, are

a specimen of what, with a little practice, we shall come to in England.

This would be so but for three profound differences between the American political system and our own. The first lies in the great number of salaried officers (including memberships) given away by popular election. Hence it is worth while to have a complete machinery for the purpose of gaining these offices, whereas in England we have very few such places of emolument, promotion lying not with the people, but with some minister or some administrative body, and members of the legislature receiving no payment. The second lies in the fact that elections are very frequent. As the former cause made the machine so elaborate, this cause makes it so smooth, easy, and efficient in its working. It is kept constantly going. It is a mill to which grist is never lacking, because these numerous short-term offices and memberships are constantly becoming vacant; fresh elections are required; candidates have again to be brought out; the steam is always up, and the wheels always turning. But in England the Eight Hundred exists only for the purpose of choosing a candidate for Parliament, and this function it has to exercise only once (on an average) in five years, perhaps less frequently if the old members continue popular and offer themselves afresh. This Eight Hundred, in its executive committee, may be called together from time to time to pass resolutions condemning or approving the conduct of government, and calling on the representatives of the people to vote this way or that. But that is a harmless proceeding, very different from the kind of work which occupies an American assemblage of nominating delegates. Between a body whose function it is at intervals of several years to select candidates for an unpaid honor, and one which is always choosing them for a great variety of salaried places, there is surely all the difference in the world. The latter must have a power and significance in the country, an influence over the people, which the former cannot have. The third and last point of difference is quite the most important. My readers will have anticipated it. In America there is a class of persons



eagerly interested in working the machine, because their livelihood depends on it, viz. the civil service actual and potential, the office-holders and the office-seekers. Whereas in England the civil service, consisting of permanent officials who are appointed by examination without reference to party, and hold office for life (if they properly perform their duties), has no personal interest whatever in politics or political agitation. What can make the contrast stronger than the fact that while in America the civil service have actually been taxed by their superiors for the support of the party funds, and are understood to be the people chiefly bound to look to the party organization, in England a wise custom forbids members of the civil service to take part in political meetings or canvass at elections. It is notorious that the sentiment of the official classes, and particularly of their upper ranks, is often opposed to the government in power. Thus in the United States there is not only a powerful machine, but plenty of people who are led to work it for their own selfish purposes by their own selfish motives. But in England no similar class exists. The men who summon our primaries and are chosen delegates and influence the councils of Eight Hundred, have nothing to gain by their activity, beyond, indeed, that amount of local notoriety and power which any kind of prominence secures. They are inspired, except so far as mere vanity may move them, by zeal for the principles of their party or attachment to its leaders, not one in a hundred having anything to gain by the completest party victory. In days of political peace and dulness these feelings languish, whereas in America the time when there are fervent questions to excite the whole community is just that at which the professional politician has to work hardest to get his voters together, and by their means secure the spoils for himself. It, therefore, appears that the machine which is dangerous in America because there is so much for it to do and so many persons interested in working it, has in England neither the interests nor the persons, and may therefore be, so far as the example of America goes (for it is only with that example that we are here

concerned), a perfectly harmless and indeed beneficial institution.

This would be less clearly the case if the sphere of the Birmingham system were to be extended far beyond its present function of choosing parliamentary candidates and occasionally meeting to discuss current topics. Were all municipal elections, for instance, and those of school boards and poor-law guardians to be brought within its scope, it would be a more potent, because a more frequently active, factor in our politics. I am myself one of those who regret the tendency, equally visible in both of our great parties, to drag all popular elections into the sphere of party politics and fight them on party lines, and who heartily hope that the temptation to win a momentary advantage by such means will be resisted. But, even if the authors of the Birmingham system had gone farther in this direction than they have yet done, their creation would remain a totally different thing from that American spectre with which we are threatened.

It would be wrong to leave the subject of the American civil service without reminding English readers that there have been during the last few years very earnest and continued efforts made for its reform and for the total abolition of the "spoils system." A European observer does not, when he first lands, fully appreciate the importance of the question, for it seems to him to concern only the efficiency of the officials. After a time he perceives that the wisest Americans are right in looking upon it as the source of some of the gravest defects in their government, and he learns to admire the disinterested zeal with which so many of the best men in the country are laboring to prove to the bulk of the people the necessity of letting appointments be made by merit, not by political favor, and for life or good behavior. They urge not merely that the work of the nation will be better done, but that the class of professional politicians will be almost extinguished, and a higher and purer tone given to political life altogether. The American people is so large, so busy, so hopeful, and on the whole so justly contented with the prosperity which it enjoys, that it takes some time to convince it of the necessity

and value of this reform, which the professional politicians of both parties, not venturing on open opposition, are trying to evade by minimizing the issues involved. But a steady progress is being made; Civil Service Reform Associations have been formed all over the Eastern States; lectures are constantly given on the subject and discussions raised both in Congress and in the press. Opinion in such a nation is not easily moved on a comparatively new question, but when moved it is irresistible, and the hour of success seems to be no longer distant.

This is an instance of a phenomenon in American life which I may not have sufficiently dwelt on. The higher politics of the country are not, like the lower, left mainly to the professional politicians. There is always a large number of able and thoughtful men, who take no part in electioneering and hold no office, who are engaged in discussing matters of principle and enlightening their fellow-citizens upon them. There is thus formed a body of quiet and sober opinion which holds back the Congress or the persons in power from doing any serious mischief, and which, when things grow really serious, steps in to seize the helm. In 1871 New York was suddenly rescued, by the action of a few public-spirited men who had previously been "outside politics," supported by the bulk of the respectable citizens, from the fangs of the Tammany Ring. Three years ago San Francisco was in like manner delivered from a similar gang. Everybody knows that this can be done again if a like emergency should arise, and everybody has, therefore, been comparatively indifferent, perhaps too indifferent, to the defects in the working of the ordinary machinery. But the indifference diminishes, and the number of able and earnest men who enter public life, especially as candidates for local offices, increases every year. The professionals strain every nerve to keep them out, and this is one of the main causes why they are still so few; but the mass of good citizens are less and less obedient to party dictation, more and more disposed to give their support to independent candidates.

Throughout the foregoing remarks I have intentionally described the worst

aspects of American politics, and taken my facts from those great Atlantic cities where the crowd of ignorant immigrants has put democratic institutions to the severest strain. It has been necessary to do so, because it is from these cities that English critics of the United States have drawn their illustrations and their warnings; and my object has been to show that even taking such institutions—and particularly the Caucus system—where they are at their worst, the differences from England are so great that no inference directly applicable to ourselves can be drawn. America does indeed suggest considerations of practical value to Englishmen and Frenchmen and to all free countries. She bids us maintain the present arrangements of our civil service; she impresses upon all citizens the duty of interesting themselves in public affairs; she dissuades us from multiplying popular elections, or handing over to them such posts as judgeships; she reminds us that the spirit of party must not be suffered to extend its influence too widely and seize upon all elective bodies. But these, except perhaps the last, are not the rocks toward which we in England seem to be drifting.

If this article had been a sketch of American politics as a whole, there would have been many other matters to enlarge on. Some defects in the Constitution and in the mode of working it must have been pointed out; many merits would also have been set forth; and it would have been shown how even the faults are largely due to transitory influences, which may disappear when education tells upon the new and still incompetent citizens whom a too indulgent system admits at once to electoral power. I should have observed that the professional politicians, so often referred to above, are far less harmful through the country generally than in the populous maritime cities; in many parts of the interior they scarcely exist, and that even where they do, personal corruption is rare among them. The scandals of New York have done great injustice to the fair fame of local government in general. Taking the American political system as a whole, the shadows, regrettable as they are, are less conspicuous than the lights. If it is to be judged by its tendency to promote the welfare and

security of the individual citizen and give free scope to his exertions, a dispassionate observer will pronounce it superior to those of France, or Ger-

many, or Italy, and will perceive that it has solved some problems which we in England have still to solve.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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#### MODERN MIRACLES.

BY RICHARD F. CLARKE, S. J.

MOST men dislike the imputation of credulity, especially of pious credulity, and prefer to believe too little rather than too much in matters where they do not recognize any certain obligation of belief. He who questions the accuracy of alleged facts, or finds for them a natural explanation, asserts for himself a distinct superiority over one who asks us to believe that they were produced by some supernatural agency. To go about with the trenchant knife of criticism, cutting down superstitions, disabling impostures, searching out pious frauds, is a work very attractive to human nature. To advance into the arena as the champion of visions, apparitions, and miraculous cures puts a man of ordinary common sense and critical acumen in a difficult and often invidious position. He feels inclined, if he is hard pressed, to beat a retreat as regards individual facts, even though in his heart he may fully credit them. It is not pleasant to a sober-minded Christian to have some matter-of-fact friend—a religious man after his own fashion—turn to him and say, with a face expressive of surprise and pitying regret, "My dear boy, you don't mean to say that you believe in all that nonsense about the blood of St. Januarius?" It is rather a poor compliment to be credited with a devotion to "Winking Virgins," even while the rascally old friar pulling the wires is supposed to be half visible in the rear. It is not flattering to be asked, with a smile of superior intelligence, whether you have ever seen a miracle, and when you confess that you have not, to be told that it is a curious fact that all stories of modern miracles come second or third hand. Perhaps your interlocutor goes further, and by way of clenching his argument, offers to believe if you will only show him a genuine miracle. When you remind him that miracles are not to be had on demand

for the satisfaction of sceptics, he regards your reply merely as an evasion and goes away triumphant.

This position of disadvantage the assertor of modern miracles must be willing patiently to accept. He must be content to be sometimes regarded as the champion of a rather feeble and perhaps untenable hypothesis. But Catholics are credited with so much that they eagerly disown, so much is foisted upon them that they would be the first to disclaim, that they are glad, when opportunity offers, to explain how much they do believe, and are bound to believe, about modern miracles, and why they give in their adherence to facts, or explanations of facts, which at first sight raise a smile on the lips of the educated Protestant.

It is not so much for their own sake that they desire to let men clearly know what the Catholic doctrine really is—nor for the sake of the vulgar scoffer, who merely seeks for an excuse to turn into ridicule all that other men count holy, but for the sake of the large class of educated Englishmen who are *sceptics* in the true sense—men of inquiry—men who are true, honest seekers after truth, if perchance they could find it, and who would embrace it with ready loyalty when found. Such men often find a genuine difficulty in the impostures to which they imagine that the Church lends, if not her protection, at all events her silent, acquiescent approval. For their sake it is important for the Catholic to explain how far he is bound as a Catholic to modern miracles, and to be able to draw the line sharp and clear as to the amount of "pious credulity" required of every son of the Church. Beyond this, it is also of importance that men should know what a good loyal Catholic who desires to avoid both extremes—not to minimize on the one hand nor to exaggerate on

the other—would naturally hold respecting La Salette and Lourdes, St. Winifred's Well and St. Januarius' Blood, so as to have an answer ready for an assailant or an inquirer, and to be able if possible to turn the tables on the one and to satisfy the legitimate demands of the other. There are in existence abundant materials for the satisfaction of him who has a genuine desire to learn the truth respecting the existence of a miraculous power still energizing in the Church—abundant too for the complete discomfiture of him who comes forward with an ignorant assumption of superior wisdom, laughing to scorn one of the characteristic notes of that Church whose divine beauty he has not the virtue to love or the intelligence to appreciate.

## II.

The first question we have to decide is: What is of faith respecting modern miracles? What is a Catholic bound to believe regarding them, on pain of ceasing to be a Catholic altogether? We shall dismiss this question very briefly, as our business is rather with the concrete facts than with the abstract dogmas, and we desire to avoid elaborate discussions, more suited to the theological treatise than to the pages of a review.

But this at least is of interest to every one to know, that he who should assert that the power of working miracles is no longer present in the Church of God upon earth would *ipso facto* place himself outside the Catholic Church. When we declare our belief in One holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, the holiness we ascribe to the Church is a holiness which carries with it miraculous powers inseparably united to it. Our Lord's promise that signs of supernatural character should follow those that believe is co-extensive in time with his promise that he will always be with the Church, even to the consummation of the world. He that denies the presence of this miraculous power in the present day virtually denies the permanence of the supernatural gift of the Holy Spirit indwelling in the Church of God impugns the truth of Christ's promise to give to his disciples another Paraclete who shall abide with them for-

ever. The doctrine of some Protestants that miracles took place in Apostolic times and perhaps for some centuries afterward, but that they gradually became less and less frequent, until at length they ceased altogether, may or may not be a positive and explicit heresy. If they mean thereby to assert that the thaumaturgic power no longer exists in the Church, it is a heresy. If, however, they simply mean that the power exists, but, in point of fact, has never been exercised for the last 800 or 900 years, such a doctrine is not heretical, though false and scandalous, and inconsistent with clearly proved facts. It is perfectly true that miracles which were in primitive times of daily and hourly occurrence, diminished in frequency as time went on. This resulted partly from the diminution of the fervor of the early Christians, partly from the gradual disappearance of the occasion for miracles. Miracles were one of the most prominent instruments employed by Almighty God for the conversion of the world, or at all events of the civilized world, to Christianity. When the Church had been spread over the whole of the ancient world, those supernatural interferences in its favor were no longer needed as one of the most efficacious means to produce the desired end, and God manifested only here and there, once and again, his dominion over nature's laws. But he never withdrew altogether his wonder-working hand, and from time to time, as the faith of his saints invested them with divine power, or as he in his omniscience saw fit to make known to men the gifts still abiding in his Church, the latent energy displayed itself in external activity. Up to the present day, now here, now there, the marvellous power of God breaks through the ordinary course of nature's laws. To deny that this power is still present is heresy; to deny that it is exercised deserves, as we shall now see, a lesser note of censure.

## III.

What, then, is the position of one who should say that, while he believes that the Holy Spirit, ever present in his divine spouse, the Church of God, might if he saw fit, exert at any moment the miraculous gifts of Pente-



cost, yet that, as a matter of fact, he has ceased for many long years to do so? Let us suppose, for instance, one who allows the Gospel miracles, and the miracles of the Primitive Church, but denies that for centuries any well-attested miracle can be adduced, and who sets aside the wonders ascribed to St. Francis of Assisi, St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Francis Xavier, St. Philip Neri, and many more, as mere inventions, and who, with far more eager incredulity, rejects the wonders of our own day, and treats Lourdes as of no efficacy beyond that of a medicinal spring, and the liquefaction of St. Januarius' blood as a downright imposture? Perhaps our first answer to such a one would be to point out the logical inconsistency of his position. If St. Gregory Thaumaturgus could work miracles, why not St. Francis or St. Dominic? The evidence is clearer in the latter case than in the former, and the sanctity of the lover of poverty and of the great founder of the order of preachers is contestable. But if our sceptic clings to his illogical position, how are we to deal with him?

To answer this we must distinguish between miracle and miracle. Modern miracles are of three kinds: 1. Those which have been examined by ecclesiastical authority and solemnly approved by the Holy See. 2. Those which have never received any formal approbation at Rome, but have been approved by some subordinate or local authority. 3. Those which have received no recognition or authorization whatever.

The former class consists of those miracles which have been brought before the Sacred Congregation in processes of canonization, have been carefully and solemnly weighed and scrutinized, and, after due scrutiny, have been declared proven. After this declaration to deny their genuineness would almost always be presumptuous and rash. Every possible precaution is taken against the acceptance of any fact as miraculous for which there is not the clearest and most certain evidence. An advocate is appointed to raise all possible objections, and urge them against each separate miracle, and to try and find other explanations by which the facts alleged could be explained; no pains is spared to admit only such evidence as would

satisfy, and more than satisfy, a committee of unprejudiced English lawyers."\*

But there is a further step in their authorization which turns rashness and presumption into something worse. When the Holy See decrees the elevation of one of her children to the altars of the Church, it is the common practice to adduce certain miracles performed through the saint's intercession as one of the proofs of sanctity. Now the decree of canonization is an ex-cathedra act of the Holy See, and therefore accepted by Catholics as infallible. It is impossible for the pope to err when he pronounces this or that man or woman to be one of the saints in heaven.† This inerrancy does not, however, attach to all the details and separate statements contained in the Bull of Canonization. The divine promise does not extend to the preamble to a definition nor to the reasons that are alleged in its support. Hence the miracles adduced as marks of the sanctity of the newly-canonized saint do not fall within the radius of absolute and indefeasible certainty resulting from the guarantee of immunity from error which is included in Christ's legacy to his Church. A man who should refuse to accept one of the miracles cited would be no heretic; he would not even incur any theological

\* A Protestant lawyer lately visiting Rome at a time when a process for canonization was proceeding, had an introduction to one of the cardinals who was examining into the miracles attributed to the saint whom it was proposed to canonise. He ventured to express his scepticism as to the critical nature of the inquiry; on which the cardinal, handing him a set of the papers containing some of the evidence, asked him to read them carefully, and give him his candid opinion as a lawyer on their value. In a few days the papers were returned with the remark that if any evidence could prove a miracle, that contained in the documents he had read was sufficient. "All that evidence, caro mio," was the cardinal's reply, "we have rejected as inconclusive."

† Some theologians, amongst whom is Suarez, do not hold that one who should deny the Pope's infallibility in the Bull canonizing a saint, would be *ipso facto* a heretic. They say that such a denial would incur the theological "notes" of being scandalous, false, liable to the suspicion of heresy, and that the man uttering it would commit a serious sin. But this question does not materially affect the degree of assent due to the miracles cited in the Bull.

censure by the mere refusal. No one would even have a right to condemn him as guilty of grievous sin. At the same time it would be difficult to excuse him of intolerable insolence. He would expose himself to the very gravest suspicion of disloyalty. The most charitable view to take of his conduct would be to regard him as having acted with a very imperfect knowledge of his duty as a Catholic, or as excusable *propter magnam stultitiam*, on account of some extraordinary perversity or prejudice amounting almost to monomania. But no one could say that he transgressed the Church's laws, and fell in any way under her condemnation by the mere fact of his rejection of the miracles thus approved, since they are neither *de fide*, nor even *proxima ad fidem*—neither a part of faith, nor indispensable for the maintenance of the faith. We might call them *propinqua ad fidem*—very near to faith; to reject them would be so presumptuous that it would be hard to believe that he who rejected them was a Catholic at heart.

With miracles not approved the case is quite different; I am free to accept them or not as I please. In the case of miracles not adduced in the Bull of canonization, but admitted as proven by the sacred congregation appointed to examine the cause of some canonized saint, the man who should deny them would be audacious, or something worse, unless he had the strongest grounds for the bold step of setting up his own individual judgment against the decision of the sacred tribunal; but yet no one would have a right to condemn him or accuse him of disloyalty. The elaborate scrutiny to which miracles adduced as evidence of sanctity are subjected, the almost sceptical spirit in which they are examined into by the members of the sacred congregation, is sufficient to satisfy any reasonable man that no miracle can possibly pass the ordeal unless it is a genuine miracle. With the details of the process of canonization we are not at present concerned. This alone we will say, that any miracle accepted in the process may be safely recognized as a genuine indisputable miracle, while, on the other hand, many a miracle which is rejected as not proven is, notwithstanding, a *bonâ fide* su-

pernatural intervention of the divine power, and is set aside only because of the scrupulous care which is taken to pass nothing which is in any way doubtful.

#### IV.

The next class we have to examine, and the one we are more especially concerned with, consists of alleged miracles not authorized or recognized as such by the Holy See or by the sacred congregation, but yet very generally believed to be miracles, and perhaps sanctioned by some sort of local authority, or related in approved books, or mentioned in the Breviary or Martyrologium. What is the attitude of a loyal, sensible Catholic with respect to these? Should he seek to force himself to the acceptance of what in his heart he regards as doubtful, if not positively untrue? Or should he exert his critical faculty to the utmost, and seek out weak points and mere natural explanations of the facts adduced? Or should he steer midway between the Scylla of scepticism and the Charybdis of credulity? And if he adopts this last alternative, to which side should he incline? To the neighborhood of the rock or of the whirlpool?—to the acceptance or the rejection of doubtful cases? We will first lay down one or two general canons, with instances illustrative of our meaning, and then explain in what cases a man is bound according to the rules of common sense and ordinary prudence to lean to the side of doubt rather than of acceptance, or at least to suspend his judgment till further information can be obtained.

1. In the case of miracles recognized and approved by the bishop of a diocese, every loyal Catholic, and, indeed every sensible Christian would, by reason of such episcopal recognition and approval, accept them with ready acquiescence in the judgment of his superiors, until such time as he has good reason to doubt their authenticity. His acceptance need not and ought not to be a final and irrefragable one, but every Catholic—or, at all events, every educated Catholic—knows that bishops are very slow and very cautious in expressing a favorable opinion respecting alleged miracles, and that a miracle, or set of miracles, sanctioned by the bish-

op, is sure to have very strong evidence, indeed, to support it. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred bishops will be found to lean to the side of scepticism rather than of credulity. We are speaking, of course, not of their interior and individual opinion, but of their external and official judgment. If a man allows that the bishop approves a miracle as genuine, but yet himself refuses to accept it, he ought to have a very strong case to urge against it. Let us take an example. The Archbishop of Tours has taken under his protection the confraternity which has for its object to make reparation to the Sacred Face of Our Lord, and the centre of this devotion is a chapel in Tours in the house of the late M. Dupont, where an image of the Sacred Face is exposed, before which a lamp ever burns. The oil of this lamp is asserted to have wrought of late hundreds of miracles, and to be still working them every day. Pilgrims crowd to the spot; the wonder-working oil is sent to all parts of the world. M. Dupont, in whose house the miraculous picture exists, is already in high esteem and regarded as a saint. What would be the position of a man who said that the whole thing was nonsense, that the Archbishop had been deceived, that M. Dupont was an old impostor, and that the miracles were a mere sham? We should say at once that such a position was a very bold one, and, unless the assailant of the devotion could bring good reason for his incredulity, a most rash, presumptuous, and profane one. If he honestly believed, and had good reason for believing, that he had detected a pious fraud or wilful imposture, he would be quite justified in his attack on it; but if the accusation were destitute of any solid foundation, he would be not only most culpable, but also a fool for his pains. That the Archbishop should have patronized an imposture is a moral impossibility, or at least, there is an overwhelming probability against it.

2. In the case of miracles alluded to or asserted in the Breviary or Martyrologium the case is widely different. Every Catholic student knows that both the one and the other contain several errors, and therefore every one is free to accept or reject as he pleases. Only

he should lean, in the first instance, to acceptance, as it is not likely that a miracle would be admitted unless true. He might be quite certain that out of ten miracles cited nine at least would be true. Yet in each individual case he is free to judge for himself on the best evidence he can collect. For instance, in the office for St. Catherine, we read that she was carried by angels after her death to a monastery on Mount Sinai. Most of my readers are familiar with the beautiful engraving representing the messengers of God bearing aloft her sacred body through the air. In the Missal the collect for the day (the 25th of November) runs as follows: "O God, who didst give the law to Moses on the top of Mount Sinai, and in the same place didst by thine angels wondrously place the body of the Blessed Catherine, thy Virgin and Martyr, etc." Yet many good and loyal Catholics regard the whole story as an invention, founded on the frequent use of the term *angels* as applied to men consecrated to God and living a life of chastity; so that they rationalize the story to the very ordinary fact that the monks on Mount Sinai had so great a veneration for the saint that they carried her sacred body to their cemetery on the mountain-top. This latter explanation is the one given by Dr. Butler in his *Lives of the Saints*.

So, again, we read in the Martyrologium and Breviary that Constantine the Great, when afflicted with an incurable leprosy, was advised by his heathen physicians to try the remedy of a bath of blood from the veins of slaughtered children; but that Pope Sylvester, hearing of the intended crime, promised the Emperor, that if he would become a Christian and receive baptism, he should at once be healed. The emperor, we are told, took the pope's advice, and was instantly cured. This story many Catholics stoutly deny as a pious invention; alleging that Constantine was never baptised until at the point of death, and then not at Rome, or by the pope, but by the Arian bishop of Nicomedia. Does loyalty to Holy Church require us to accept the miraculous account? Most certainly not, if we think the balance of evidence is against it. If we have not the opportunity of

investigation, we ought to suspend our judgment, or, if we like, accept the conclusion of some one who has inquired carefully into the matter, and formed a well-founded opinion for himself.

3. There is a third case where ordinary common-sense points to the side of belief rather than of incredulity. When a certain spot, or fountain, or image, attracts to it thousands of pilgrims, and when there is a sort of consensus on the part of those who have the best acquaintance with the facts, that the supernatural power of God has made choice of this particular place or object of devotion through which to manifest His power, then a man who ran counter to the general opinion would not be justified in his scepticism unless he himself had had opportunities of looking into the claims asserted, and having done so was led to form an unfavorable judgment respecting them.

Take, for instance, St. Winifred's Well in North Wales. The inquirer into its efficacy will find an almost continuous stream of pilgrims, more or less, throughout the year, and at times large and organized pilgrimages. He will learn from the most intelligent of the Catholic residents that they have every reason to believe that the saint's miraculous power goes on working wonders up to the present day; he will gather from the lips of the Protestant inhabitants, that they themselves believe in the curative powers of the well, though they attempt to explain it by the feeble hypothesis of the tonic properties of the water; or else, more prudently, are content with the fact, and confess their ignorance of the means which produce it. Now, if he runs counter to such a consensus, and refuses to believe in the facts thus evidenced, he is indeed acting within his rights, but he shows himself neither a wise man nor a loyal Catholic. We do not say that he commits any sin by his incredulity, but we are compelled to the conclusion that he starts with an anti-miraculous prejudice, which is very much at variance with the spirit of the Church.

4. But, where no such consensus exists, where the bishop stands aloof, or, at all events, has not spoken with official voice; where men fit to judge and free from bias are found to be divided among

themselves, then the loyal Catholic is bound to judge, if he judges at all, simply from the facts as they present themselves to him. If he finds evidence sufficient to convince him of the truth of the miracle, let him by all means give in his adherence to it; if there appears to him to be a lack of sufficient testimony, or if there are suspicious circumstances connected with it, then let him by all means suspend his judgment; if the suspicious circumstances are such as to destroy the value of the evidence in its favor, then by all means let him refuse assent to its authenticity altogether. There are hundreds of cases which come under the last two heads; and it is not to be expected that an ordinary Catholic can be able to arrive at a well-balanced judgment respecting them. Take La Salette, for instance. Some earnestly and warmly defend it as a well-established case of supernatural interference; others denounce it as a mere imposture—an invention of two naughty children. What is a loyal Catholic, who knows nothing of the facts of the case, to answer if pressed for an opinion? His wisest and best plan is to refuse an opinion altogether; to tell his questioner that it may be true, and it may be false; and that if he is anxious to arrive at a decision, he had better study existing documents, or visit the spot, or cross-question witnesses who have a knowledge of the facts. So, if any one asks him whether he is a believer in the alleged miracle of Louise Lateau—whether he credits her perpetual fast, the appearance of the sacred wounds in her hands and feet and side every Friday, and the long ecstasy which accompanies it, he must simply judge by the evidence, and form a conditional or absolute judgment accordingly.

#### V.

I must now apply these principles to the particular case which is prominent in the present day, and which I have specially had in view throughout this paper. I must try and answer, by the rules laid down, the question which every Catholic ought to be able to answer. Are the miracles of Lourdes worthy of credit? And is the alleged apparition of Our Lady to Bernadette a well-established fact? Our inquirer has no



infallible decision from Rome to bind him, and he is therefore so far free. No one has any right to condemn as a heretic or to inflict upon him any ecclesiastical censure if he calls the miracles a pack of rubbish, and the apparition a silly imposture. The only question is whether he can do so, first, without violating the respect due to ecclesiastical authority; secondly, without running in the teeth of the common consent of the faithful all over the world, and notably of the thousands who have themselves visited Lourdes either as pilgrims or visitors; thirdly, without refusing to accept evidence so clear, so well-established, so multiplied, so various, so conclusive of the point at issue, as to write himself down a fool if he declares the witnesses to be either dupes or impostors, and the facts they narrate either a lie or a delusion.

I need not dwell on the first two of these heads. The apparition and miracles at Lourdes have received the explicit sanction of the bishop of the diocese, who has himself visited the grotto many times as a pilgrim, and, after a most careful and thorough investigation, issued a *mandement* in which he formally gives his judgment in favor of the reality of the apparition, declares the miracles wrought to be the work of the supernatural power of God, and authorizes the devotion of our Lady of Lourdes, recommending it to the faithful of his diocese.\* Nor is there any possibility of denying the existence of a consentient voice bearing witness on the part of Catholics—bishops, priests, and laymen, in every quarter of the globe, to their sincere and unhesitating belief in the reality of the miracles performed. We pass these over because we are writing for non-Catholics, and we have no right to ask them to listen to the voice of an authority they do not recognize, or to be influenced by the consensus of those whom they regard as misled by religious fervor and deceived by preconceived opinions.

But we have a right to ask them to believe in facts attested to by a number of intelligent and honest witnesses, whatever explanation they may give of them;

we have a right to claim their assent to the testimony of physicians who formally attest the results of a careful diagnosis made before and after a journey to Lourdes; we have a right to tell them that their clumsy hypothesis of the curative force of a powerful imagination will not account for cancers healed in a moment, tumors disappearing instantaneously, decayed and carious bones becoming sound at the touch of that wondrous fountain; we have a right to urge upon them the necessity of furnishing some possible solution of the mystery, or else of honestly and humbly accepting the solution which the whole Catholic world declares with one voice to be the only rational, the only possible solution—*Digitus Dei est hic*—God it is who, by His miraculous power exerted through Our Lady's intercession, heals the sick, cures the lame, casts out devils, restores sight to the blind, now in this nineteenth century, just as He did when He was visibly present among men.

Out of a large number of instances we adduce three as test cases. They have happened within the last two years. They have been carefully examined, and, as our readers will see, it is absolutely impossible that imagination could have brought them about, as in each case there was either some organic lesion, or else some clearly marked physical malady, affecting and destroying the bodily tissues, and almost incurable, even after long years, by any human means.

Our first case is that of Mdlle. Philippe from Menil in Lorraine. After suffering from fainting fits and poverty of blood for several years, she was attacked in 1877 by paralysis in her left side, and in the following year two cancerous swellings appeared in her throat. An operation was decided upon, which left the lower part of her throat one vast wound. This operation was followed by a second—this by a third—until it became necessary to perform them nearly every week. She became unable to speak, and was subject to frequent spitting of blood. "I shall give your sister no more remedies," said the physician; "her case is hopeless" (*elle est perdue*). But Mdlle. Philippe, who had already visited Lourdes, had conceived a great desire to go there again before her

\* The reader will find the text of this document in M. Lasserre's illustrated work on "Notre Dame de Lourdes," pp. 436-449.

death. She did not ask to be cured, but to obtain the grace of a good death. At the cost of intense suffering she took the journey, and spent the first night before the grotto. The next evening, as she knelt and prayed, she felt a horrible pain, as if all her sinews were being strained. Was it a new crisis of her disease, or was it the death she had so long prayed for? She fell to the ground, and then, without knowing what she did, she who had so long been speechless, cried out with a loud voice, "Cured! I am cured!" and set to work at once to sing the Magnificat, accompanied by all around.

The wound of her cancers had disappeared; the skin had become smooth again; a few little reddish spots alone marked the place where the sores had been. The next day she was able to walk, carrying the banner in a procession for an hour without fatigue. Since then she has felt no pain; her appetite returned, and her cure proved a lasting one.

If our readers are not willing to accept the testimony of Mdle. Philippe herself, let us hear what a physician of Montpellier has to say respecting her cure. "It is not a question in this case," says M. Vergez, who is attached to the Faculty of Medicine at Montpellier, "of any nervous affection; it is on the material injury (*lésion matérielle*) that we must concentrate our attention; whatever its nature, cancerous or scrofulous, probably the latter, her cure, like all cures of affections resulting from natural dispositions, required a considerable period of time. The instantaneous cicatrization of the wounds, or rather the sudden renewal of all the elements constituting the derma and epidermis, could not belong to the domain of nature's forces." \* We invite our readers to a careful consideration of these last words. If the Protestant rejects the hypothesis of a supernatural power exerted through the intercession of Our Lady, how is he to account for the sudden cure where medical science declared such a cure impossible? He is bound to give us some counter-hypothesis, at least to indicate to us some possible explanation. If he cannot do this and has

to fall back on a denial of the facts alleged, we have plenty more cases to refute his scepticism.

For instance, Mdme. André from Saales in Lorraine, the wife of a workman, was attacked in 1879 with paralysis. It was hereditary; her mother had suffered for fifteen years before it caused her death. One of her little children, ten years old, was also paralyzed. The poor woman applied for admittance to the hospital at Strasburg, but was sent back as incurable. She could scarcely see or hear at all with the left eye and ear; her leg dragged almost helpless along the ground, her left arm she could not move. As a last hope she took the advice of a good nun who visited her, to join the pilgrimage to Lourdes. There she was placed among the various invalids fronting the grotto. While praying there fervently, all at once she cried out, "Sister Pauline, my fingers are moving!" A few moments after a sharp pain pierces her arm and side, and she feels that she is cured. A moment after she stretches out in prayer without any difficulty the arm that had long hung helpless. But if the arm is healed, why not the leg also? She rises, and walks with perfect ease. The same afternoon she appears before the commission appointed to examine alleged miracles, and in the presence of two physicians walks, runs, carries heavy objects about with her left hand, sees perfectly with her left eye, and hears perfectly with her left ear. When she returned home, certain sceptics tried to account for the cure by the medicinal qualities of the water. Unfortunately for their intelligent solution, the woman had never been in the water at all! A newspaper which attempted to ridicule the cure evoked from her husband the following statement, which he inserted in a local journal—in the *Impartial des Vosges*.

I declare, upon my faith as an honest man and a good Christian, that my wife, who has had her left side paralyzed for seventeen months, and could no longer follow her ordinary occupations, has come back from Lourdes completely cured. Since her return she has been in perfect health, and I seem to be dreaming when I see her walk, run, carry heavy loads, cut up wood, wheel the barrow, etc., as if she had never been ill.

We pass over several of the most striking miracles because they were per-

\* "Annales de Lourdes," p. 468, March 1881.

formed on ecclesiastics or religious. We will choose for our third instance one performed on a young man of twenty-three; we select it because of the absurdity of attributing it to imagination, or indeed any human agency, and also because of the remarkable medical testimony which accompanies it.

M. René de Bil, of Hondschoote, near Dunkirk, had a white tumor on his left knee and was only able to walk with crutches. When the national pilgrimage was organized, he determined to take part in it. Arrived at Lourdes, he bathed in the sacred spring: the result was that the wounds and swelling completely disappeared; he left his crutches at the well, and can now walk with ease. A local paper having tried to explain away the miracle, M. Leys, who had been attending the sick man, wrote the following professional statement:

I the undersigned, Doctor of Medicine, declare that I have professionally attended M. René de Bil, aged 23 years, gentleman, living with his parents, who are land-owners at Hondschoote, near Dunkirk. The white tumor from which this young man was suffering was situated on the left knee, and was complicated by fistulous ulcers, with ankylosis of the knee, and curvature of the leg toward the thigh. After treating the disease for five years, I was convinced that it was incurable. On the 13th of August last, the day before his departure for Lourdes, I examined my patient, and found him in the same serious condition.

To-day, the 3d of September, I declare that the white tumor, ulcers, and fistulous passage have disappeared, that the leg has become straight, and that the young man walks without the help of his crutches, which before were indispensable to him. For myself, as for any unprejudiced person, it is evident that so wonderful and sudden a cure can only be attributed to a miracle.

The narration of miracles is always liable to be tedious, and we will, therefore, inflict no more of them upon our readers, though there are many which we would fain adduce. We will conclude our testimony for Lourdes with a professional document, emanating from the pen of a well-known Paris physician, and one, too, who has made therapeutic springs and medical waters his speciality. The most sceptical can hardly refuse to concede to his authority an assent they would naturally deny to women and priests. Dr. Constantine James writes thus in the *Journal de Paris*:

I have visited Lourdes with the same spirit

of inquiry and the same reserve which I have carried with me in all my excursions to well-known watering-places. To speak only of facts which have come under my own observation—I mean, which affected my own patients—I declare that I have seen sick persons return cured from Lourdes under circumstances which led my professional brethren and myself to judge their condition beyond the resources of nature and of art. . . . To the facts alleged the answer made consists in insults, and those of the coarsest kind. For our materialists and atheists every pilgrim is a "clerical," that is to say, an impostor and a knave. His disease is a sham, and its cure a farce. There is, according to them, a theatrical scene worthy of Robert Houdin, and the inclosure where the miraculous cures are wrought is but parody of the ancient Court of Miracles.

Of all this diatribe I will take up only one word: *the diseases are pretended*. Be so good as to tell me how one can pretend to have a tumor in the breast; how one can pretend to have an ulcerated tongue; how one can pretend to have a decay of bone, mortification, a white tumor—all of them maladies which have obtained their cure at Lourdes? Now if these were real diseases, and they must indeed have been so, their cure ought to be regarded as a miracle, since no one has ever seen attacks of this kind heal of their own accord.

CONSTANTINE JAMES.

After such evidence as this, what more can we do to convince the incredulous? If they do not choose to accept such irrefragable testimony, we must simply leave them in their unbelief. If they will not give in their assent to the miracles, at least we may ask them to leave off talking nonsense about our credulity and fanaticism. At least we have a right to our opinion, without being branded by them as poor silly dupes or designing knaves. At least they might give us credit for having some notion of the laws of evidence, and of the criteria of a tenable hypothesis. Do not Catholic priests study Logic? Ay, and far more carefully than many of our assailants. Have we not tested our conclusions respecting Lourdes and La Salette and St. Januarius' blood, by the various excellent "methods" proposed by John Stuart Mill? Our witnesses are not the uneducated and the unlearned, but skilled witnesses; we do not dig up our testimony from the records of an uncritical age, but we bring them out into the full light of this nineteenth century, and we challenge our opponents to adduce any reasonable hypothesis which they can pretend, with any show of truth, to substitute for our explanation

of the phenomena. They cannot deny the facts. They can, if they choose, talk about some yet undiscovered law of nature—but the said law is one which will simply be a complete reversal of all human experience, from the beginning until now. The very supposition of such a law is an insult to the intelligence of their hearers. Who ever heard of an undiscovered law upsetting and destroying laws tested by the uniform experience of ages? Electricity, steam, galvanism, are but a carrying out into new fields of laws already familiar, and which had long been gradually dawning on mankind, whereas in miracles there is no carrying out but a reversal of the old laws. What thaumaturge ever made such a demand on human credulity as does this suggestion of our enlightened sceptics? Their incredulity is nothing less than the grossest credulity. If we were to take them off their guard, and tell them that a new mineral spring had been discovered, one plunge into which would cure a cancerous or scrofulous sore in an instant, and cover the ulcer with soft supple skin; nay, that this spring was of such efficacy that he who knelt in its vicinity found paralysis disappear as if by magic, and he who drank a few drops of it at a distance was healed by its wondrous power, would they not denounce us as liars or silly fools? Yet such is the alternative to which they are themselves forced if they deny that through this spring, sanctified as it is by the presence of God's Immaculate Mother, His supernatural power is manifesting itself to the world.

One word in conclusion. It must be remembered that not every one who goes to Lourdes is cured, even of those who go with an ardent faith and confidence. Every good Catholic makes only a conditional request for temporal benefits—the condition being if it is the will of God. He in His divine omniscience sees whether it is for the spiritual good of the sufferer. Once upon a time a

poor girl deaf and dumb was brought to St. Vincent Ferrer with a petition to the saint to obtain her cure. "If thou art cured, my child," was his reply, "thou wilt so use thy tongue as to lose thy soul." "If so, Holy Father," answered the poor mute, speaking for the first and last time, "God grant I may remain as I am." And the reward for her submission was a pious life and holy death.

Besides this, we must bear in mind that false and true, wheat and tares, are ever mingled in the field of the Church. Impostures will never cease, and among modern miracles there are sure to be some counterfeit wonders, some base imitations of the genuine article. On these sceptics seize with greedy avidity, and fancy that the discovery of one of them is sufficient justification for the rejection of all those that are real. They might as well say that a knowledge of Judas' guilt was sufficient justification for condemning all the Apostles, or that the detection here and there of a base coin was reason enough for refusing all gold and silver money.

If any of my readers wish to learn the truth about modern miracles, I advise them by all means to go to Lourdes and examine, with a fair and unprejudiced mind, the wonders which are said continually to happen there. They will find among the missionaries of the Immaculate Conception, who are attached to the church, one at least who speaks English, and has resided for some time in England, and who will show the greatest courtesy and attention to an English visitor, and will give him every opportunity of searching out the matter for himself. If the visitor goes with a hearty desire for truth, there can only be one result of his inquiry. He will say with the Queen of Sheba when she went to visit King Solomon: "I did not believe them that told me, till I came myself and saw with my own eyes, and have found that the half hath not been told me."—*The Nineteenth Century*.

## TWO YEARS AFTER.

BY JOSEPH TRUMAN.

THE winter morning as I write—  
In the grim city's gloomy light,  
Midst fogs that choke street, river, church,  
And the fast falling flakes besmirch—



How pure o'er that far country side  
Must gleam the snow-waste drifted wide ;  
In my mind's eye I see it rolled  
O'er stream-gashed glen and brambly wold ;

O'er wheat-sown slope and climbing lane,  
And ridge that bounds the battle plain ;  
And orchard, lawn, and garden-sward—  
That same white raiment of the Lord !

The church stands on the woodland hill,  
The pine-trees fence the churchyard still ;  
Eastward it looks, that home of hers,  
The robin whistles in her firs.

All seems the same ; but where is she  
Whose name is breathed from brake and tree ?  
Where lives and soars that noblest one  
It raised our life to look upon ?

Shall spring-tide wake the world again,  
And summer light the eyes of men ?  
Shall throistles thrill her oaken glade,  
The primrose star her hazel shade ?

This icy mist, these clouds of gray,  
Will they not all be wept away ?  
And western airs blow kindly through  
Large lucid skies of tender blue ?

And shall no vernal dawn await  
The hopes by Death left desolate ?  
No shining angel brood above  
The sepulchre of human love ?

That brain of strength, that heart of fire,  
That liquid voice, a living lyre—  
Do not these vibrate, throb, and burn  
Where the lost lights of time return ?

The aspiration, passion, power,  
That crowd with fate a mortal hour,  
Are these crude seeds no bloom may bless,  
Beginnings bright of emptiness ?

Love's shattered dream—shall it not rise  
Re-built for immortal eyes ?  
Life's broken song end where round Him  
Still quire the "young-eyed cherubim" ?

*Macmillan's Magazine.*

MISS EDGEWORTH.

EARLY DAYS.

I.

FEW authoresses in these days can have enjoyed the ovations and attentions which seem to have been considered the due of distinguished ladies at the end of the last century and the beginning of

this one. To read the accounts of the receptions and compliments which fell to their lot may well fill later and lesser luminaries with envy. Crowds opened to admit them, banquets spread themselves out before them, lights were lighted up and flowers were scattered at

their feet. Dukes, editors, prime ministers, waited their convenience on their staircases; whole theatres rose up *en masse* to greet the gifted creators of this and that immortal tragedy. The authoresses themselves, to do them justice, seem to have been very little dazzled by all this excitement. Hannah More contentedly retires with her maiden sisters to the Parnassus on the Mendip Hills, where they sew and chat and make tea and teach the village children. Dear Joanna Baillie, modest and beloved, lives on to peaceful age in her pretty old house at Hampstead, looking through tree-tops and sunshine and clouds toward distant London. "Out there, where all the storms are," I heard the children saying yesterday as they watched the overhanging gloom of smoke which veils the city of metropolitan thunders and lightning. Maria Edgeworth's apparitions as a literary lioness in the rush of London and of Paris society were but interludes in her existence, and her real life was one of constant exertion and industry spent far away in an Irish home among her own kindred and occupations and interests. We may realize what these were when we read that Mr. Edgeworth had no less than four wives, who all left children, and that Maria was the eldest daughter of the whole family. Besides this, we must also remember that the father whom she idolized was himself a man of extraordinary powers, brilliant in conversation (so I have been told), full of animation, of interest, of plans for his country, his family, for education and literature, for mechanics and scientific discoveries; that he was a gentleman widely connected, hospitably inclined, with a large estate and many tenants to overlook, with correspondence and acquaintances all over the world; and, besides all this, with various schemes in his brain, to be eventually realized by others, of which velocipedes, tramways, and telegraphs were but a few of the items.

One could imagine that under these circumstances the hurry and excitement of London life must have sometimes seemed tranquillity itself compared with the many and absorbing interests of such a family. What these interests were may be gathered from the pages of a

very interesting memoir from which the writer of this essay has been allowed to quote. It is a book privately printed and written for the use of her children by the widow of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and is a record, among other things, of a faithful and most touching friendship between Maria and her father's wife—"a friendship lasting for over fifty years, and unbroken by a single cloud of difference or mistrust." Mrs. Edgeworth, who was Miss Beaufort before her marriage, and about the same age as Miss Edgeworth, unconsciously reveals her own most charming and unselfish nature as she tells her stepdaughter's story.

When the writer looks back upon her own childhood, it seems to her that she lived in company with a delightful host of little playmates, bright, busy, clever children, whose cheerful presence remains more vividly in her mind than that of many of the real little boys and girls who used to appear and disappear disconnectedly as children do in childhood, when friendship and companionship depend almost entirely upon the convenience of grown-up people. Now and again came little cousins or friends to share our games, but day by day, constant and unchanging, ever to be relied upon, smiled our most lovable and friendly companions—simple Susan, lame Jervas, Talbot, the dear Little Merchants, Jem the widow's son with his arms round old Lightfoot's neck, the generous Ben, with his whipcord and his useful proverb of "waste not, want not"—all of these were there in the window corner waiting our pleasure. After Parents' Assistant, to which familiar words we attached no meaning whatever, came Popular Tales in big brown volumes off a shelf in the lumber-room of an apartment in an old house in Paris, and as we opened the boards, lo! creation widened to our view. England, Ireland, America, Turkey, the mines of Golconda, the streets of Bagdad, thieves, travellers, governesses, natural philosophy, and fashionable life were all laid under contribution, and brought interest and adventure to our humdrum nursery corner. All Mr. Edgeworth's varied teaching and experience, all his daughter's genius of observation, came to interest and delight our play-time, and

that of a thousand other little children in different parts of the world. People justly praise Miss Edgeworth's admirable stories and novels, but from prejudice and early association these beloved childish histories seem unequalled still, and it is chiefly as a writer for children that we venture to consider her here. Some of the stories are indeed little idylls in their way. Walter Scott, who best knew how to write for the young so as to charm grandfathers as well as Hugh Littlejohn, Esq., and all the grandchildren, is said to have wiped his kind eyes as he put down Simple Susan. A child's book, says a reviewer of those days defining in the *Quarterly Review*, should be "not merely less dry, less difficult, than a book for grown-up people; but more rich in interest, more true to nature, more exquisite in art, more abundant in every quality that repays to childhood's keener and fresher perception." Children like facts, they like short vivid sentences that tell the story: as they listen intently, so they read; every word has its value for them. It has been a real surprise to the writer to find, on re-reading some of these descriptions of scenery and adventure which she had not looked at since her childhood, that the details which she had imagined spread over much space, are contained in a few sentences at the beginning of a page. These sentences, however, show the true art of the writer.

It would be difficult to imagine anything better suited to the mind of a very young person than these pleasant stories, so complete in themselves, so interesting, so varied. The description of Jervas' escape from the mine where the miners had plotted his destruction, almost rises to poetry in its simple diction. Lame Jervas has warned his master of the miners' plot, and shown him the vein of ore which they have concealed. The miners have sworn vengeance against him, and his life is in danger. His master helps him to get away, and comes into the room before day-break, bidding him rise and put on the clothes which he has brought. "I followed him out of the house before anybody else was awake, and he took me across the fields toward the high road. At this place we waited till we heard the

tinkling of the bells of a team of horses. 'Here comes the wagon,' said he, 'in which you are to go. So fare you well, Jervas. I shall hear how you go on; and I only hope you will serve your next master, whoever he may be, as faithfully as you have served me.' 'I shall never find so good a master,' was all I could say for the soul of me; I was quite overcome by his goodness and sorrow at parting with him, as I then thought, for ever." The description of the journey is very pretty. "The morning clouds began to clear away; I could see my master at some distance, and I kept looking after him as the wagon went on slowly, and he walked fast away over the fields." Then the sun begins to rise. The wagoner goes on whistling, but Lame Jervas, to whom the rising sun was a spectacle wholly surprising, starts up, exclaiming in wonder and admiration. The wagoner bursts into a loud laugh. "Lud a mercy," says he, "to hear un' and look at un' a body would think the oaf had never seen the sun rise afore;" upon which Jervas remembers that he is still in Cornwall, and must not betray himself, and prudently hides behind some parcels, only just in time, for they meet a party of miners, and he hears his enemies' voice hailing the wagoner. All the rest of the day he sits within, and amuses himself by listening to the bells of the team, which jingle continually. "On our second day's journey, however, I ventured out of my hiding-place. I walked with the wagoner up and down the hills, enjoying the fresh air, the singing of the birds, and the delightful smell of the honeysuckles and the dog-roses in the hedges. All the wild flowers and even the weeds on the banks by the wayside were to me matters of wonder and admiration. At almost every step I paused to observe something that was new to me, and I could not help feeling surprised at the insensibility of my fellow-traveller, who plodded along, and seldom interrupted his whistling except to cry "Gee, Blackbird, aw woa," or "How now, Smiler." Then Jervas is lost in admiration before a plant "whose stem was about two feet high, and which had a round shining purple beautiful flower," and the wagoner with a look of scorn exclaims, "Help thee,

lad, dost not thou know 'tis a common thistle?" After this he looks upon Jervas as very nearly an idiot. "In truth I believe I was a droll figure, for my hat was stuck full of weeds and of all sorts of wild flowers, and both my coat and waistcoat pockets were stuffed out with pebbles and funguses." Then comes Plymouth Harbor: Jervas ventures to ask some questions about the vessels, to which the wagoner answers "They be nothing in life but the boats and ships, man;" so he turned away and went on chewing a straw, and seemed not a whit more moved to admiration than he had been at the sight of the thistle. "I conceived a high admiration of a man who had seen so much that he could admire nothing," says Jervas, with a touch of real humor.

Another most charming little idyll is that of Simple Susan, who was a real maiden living in the neighborhood of Edgeworthstown. The story seems to have been mislaid for a time in the stirring events of the first Irish rebellion, and overlooked, like some little daisy by a battle-field. Few among us will not have shared Mr. Edgeworth's partiality for the charming little tale. The children fling their garlands and gather their scented violets. Susan bakes her cottage loaves and gathers marigolds for broth, and tends her mother to the distant tune of Philip's pipe coming across the fields. As we read the story again it seems as if we could almost hear the music sounding above the children's voices, and the bleating of the lamb, and scent the fragrance of the primroses and the double violets, so simply and delightfully is the whole story constructed. Among all Miss Edgeworth's characters few are more familiar to the world than that of Susan's pretty pet lamb.

## II.

No sketch of Maria Edgeworth's life, however slight, would be complete without a few words about certain persons coming a generation before her (and belonging still to the age of periwigs), who were her father's associates and her own earliest friends. Notwithstanding all that has been said of Mr. Edgeworth's bewildering versatility of nature, he seems to have been singularly faithful in his friendships. He might take up new

ties, but he clung pertinaciously to those which had once existed. His daughter inherited that same steadiness of affection. The wisest man of our own day writing of these very people has said, "There is, perhaps, no safer test of a man's real character than that of his long-continued friendship with good and able men. Now Mr. Edgeworth, the father of Maria Edgeworth the authoress, asserts, after mentioning the names of Keir, Day, Small, Boulton, Watt, Wedgwood, and Darwin, that their mutual intimacy has never been broken except by death. To these names those of Edgeworth himself and of the Galtons may be added. The correspondence in my possession shows the truth of the above assertion."

Mr. Edgeworth first came to Lichfield to make Dr. Darwin's acquaintance. His second visit was to his friend Mr. Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton," who had taken a house in the valley of Stow, and who invited him one Christmas on a visit. "About the year 1765," says Miss Seward, "came to Lichfield, from the neighborhood of Reading, the young and gay philosopher, Mr. Edgeworth; a man of fortune, and recently married to a Miss Elers, of Oxfordshire. The fame of Dr. Darwin's various talents allured Mr. E. to the city they graced." And the lady goes on to describe Mr. Edgeworth himself: "Scarcely two- and - twenty, with an exterior yet more juvenile, having mathematic science, mechanic ingenuity, and a competent portion of classical learning, with the possession of the modern languages. . . . He danced, he fenced, he winged his arrows with more than philosophic skill," continues the lady, herself a person of no little celebrity in her time and place. Mr. Edgeworth, in his memoirs, pays a respectful tribute to Miss Seward's charms, to her agreeable conversation, her beauty, her thick tresses, her sprightliness and address. Such moderate expressions fail, however, to do justice to this lady's powers, to her enthusiasm, her poetry, her partisanship. The portrait prefixed to her letters is that of a dignified person with an oval face and dark eyes, the thick brown tresses are twined with pearls, her graceful figure is robed in the softest furs and draperies



of the period. In her very first letter she thus poetically describes her surroundings: "The autumnal glory of this day puts to shame the summer's sullenness. I sit writing upon this dear green terrace, feeding at intervals my little golden-breasted songsters. The embosomed vale of Stow glows sunny through the Claude-Lorraine tint which is spread over the scene like the blue mist over a plum."

In this Claude-Lorraine-plum-tinted valley stood the house which Mr. Day had taken, and where Mr. Edgeworth had come on an eventful visit. Miss Seward herself lived with her parents in the Bishop's palace at Lichfield. There was also a younger sister, "Miss Sally," who died as a girl, and another very beautiful young lady their friend, by name Honora Sneyd, placed under Mrs. Seward's care. She was the heroine of Major André's unhappy romance. He too lived at Lichfield with his mother, and his hopeless love gives a tragic reality to this bygone holiday of youth and merry-making. As one reads the old letters and memoirs the echoes of its laughter reach us. One can almost see the young folks all coming together out of the Cathedral Close, where so much of it was passed; the beautiful Honora, surrounded by friends and adorers, chaperoned by the graceful muse her senior, also much admired, and much made of. Thomas Day is striding after them in silence with keen critical glances; his long black locks flow unpowdered down his back. In contrast to him comes his brilliant and dressy companion, Mr. Edgeworth, who talks so agreeably. I can imagine little Sabrina, the adopted foundling, of whom so many stories have been told, following shyly at her guardian's side in her simple dress and childish beauty, and André's young handsome face turned toward Miss Sneyd. So they pass on happy and contented in each other's company, Honora in the midst, beautiful, stately, reserved: she too was not destined to be old.

Miss Seward seems to have loved this friend with a very sincere and admiring affection, and to have bitterly mourned her early death. Her letters abound in apostrophes to the lost Honora. But perhaps the poor muse expected too

much from friendship, too much from life. She expected, as we all do at times, that her friends should be not themselves, but her, that they should lead not their lives but her own. So much at least one may gather from the various phases of her style and correspondence, and her complaints of Honora's estrangement and subsequent coldness. Perhaps, also, Miss Seward's many vagaries and sentiments may have frozen Honora's sympathies. Miss Seward was all asterisks and notes of exclamation. Honora seems to have forced feeling down to its most scrupulous expression. She never lived to be softened by experience: with great love she also inspired awe and a sort of surprise. One can imagine her pointing the moral of the purple jar, as it was told long afterward by her stepdaughter, then a little girl playing at her own mother's knee in her nursery by the river.

People in the days of shilling postage were better correspondents than they are now when we have to be content with pennyworths. Their descriptions and many details bring all the chief characters vividly before us, and carry us into the hearts and pocketbooks of the little society at Lichfield as it then was. The town must have been an agreeable sojourn in those days for people of some pretension and small performance—a pleasant lively company living round about the old cathedral towers, meeting in the Close or the adjacent gardens or the hospitable palace itself. Here the company would sip tea, talk mild literature, quoting Dr. Johnson to one another with the familiarity of townsfolk. From Erasmus Darwin, too, they must have gained something of vigor and originality. The inhabitants of Lichfield seem actually to have read each other's verses, and having done so to have taken the trouble to sit down and write out their raptures.

With all her absurdities Miss Seward had some real critical power and appreciation; and some of her lines are very pretty.\* An "Ode to the Sun" is only

\* In a notice of Miss Seward in the *Annual Register*, just after her death in 1809, the writer, who seems to have known her, says, "Conscious of ability, she freely displayed herself in a manner equally remote from annoyance and affectation. . . Her errors arose

what might have been expected from this Lichfield Corinne. Her best known productions are an "Elegy on Captain Cook," a "Monody on Major André," whom she had known from her early youth; and there is a poem "Louisa," of which she herself speaks very highly. But even more than her poetry did she pique herself upon her epistolary correspondence. It must have been well worth while writing letters when they were not only prized by the writer and the recipients, but commented on by their friends in after years. "Court Dewes, Esq.," writes, after five years, for copies of Miss Seward's epistles to Miss Rogers and Miss Weston, of which the latter begins: "Soothing and welcome to me, dear Sophia, is the regret you express for our separation! Pleasant were the weeks we have recently passed together in this ancient and embowered mansion! I had strongly felt the silence and vacancy of the depriving day on which you vanished. How prone are our hearts perversely to quarrel with the friendly coercion of employment at the very instant in which it is clearing the torpid and injurious mists of unavailing melancholy." Then follows a sprightly attack before which Johnson may have quailed indeed. "Is the Fe-fa-fum of literature that snuffs afar the fame of his brother authors, and thirsts for its destruction, to be allowed to gallop unmolested over the fields of criticism? A few pebbles from the well-springs of truth and eloquence are all that is wanted to bring the might of his envy low." This celebrated letter, which may stand as a specimen of the whole six volumes, concludes with the following apostrophe: "Virtuous friendship, how pure, how sacred are thy delights! Sophia, thy mind is capable of tasting them in all their poignance: against how many of life's incidents may that capacity be considered as a counterpoise!"

There were constant rubs, which are not to be wondered at, between Miss Seward and Dr. Darwin, who though a

poet was also a singularly witty, down-right man, outspoken and humorous. The lady admires his genius, bitterly resents his sarcasms; of his celebrated work, "The Botanic Garden," she says, "It is a string of poetic brilliants, and they are of the first water, but the eye will be apt to want the interstitial black velvet to give effect to their lustre." In later days, notwithstanding her "elegant language," as Mr. Charles Darwin calls it, she said several spiteful things of her old friend, but they seem more prompted by private pique than malice.

If Miss Seward was the Minerva and Dr. Darwin the Jupiter of the Lichfield society, its philosopher was Thomas Day, of whom Miss Seward's description is so good that I cannot help one more quotation:

"Powder and fine clothes were at that time the appendages of gentlemen; Mr. Day wore not either. He was tall and stooped in the shoulders, full made but not corpulent, and in his meditative and melancholy air a degree of awkwardness and dignity were blended." She then compares him with his guest, Mr. Edgeworth. "Less graceful, less amusing, less brilliant than Mr. E., but more highly imaginative, more classical, and a deeper reasoner; strict integrity, energetic friendship, open-handed generosity, and diffusive charity, greatly overbalanced on the side of virtue, the tincture of misanthropic gloom and proud contempt of common life society." Wright of Derby, painted a full-length picture of Mr. Day in 1770. "Mr. Day looks upward enthusiastically, meditating on the contents of a book held in his dropped right hand . . . a flash of lightning plays in his hair and illuminates the contents of the volume." "Dr. Darwin," adds Miss Seward, "sat to Mr. Wright about the same period—that was a simply contemplative portrait of the most perfect resemblance."

### III.

Maria must have been three years old this eventful Christmas time when her father, leaving his wife in Berkshire, came to stay with Mr. Day at Lichfield, and first made the acquaintance of Miss Seward and her poetic circle. Mr. Day, who had once already been disap-

from a glowing imagination joined to an excessive sensibility, cherished instead of repressed by early habits. It is understood that she has left the whole of her works to Mr. Scott, the northern poet, with a view to their publication with her life and posthumous pieces."

pointed in love, and whose romantic scheme of adopting his foundlings, and of educating one of them to be his wife, has often been described, had brought one of the maidens to the house he had taken at Lichfield. This was Sabrina, as he had called her. Lucretia, having been found troublesome, had been sent off with a dowry to be apprenticed to a milliner. Sabrina was a charming little girl of thirteen; everybody liked her, especially the friendly ladies at the Palace, who received her with constant kindness, as they did Mr. Day himself and his visitor. What Miss Seward thought of Sabrina's education I do not know. The poor child was to be taught to despise luxury, to ignore fear, to be superior to pain. She appears, however, to have been very fond of her benefactor, but to have constantly provoked him by starting and screaming whenever he fired uncharged pistols at her skirts, or dropped hot melted sealing-wax on her bare arms. She is described as lovely and artless, not fond of books, incapable of understanding scientific problems, or of keeping the imaginary and terrible secrets with which her guardian used to try her nerves. I do not know if it had yet occurred to him that Honora Sneyd was all that his dreams could have imagined. One day he left Sabrina under many restrictions, and returning unexpectedly found her wearing some garment or handkerchief of which he did not approve. Poor Sabrina was evidently not meant to mate and soar with philosophical eagles; and, after this episode, she too was despatched, to board with an old lady, in peace for a time, let us hope, and in tranquil mediocrity.

Mr. Edgeworth approved of this arrangement; he did not consider that Sabrina was suited to his friend. But being taken in due time to call at the Palace, he was charmed with Miss Seward, and still more by all he saw of Honora; comparing her, alas! in his mind "with all other women, and secretly acknowledging her superiority." At first, he says, Miss Seward's brilliance overshadowed Honora, but very soon her merits grew upon the bystanders.

Mr. Edgeworth carefully concealed his feelings except from his host, who

was beginning himself to contemplate a marriage with Miss Sneyd. Mr. Day presently proposed formally in writing for the hand of the lovely Honora, and Mr. Edgeworth was to take the packet and to bring back the answer; and being married himself, and out of the running, he appears to have been unselfishly anxious for his friend's success. In the packet Mr. Day had written down the conditions to which he should expect his wife to subscribe. She would have to give up all luxuries, amenities, and intercourse with the world, and promise to seclude herself in his company. Miss Sneyd seems to have kept Mr. Edgeworth waiting while she wrote back at once and decidedly saying that she could not admit the unqualified control of a husband over all her actions, nor the necessity for "seclusion from society to preserve female virtue." Finding that Honora absolutely refused to change her way of life, Mr. Day went into a fever, for which Dr. Darwin bled him. Nor did he recover until another Miss Sneyd, Elizabeth by name, made her appearance in the Close.

Mr. Edgeworth, who was of a lively and active disposition, had introduced archery among the gentlemen of the neighborhood, and he describes a fine summer evening's entertainment, passed in agreeable sports, followed by dancing and music, in the course of which Honora's sister, Miss Elizabeth, appeared for the first time on the Lichfield scene, and immediately joined in the country dance. There is a vivid description of the two sisters in Mr. Edgeworth's memoirs, of the beautiful and distinguished Honora, loving science, serious, eager, reserved; of the more lovely but less graceful Elizabeth, with less of energy, more of humor and of social gifts than her sister. Elizabeth Sneyd was, says Edgeworth, struck by Day's eloquence, by his unbounded generosity, by his scorn of wealth. His educating a young girl for his wife seemed to her romantic and extraordinary; and she seems to have thought it possible to yield to the evident admiration she had aroused in him. But, whether in fun or in seriousness, she represented to him that he could not with justice decry accomplishments and

graces that he had not acquired. She wished him to go abroad for a time to study to perfect himself in all that was wanting; on her own part she promised not to go to Bath, London, or any public place of amusement until his return, and to read certain books which he recommended.

Meanwhile Mr. Edgeworth had made no secret of his own feeling for Honora to Mr. Day, "who with all the eloquence of virtue and of friendship" had urged him to fly, to accompany him abroad, and to shun dangers he could not hope to overcome. Edgeworth consented to this proposal, and the two friends started for Paris, visiting Rousseau on their way. They spent the winter at Lyons, as it was a place where excellent masters of all sorts were to be found; and here Mr. Day, with excess of zeal—

put himself (says his friend) to every species of torture, ordinary and extraordinary, to compel his Antigallican limbs, in spite of their natural rigidity, to dance and fence, and manage the *great horse*. To perform his promise to Miss E. Sneyd honorably, he gave up seven or eight hours of the day to these exercises, for which he had not the slightest taste, and for which, except horsemanship, he manifested the most sovereign contempt. It was astonishing to behold the energy with which he persevered in these pursuits. I have seen him stand between two boards which reached from the ground higher than his knees: these boards were adjusted with screws so as barely to permit him to bend his knees, and to rise up and sink down. By these means Mr. Huise proposed to force Mr. Day's knees outwards; but screwing was in vain. He succeeded in torturing his patient; but original formation and inveterate habit resisted all his endeavors at personal improvement. I could not help pitying my philosophic friend, pent up in du-rance vile for hours together, with his feet in the stocks, a book in his hand, and contempt in his heart.

Mr. Edgeworth meanwhile lodged himself "in excellent and agreeable apartments," and occupied himself with engineering. He is certainly curiously outspoken in his memoirs; and explains that the first Mrs. Edgeworth, Maria's mother, with many merits was of a complaining disposition, and did not make him so happy at home as a woman of a more lively temper might have succeeded in doing. He was tempted, he said, to look for happiness elsewhere than in his home. Perhaps

domestic affairs may have been complicated by a warm-hearted but troublesome little son, who at Day's suggestion had been brought up upon the Rousseau system, and was in consequence quite unmanageable, and a trouble to everybody. Poor Mrs. Edgeworth's complainings were not to last very long. She joined her husband at Lyons, and after a time, having a dread of lying-in abroad, returned home to die in her confinement, leaving four little children. Maria could remember being taken into her mother's room to see her for the last time.

Mr. Edgeworth hurried back to England, and was met by his friend Thomas Day, who had preceded him, and whose own suit does not seem to have prospered meanwhile. His first words were to tell his friend that Honora was still free, more beautiful than ever; while virtue and honor commanded it, he had done all he could to divide them, now he wished to be the first to promote their meeting. The meeting resulted in an engagement, and Mr. Edgeworth and Miss Sneyd were married within four months by the benevolent old canon in the Lady Chapel of Lichfield Cathedral.

Mrs. Seward wept; Miss Seward, "notwithstanding some imaginary dissatisfaction about a bridesmaid," was really glad of the marriage, we are told; and the young couple immediately went over to Ireland.

#### IV.

Though her life was so short, Honora Edgeworth seems to have made the deepest impression on all those she came across. Over little Maria she had the greatest influence. There is a pretty description of the child standing lost in wondering admiration of her step-mother's beauty; as she watched her soon after her marriage dressing at her toilet-table. Little Maria's feeling for her stepmother was very deep and real, and the influence of those few years lasted for a lifetime. Her own exquisite carefulness she always ascribed to it, and to this example may also be attributed her habits of order and self-government, her life of reason and deliberate judgment.

The seven years of Honora's married



life seem to have been very peaceful and happy. She shared her husband's pursuits, and wished for nothing outside her own home. She began with him to write those little books which were afterward published. It is just a century ago since she and Mr. Edgeworth planned the early histories of Harry and Lucy and Frank; while Mr. Day began his "Sandford and Merton," which at first was intended to appear at the same time, though eventually the third part was not published till 1789.

As a girl of seventeen Honora Sneyd had once been threatened with consumption. After seven years of married life the cruel malady again declared itself; and though Dr. Darwin did all that human resource could do, and though every tender care was lavished, the poor young lady rapidly sank. There is a sad, prim, most affecting little letter, addressed to little Maria by the dying woman shortly before the end; and then comes that one written by the father, which is to tell her that all is over.

If Mr. Edgeworth was certainly unfortunate in losing again and again the happiness of his home, he was more fortunate than most people in being able to rally from his grief. He does not appear to have been unfaithful in feeling. Years after, Edgeworth, writing to console Mrs. Day upon her husband's death, speaks in the most touching way of all he had suffered when Honora died, and of the struggle he had made to regain his hold of life. This letter is in curious contrast to that one written at the time, as he sits by poor Honora's deathbed, which reads strangely cold and irrelevant in these days when people are not ashamed of feeling or of describing what they feel. "Continue, my dear daughter"—he writes to Maria, who was then thirteen years old—"the desire which you feel of becoming amiable, prudent and of use. The ornamental parts of a character, with such an understanding as yours, necessarily ensue; but true judgment and sagacity in the choice of friends, and the regulation of your behavior, can be only had from reflection, and from being thoroughly convinced of what experience in general teaches too late, that to be happy we must be good."

"Such a letter, written at such a time," says the kind biographer, "made the impression it was intended to convey; and the wish to act up to the high opinion her father had formed of her character became an exciting and controlling power over the whole of Maria's future life." On her deathbed, Honora urged her husband to marry again, and assured him that the woman to suit him was her sister Elizabeth. Her influence was so great upon them both that, although Elizabeth was attached to some one else, and Mr. Edgeworth believed she was little suited to himself, they were presently engaged and married, not without many difficulties. The result proved how rightly Honora had judged.

It was to her father that Maria owed the suggestion of her first start in literature. Immediately after Honora's death he tells her to write a tale about the length of a *Spectator* on the subject of generosity. "It must be taken from history or romance, must be sent the day se'nnight after you receive this; and I beg you will take some pains about it." A young gentleman from Oxford was also set to work to try his powers on the same subject, and Mr. William Sneyd, of Lichfield, was to be judge between the two performances. He gave his verdict for Maria: "An excellent story and very well written: but where's the generosity?" This, we are told, became a sort of proverb in the Edgeworth family.

The little girl meanwhile was sent to school to a certain Mrs. Lataffiere, where she was taught to use her fingers, to write a lovely delicate hand, to work white satin waistcoats for her papa. She was then removed to a fashionable establishment in Upper Wimpole Street, where, says her stepmother, "she underwent all the usual tortures of backboards, iron collars, and dumbbells, with the unusual one of being hung by the neck to draw out the muscles and increase the growth—a signal failure in her case." (Miss Edgeworth was always a very tiny person.) There is a description of the little maiden absorbed in her book with all the other children at play, while she sits in her favorite place in front of a carved oak cabinet, quite unconscious of the pres-

ence of the romping girls all about her.

Hers was a very interesting character as it appears in the *Memoirs*—sincere, intelligent, self-contained, and yet dependent; methodical, observant. Sometimes as one reads of her in early life one is reminded of some of the personal characteristics of the writer who perhaps of all writers least resembles Miss Edgeworth in her art—of Charlotte Brontë, whose books are essentially of the modern and passionate school, but whose strangely mixed character seemed rather to belong to the orderly and neatly ruled existence of Queen Charlotte's reign. People's lives as they really are don't perhaps vary very much, but people's lives as they seem to be assuredly change with the fashions. Miss Edgeworth and Miss Brontë were both Irishwomen, who have often, with all their outcome, the timidity which comes of quick and sensitive feeling. But the likeness does not go very deep. Maria, whose diffidence and timidity were personal, but who had a firm and unalterable belief in family traditions, may have been saved from some danger of prejudice and limitation by a most fortunate though trying illness which affected her eyesight, and which caused her to be removed from her school with its monstrous elegancies to the care of Mr. Day, that kindest and sternest of friends.

This philosopher in love had been bitterly mortified when the lively Elizabeth Sneyd, instead of welcoming his return, could not conceal her laughter at his uncouth elegancies, and confessed that, on the whole, she had liked him better as he was before. He forswore Lichfield and marriage, and went abroad to forget. He turned his thoughts to politics; he wrote pamphlets on public subjects and letters upon slavery. His poem of the "Dying Negro" had been very much admired. Miss Hannah More speaks of it in her *Memoirs*. The subject of slavery was much before people's minds, and Day's influence had not a little to do with the rising indignation.

Among Day's readers and admirers was one person who was destined to have a most important influence upon his life. By a strange chance his extraordinary

ideal was destined to be realized; and a young lady, good, accomplished, rich, devoted, who had read his books, and sympathized with his generous dreams, was ready not only to consent to his strange conditions, but to give him her kind heart and find her best happiness in his society and in carrying out his experiments and fancies. She was Miss Esther Milnes, of Yorkshire, an heiress; and though at first Day hesitated and could not believe in the reality of her feeling, her constancy and singleness of mind were not to be resisted, and they were married at Bath in 1778. We hear of Mr. and Mrs. Day spending the first winter of their married life at Hampstead, and of Mrs. Day, thickly shodden, walking with him in a snow-storm on the common, and ascribing her renewed vigor to her husband's wise advice.

Day and his wife eventually established themselves at Anningsley, near Chobham. He had insisted upon settling her fortune upon herself, but Mrs. Day assisted him in every way, and sympathized in his many schemes and benevolent ventures. When he neglected to make a window to the dressing-room he built for her, we hear of her uncomplainingly lighting her candles; to please him she worked as a servant in the house, and all their large means were bestowed in philanthropic and charitable schemes. Mr. Edgeworth quotes his friend's reproof to Mrs. Day, who was fond of music: "Shall we beguile the time with the strains of a lute while our fellow creatures are starving?" "I am out of pocket every year about £300 by the farm I keep," Day writes to his friend Edgeworth. "The soil I have taken in hand, I am convinced, is one of the most completely barren in England." He then goes on to explain his reasons for what he is about. "It enables me to employ the poor, and the result of all my speculations about humanity is that the only way of benefiting mankind is to give them employment and make them earn their money." There is a pretty description of the worthy couple in their home dispensing help and benefits all round about, draining, planting, teaching, doctoring—nothing came amiss to them. Their chief friend and neighbor was

Samuel Cobbett, who understood their plans, and sympathized in their efforts, which, naturally enough, were viewed with doubt and mistrust by most of the people round about. It was here that Mr. Day finished "Sandford and Merton," begun many years before. His death was very sudden, and was brought about by one of his own benevolent theories. He used to maintain that kindness alone could tame animals; and he was killed by a fall from a favorite colt which he was breaking in. Mrs. Day never recovered the shock. She lived two years hidden in her home, absolutely inconsolable, and then died and was laid by her husband's side in the churchyard at Wargrave by the river.

It was to the care of these worthy people that little Maria was sent when she was ill, and she was doctored by them both physically and morally. "Bishop Berkeley's tar-water was still considered a specific for all complaints," says Mrs. Edgeworth. "Mr. Day thought it would be of use to Maria's inflamed eyes, and he used to bring a large tumbler full of it to her every morning. She dreaded his 'Now, Miss Maria, drink this.' But there was, in spite of his stern voice, something of pity and sympathy in his countenance. His excellent library was open to her, and he directed her studies. His severe reasoning and uncompromising truth of mind awakened all her powers, and the questions he put to her and the working out of the answers, the necessity of perfect accuracy in all her words, suited the natural truth of her mind; and though such strictness was not agreeable, she even then perceived its advantage, and in after life was grateful for it."

## V.

We have seen how Miss Elizabeth Sneyd, who could not make up her mind to marry Mr. Day, notwithstanding all he had gone through for her sake, had eventually consented to become Mr. Edgeworth's third wife. With this step-mother for many years to come Maria lived in an affectionate intimacy, only to be exceeded by that most faithful companionship which existed for fifty

years between her and the lady from whose memoirs I quote.

It was about 1782 that Maria went home to live at Edgeworthstown with her father and his wife, with the many young brothers and sisters. The family was a large one, and already consisted of her own sisters, of Honora the daughter of Mrs. Honora, and Lovell her son. To these succeeded many others of the third generation; and two sisters of Mrs. Edgeworth's, who also made their home at Edgeworthstown.

Maria had once before been there, very young, but she was now old enough to be struck with the difference then so striking between Ireland and England. The tones and looks, the melancholy and the gayety of the people, were so new and extraordinary to her that the delineations she long afterward made of Irish character probably owe their life and truth to the impression made on her mind at this time as a stranger. Though it was June when they landed, there was snow on the roses she ran out to gather, and she felt altogether in a new and unfamiliar country.

She herself describes the feelings of the master of a family returning to an Irish home:

Wherever he turned his eyes, in or out of his home, damp dilapidation, waste appeared. Painting, glazing, roofing, fencing, finishing—all were wanting. The backyard and even the front lawn round the windows of the house were filled with loungers, followers, and petitioners; tenants, undertenants, drivers, sub-agent and agent were to have audience; and they all had grievances and secret informations, accusations, reciprocations, and quarrels each under each interminable.

Her account of her father's dealings with them is admirable:

I was with him constantly, and I was amused and interested in seeing how he made his way through their complaints, petitions, and grievances with decision and despatch, he all the time in good humor with the people and they delighted with him, though he often rated them roundly when they stood before him perverse in litigation, helpless in procrastination, detected in cunning or convicted of falsehood. They saw into his character almost as soon as he understood theirs.

Mr. Edgeworth had in a very remarkable degree that power of ruling and administering which is one of the rarest of gifts. He seems to have shown great firmness and good sense in his conduct in the troubled times in which he lived. He saw to his own affairs, administered justice, put down middlemen as far as possible, reorganiz-

ed the letting out of the estate. Unlike many of his neighbors, he was careful not to sacrifice the future to present ease of mind and of pocket. He put down rack-rents and bribes of every sort, and did his best to establish things upon a firm and lasting basis.

But if it was not possible even for Mr. Edgeworth to make things all they should have been outside the house, inside the sketch given of the family life is very pleasant. The father lives in perfect confidence with his children, admitting them to his confidence, interesting them in his experiments, spending his days with them, consulting them. There are no reservations; he does his business in the great family sitting-room, surrounded by his family. I have heard it described as a large ground floor room, with two columns supporting the farther end, by one of which Maria's writing-desk used to be placed—a desk which her father had devised for her, which used to be drawn out to the fireside when she worked. Does not Mr. Edgeworth also mention in one of his letters a picture of Thomas Day hanging over a sofa against a wall? Books in plenty there were, we may be sure, and perhaps models of ingenious machines and different appliances for scientific work. Sir Henry Holland and Mr. Ticknor give a curious description of Mr. Edgeworth's many ingenious inventions. There were strange locks to the rooms and telegraphic despatches to the kitchen; clocks at the other end of the house were wound up by simply opening certain doors. It has been remarked that all Miss Edgeworth's heroes had a smattering of science. Several of her brothers inherited her father's turn for it. We hear of them raising steeples and establishing telegraphs in partnership with him. Maria used to help her father in the business connected with the estate, to assist him, also, to keep the accounts. She had a special turn for accounts, and she was pleased with her exquisite neat columns and by the accuracy with which her figures fell into their proper places. Long after her father's death this knowledge and experience enabled her to manage the estate for her eldest stepbrother, Mr. Lovell Edgeworth. She was able, at a

time of great national difficulty and anxious crisis, to meet a storm in which many a larger fortune was wrecked.

But in 1782 she was a young girl only beginning life. Storms were not yet, and she was putting out her wings in the sunshine. Her father set her to translate "*Adèle et Théodore*," by Madame de Genlis (she had a great facility for languages, and her French was really remarkable). Holcroft's version of the book, however, appeared, and the Edgeworth translation was never completed. Mr. Day wrote a letter to congratulate Mr. Edgeworth on the occasion. It seemed horrible to Mr. Day that a woman should appear in print.

It is possible that the Edgeworth family was no exception to the rule by which large and clever and animated families are apt to live in a certain atmosphere of their own. But, notwithstanding her strong family bias, few people can have seen more of the world, felt its temper more justly, or appreciated more fully the interesting people walking about in it than Maria Edgeworth. Within easy reach of Edgeworthstown were different agreeable and cultivated houses. There was Pakenham Hall with Lord Longford for its master; one of its daughters was the future Duchess of Wellington, "who was always Kitty Pakenham for her old friends." There at Castle Forbes also lived, I take it, more than one of the well-bred and delightful people, out of Patronage, and the "Absentee," who may, in real life, have borne the names of Lady Moira and Lady Granard. Beside, there were cousins and relations without number—Foxes, Ruxtons, marriages and intermarriages; and when the time came for occasional absences and expeditions from home, the circles seem to have spread incalculably in every direction. The Edgeworths appear to have been genuinely sociable people, interested in others and certainly interesting to them.

## VI.

The first letter given in the Memoirs from Maria to her favorite Aunt Ruxton is a very sad one, which tells of the early death of her sister Honora, a beautiful girl of fifteen, the only daughter of Mrs. Honora Edgeworth,



who also died of consumption. This letter, written in the dry phraseology of the time, is nevertheless full of feeling, above all for the father who, as Maria says elsewhere, ever since she could think or feel, was the first object and motive of her mind.

Mrs. Edgeworth describes her sister-in-law as follows :

Mrs. Ruxton resembled her brother in the wit and vivacity of her mind and strong affections ; her grace and charm of manner were such that a gentleman once said of her : " If I were to see Mrs. Ruxton in rags as a beggar woman sitting on the doorstep, I should say ' Madam ' to her. " " To write to her Aunt Ruxton was, as long as she lived, Maria's greatest pleasure while away from her. " writes Mrs. Edgeworth, " and to be with her was a happiness she enjoyed with never flagging and supreme delight. Blackcastle was within a few hours' drive of Edgeworthstown, and to go to Blackcastle was the holiday of her life. "

Mrs. Edgeworth tells a story of Maria once staying at Blackcastle and tearing out the title-page of " Belinda, " so that her aunt, Mrs. Ruxton, read the book without any suspicion of the author. She was so delighted with it that she insisted on Maria listening to page after page, exclaiming " Is not that admirably written ? " " Admirably read, I think, " said Maria, until her aunt, quite provoked by her faint acquiescence, says, " I am sorry to see my little Maria unable to bear the praises of a rival author ; " at which poor Maria burst into tears, and Mrs. Ruxton could never bear the book mentioned afterward.

It was with Mrs. Ruxton that a little boy, born just after the death of the author of " Sandford and Merton, " was left on the occasion of the departure of the Edgeworth family for Clifton, in 1792, where Mr. Edgeworth spent a couple of years for the health of one of his sons. During their stay at Clifton, Richard Edgeworth, the eldest son, who had been brought up upon Rousseau's system, and who seems to have found the Old World too restricted a sphere for his energies, and who had gone to sea and disappeared suddenly, paid them a visit from South Carolina, where he had settled and married. The young man was welcomed by them all. He had been long separated from home, and he died very young in America ;

but his sister always clung to him with fond affection. In July the poor little brother dies in Ireland. " There does not, now that little Thomas is gone, exist even a person of the same name as Mr. Day, " says Mr. Edgeworth, who concludes his letter philosophically, as the father of twenty children may be allowed to do, by expressing a hope that to his nurses, Mrs. Ruxton and her daughter, " the remembrance of their own goodness will soon obliterate the painful impression of his miserable end. "

Miss Edgeworth seems to have felt the departure of her brother Richard very much. " Last Saturday my poor brother Richard took leave of us to return to America. He has gone up to London with my father and mother, and is to sail from thence. We could not part from him without great pain and regret, for he made us all extremely fond of him. "

Notwithstanding these melancholy events, Maria Edgeworth seems to have led a happy busy life at this time among her friends, her relations, her many interests, her many fancies and facts, making much of the children, of whom she writes pleasant descriptions to her aunt. " Charlotte is very engaging and promises to be handsome. Sneyd is, and promises everything. Henry will, I think, through life always do more than he promises. Little Honora is a sprightly blue-eyed child at nurse with a woman who is the picture of health and simplicity. Lovell is perfectly well. Doctor Darwin has paid him very handsome compliments on his lines on the Barbarini Vase in the first part of the Botanic Garden. "

Mr. Edgeworth found the time long at Clifton, though, as usual, he at once improved his opportunities, paid visits to his friends in London and elsewhere, and renewed many former intimacies and correspondences.

Maria also paid a visit to London, but the time had not come for her to enjoy society, and the extreme shyness of which Mrs. Edgeworth speaks made it pain to her to be in society in those early days. " Since I have been away from home, " she writes, " I have missed the society of my father, mother and sisters more than I can express,

and more than beforehand I could have thought possible. I long to see them all again. Even when I am most amused I feel a void, and now I understand what an aching void is perfectly." Very soon we hear of her at home again, "scratching away at the Freeman family." Mr. Edgeworth is reading aloud Gay's "Trivia" among other things, which she recommends to her aunt. "I had much rather make a bargain with any one I love to read the same books with them at the same hour than to look at the moon like Rousseau's famous lovers." There is another book, a new book for the children, mentioned about this time, "Evenings at Home," which they all admire immensely.

Miss Edgeworth was now about 26, at an age when a woman's powers have fully ripened; a change comes over her style; there is a fulness of description in her letters and a security of expression which show maturity. Her habit of writing was now established, and she describes the constant interest her father took and his share in all she did. Some of the slighter stories she first wrote upon a slate and read out to her brothers and sisters; others she sketched for her father's approval, and arranged and altered as he suggested. The letters for literary ladies were with the publishers by this time, and these were followed by various stories and early lessons, portions of "Parents' Assistant," and of popular tales, all of which were sent out in packets and lent from one member of the family to another before finally reaching Mr. Johnson, the publisher's hands. Maria Edgeworth in some of her letters from Clifton alludes with some indignation to the story of Mrs. Hannah More's ungrateful *protégée* Lactilla, the literary milkwoman, whose poems Hannah More was at such pains to bring before the world, and for whom, with her kind preface and warm commendations and subscription list, she was able to obtain the large sum of £500. The ungrateful Lactilla, who had been starving when Mrs. More found her out, seems to have lost her head in this sudden prosperity, and to have accused her benefactress of wishing to steal a portion of the money. Maria Edgeworth must have been also

interested in some family marriages which took place about this time. Her sister Anna became engaged to Dr. Beddoes, of Clifton, whose name appears as prescribing for the authors of various memoirs of that day. He is "a man of ability, of a great name in the scientific world," says Mr. Edgeworth, who favored the Doctor's "declared passion," as a proposal was then called, and the marriage accordingly took place on their return to Ireland. Emmeline, another sister, was soon after married to Mr. King, a surgeon, also living at Bristol, and Maria was now left the only remaining daughter of the first marriage, to be good aunt, sister, friend to all the younger members of the party. She was all this, but she herself expressly states that her father would never allow her to be turned into a nursery drudge; her share of the family was limited to one special little boy. Meanwhile her pen-and-ink children are growing up.

"I beg, dear Sophy," she writes to her cousin, "that you will not call my little stories by the sublime name of my works; I shall else be ashamed when the little mouse comes forth. The stories are printed and bound the same size as 'Evenings at Home,' but I am afraid you will dislike the title. My father had sent the 'Parents' Friend,' but Mr. Johnson has degraded it into 'Parents' Assistant.'"

In 1797, says Miss Beaufort, who was to be so soon more intimately connected with the Edgeworth family, Johnson wished to publish more volumes of the "Parents' Assistant" on fine paper, with prints, and Mrs. Ruxton asked me to make some designs for them. These designs seem to have given great satisfaction to the Edgeworth party, and especially to a little boy called William, Mrs. Edgeworth's youngest boy, who grew up to be a fine young man, but who died young of the cruel family complaint. Mrs. Edgeworth's health was also failing all this time—"Though she makes epigrams she is far from well," says Maria; but they none of them seemed seriously alarmed. Mr. Edgeworth, in the intervals of politics, is asorbed in the telegraph, which, with the help of his sons, he is trying to establish. It is

one which acts by night as well as by day.

It was a time of change and stir for Ireland, disaffection growing and put down for a time by the soldiers; armed bands going about "defending" the country and breaking its windows. In 1794 threats of a French invasion had alarmed everybody, and now again in 1796 came rumors of every description, and Mr. Edgeworth was very much disappointed that his proposal for establishing a telegraph across the water to England was rejected by government. He also writes to Dr. Darwin that he had offered himself as a candidate for the county, and been obliged to relinquish at the last moment; but these minor disappointments were lost in the trouble which fell upon the household in the following year—the death of the mother of the family, who sank rapidly and died of consumption in 1797.

#### VII.

When Mr. Edgeworth himself died, not without many active post-mortem wishes and directions, leaving his entertaining *Memoirs* half finished, he desired his daughter Maria in the most emphatic way to complete them, and to publish them without changing or altering anything that he had written. People reading them were surprised by the contents; they blamed Miss Edgeworth for making them public, not knowing how solemn and binding these dying commands had been, says Mrs. Leadbeater, writing at the time to Mrs. Trench. Many severe and wounding reviews appeared, and this may have influenced Miss Edgeworth in her own objection to her *Memoirs* being published by her family.

Mr. Edgeworth's life was most extraordinary, comprising in fact three or four lives in the place of that one usually allowed to most people, some of us having to be moderately content with a half or three quarters of existence. But his versatility of mind was no less remarkable than his tenacity of purpose and strength of affection, though some measure of sentiment must have certainly been wanting. The writer once expressed her surprise at the extraordinary influence that Mr. Edgeworth seems to have had over women and over the many

members of his family who continued to reside in his home after the various changes which had taken place there. The lady to whom she spoke was one who has seen more of life than most of us, who has for years past carried help to the far-away and mysterious East, but whose natural place is at home in the more prosperous and unattainable West End. This lady said, "You do not in the least understand what my Uncle Edgeworth was. I never knew anything like him. Brilliant, full of energy and charm, he was something quite extraordinary and irresistible. If you had known him you would not have wondered at anything." This lady had sat upon Maria Edgeworth's knee as a little girl, and remembered her writing in her place by the column in the big sitting-room.

"I had in the spring of that year (1797) paid my first visit to Edgeworthstown with my mother and sister," writes Miss Beaufort, afterward Mrs. Edgeworth, the author of the *Memoirs*. "My father had long before been there, and had frequently met Mr. Edgeworth at Mrs. Ruxton's. In 1795 my father was presented to the living of Collon, in the county of Louth, where he resided from that time. His vicarage was within five minutes' walk of the residence of Mr. Foster, then Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, the dear friend of Mr. Edgeworth, who came to Collon in the spring of 1798 several times, and at last offered me his hand, which I accepted."

Maria, who was at first very much opposed to the match, would not have been herself the most devoted and faithful of daughters if she had not eventually agreed to her father's wishes, and, as daughters do, come by degrees to feel with him and to see with his eyes. The influence of a father over a daughter where real sympathy exists is one of the very deepest and strongest that can be imagined. Miss Beaufort herself seems also to have had some special attraction for Maria. She was about her own age. She must have been a person of singularly sweet character and gentle liberality of mind. "You will come into a new family, but you will not come as a stranger, dear Miss Beaufort," writes generous Maria. "You will not lead a new life, but only continue to lead the life you have been used to in your own happy cultivated family." And her stepmother in a few feeling words describes all that Maria

was to her from the very first when she came as a bride to the home where the children of the lately lost wife and her sisters were all assembled to meet her.

It gives an unpleasant thrill to read of the newly-married lady coming along to her home in a postchaise, and seeing something odd on the side of the road. "Look to the other side; don't look at it," says Mr. Edgeworth; and when they had passed he tells his bride that it was the body of a man hung by the rebels between the shafts of a car.

The family at Edgeworthstown consisted of two ladies, sisters of the late Mrs. Edgeworth, who made it their home, and of Maria, the last of the first family. Lovell, now the eldest son, was away; but there were also four daughters and three sons at home.

All agreed in making me feel at once at home and part of the family; all received me with the most unaffected cordiality; but from Maria it was something more. She more than fulfilled the promise of her letter; she made me at once her most intimate friend, and in every trifle of the day treated me with the most generous confidence.

Those times were even more serious than they are now; we hear of Mr. Bond, the High Sheriff, paying "a pale visit" to Edgeworthstown. "I am going on in the old way, writing stories," says Maria Edgeworth, writing in 1798. "I cannot be a captain of dragoons, and sitting with my hands before me would not make any one of us one degree safer. . . . Simple Susan went to Foxhall a few days ago for Lady Anne to carry her to England." "My father has made our little rooms so nice for us," she continues; "they are all fresh painted and papered. Oh! rebels, oh! French spare them. We have never injured you, and all we wish is to see everybody as happy as ourselves."

On August 29 we find from Miss Edgeworth's letter to her cousin that the French have got to Castlebar. "The Lord-Lieutenant is now at Athlone, and it is supposed it will be their next object of attack. My father's corps of yeomanry are extremely attached to him and seem fully in earnest; but, alas! by some strange negligence, their arms have not yet arrived from Dublin. . . . We, who are so near the

scene of action, cannot by any means discover what *number* of the French actually landed, some say 800, some 1800, some 18,000."

The family had a narrow escape that day, for two officers, who were in charge of some ammunition, offered to take them under their protection as far as Longford. Mr. Edgeworth most fortunately detained them. "Half an hour afterward, as we were quietly sitting in the portico, we heard, as we thought close to us, the report of a pistol or a clap of thunder which shook the house. The officer soon after returned almost speechless; he could hardly explain what had happened. The ammunition cart, containing nearly three barrels of gunpowder, took fire, and burnt half way on the road to Longford. The man who drove the cart was blown to atoms. Nothing of him could be found. Two of the horses were killed; others were blown to pieces, and their limbs scattered to a distance. The head and body of a man were found a hundred and twenty yards from the spot. . . . If we had gone with this ammunition cart, we must have been killed. An hour or two afterward we were obliged to fly from Edgeworthstown. The pikemen, 300 in number, were within a mile of the town; my mother and Charlotte and I rode; passed the trunk of the dead man, bloody limbs of horses, and two dead horses, by the help of men who pulled on our steeds—all safely lodged now in Mrs. Fallon's Inn." "Before we had reached the place where the cart had been blown up," says Mrs. Edgeworth, "Mr. Edgeworth suddenly recollected that he had left on the table in his study a list of the yeomanry corps which he feared might endanger the poor fellows and their families if it fell into the hands of the rebels. He galloped back for it. It was at the hazard of his life; but the rebels had not yet appeared. He burned the paper, and rejoined us safely." The *Memoirs* gave a most interesting and spirited account of the next few days. The rebels spared Mr. Edgeworth's house, although they broke in. After a time the family were told that all was safe for their return, and the account of their coming home, as it is given in the second volume of



Mr. Edgeworth's life by his daughter, is a model of style and admirable description.

In 1799 Mr. Edgeworth came into Parliament for the borough of St. Johnstown. He was a Unionist by conviction, but he did not think the times were yet ripe for the Union, and he therefore voted against it. In some of his letters to Dr. Darwin written at this time, he says that he was offered 3000 guineas for his seat for the few remaining weeks of the session, which, needless to say, he refused, not thinking it well, as he says, "*to quarrel with myself.*" He also adds that Maria continues writing for children under the persuasion that she cannot be more serviceably employed; and he sends (with his usual perspicuity) affectionate messages to the Doctor's "good amiable lady and *his giant brood.*" But this long friendly correspondence was coming to an end. The Doctor's letters, so quietly humorous and to the point, Mr. Edgeworth's answers with all their characteristic and lively variety, were nearly over.

It was in 1800 that Maria had achieved her great success, and published "*Castle Rackrent,*" a book—not for children this time—which made everybody talk who read, and those read who had only talked before. This work was published anonymously, and so great was its reputation that some one was at the pains to copy out the whole of the story with erasures and different signs of authenticity, and assume the authorship.

One very distinctive mark of Maria Edgeworth's mind is the honest candor and genuine critical faculty which is hers. Her appreciation of her own work and that of others is unaffected and really discriminating, whether it is "*Corinne*" or a simple story which she is reading, or Scott's new novel the "*Pirate,*" or one of her own manuscripts which she estimates justly and reasonably. "I have read '*Corinne*' with my father, and I like it better than he does. In one word, I am dazzled by the genius, provoked by the absurdities, and in admiration of the taste and critical judgment of Italian literature displayed throughout the whole work; but I will not dilate upon it in a letter, I could talk for three hours to you and my aunt."

Elsewhere she speaks with the warmest admiration of a Simple Story. Jane Austen's books were not yet published; but another writer, for whom Mr. Edgeworth and his daughter had a very great regard and admiration, was Mrs. Barbauld, who in all the heavy trials and sorrows of her later life found no little help and comfort in the friendship and constancy of Maria Edgeworth. Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld, upon Mr. Edgeworth's invitation, paid him a visit at Clifton, where he was again staying in 1799, and where Mrs. Edgeworth's eldest child was born. There is a little anecdote of domestic life at this time in the Memoirs which gives one a glimpse, not of an authoress, but of a very sympathizing and impressionable person. "Maria took her little sister to bring down to her father, but when she had descended a few steps a panic seized her, and she was afraid to go either backward or forward. She sat down on the stairs afraid she should drop the child, afraid that its head would come off, and afraid that her father would find her sitting there and laugh at her, till seeing the footman passing she called 'Samuel' in a terrified voice, and made him walk before her backward down the stairs till she safely reached the sitting room." For all these younger children Maria seems to have had a most tender and motherly regard, as indeed for all her young brothers and sisters of the different families. Many of them were the heroines of her various stories, and few heroines are more charming than some of Miss Edgeworth's. Rosamund is said by some to have been Maria herself, impulsive, warm-hearted, timid, and yet full of spirit and animation.

In his last letter to Mr. Edgeworth Dr. Darwin writes kindly of the authoress, and sends her a message. The letter is dated April 17, 1802. "I am glad to find you still amuse yourself with mechanism in spite of the troubles of Ireland;" and the Doctor goes on to ask his friend to come and pay a visit to the Priory, and describes the pleasant house with the garden, the ponds full of fish, the deep umbrageous valley, with the talkative stream running down it, and Derby tower in the distance. The letter, so kind, so play-

ful in its tone, was never finished. Dr. Darwin was writing as he was seized with what seemed a fainting fit, and he died within an hour. Miss Edgeworth writes of the shock her father felt when the sad news reached him; a shock, she says, which must in some degree be experienced by every person who reads this letter of Dr. Darwin's.

No wonder this generous outspoken man was esteemed in his own time. To us, in ours, it has been given still more to know the noble son of "that giant brood," whose name will be loved and held in honor as long as people live to honor nobleness, simplicity, and genius; those things which give life to life itself.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

#### SHAKESPEARE ON DEATH.

THERE are in Shakespeare's Plays about ninety deaths, taking place either on the stage or immediately behind the scenes, so that the tidings are told or evidence is given directly after the fact. Twenty-five occur in this latter manner, but not at all for the classical reason that terrible sights were not to be represented before the people. In many cases, gory heads are introduced, far more ghastly than a whole murdered body; the plight of Lavinia in *Titus Andronicus* is proof that an Elizabethan audience was content to sup full of horrors, and the many battle-fields in the Historical Plays may well be supposed to have included representations of the dead and dying. The number above given is only that of named, and therefore important, personages; it might be increased by soldiers and attendants who are killed, as it were, by the way. The modes of death are very various, and yet not quite all which we might naturally anticipate. Cold steel, the dagger or the sword, accounts for about two thirds of the whole; twelve persons die from old age or natural decay, in some cases hastened by the trying circumstances of their lives; seven are beheaded; five die by poison, including the elder Hamlet, whose symptoms are so minutely described by his Ghost; two by suffocation, unless, indeed, Desdemona makes a third; two by strangling; one from a fall, one is drowned, three die by snake-bite; and one, Horner, the armorer, is thumped to death with a sand-bag.

The modes of death of which we might have expected Shakespeare to speak are arrow and gun-shot wounds. The English Archers are said to have done so much execution in more than one battle of which we hear in the plays,

that it is curious they are only twice named as employed in fight:

"Arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,  
Than did our soldiers aiming at their safety  
Fly from the field,"

at the battle of Shrewsbury; and Richard, at Bosworth, cries,

"Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!"

It may be, of course, that a flight of arrows was a difficult and, indeed, a risky thing to represent on a stage; but this would scarce account for no mention of death by them, and it is probable that by Elizabeth's day the use of bow and arrow had so passed from reality into play, that it only occurred to the poet now and then, as adding a certain picturesque detail to his words. He makes the Archbishop of Canterbury, when counselling the too ready Henry V. to invade France, speak only of the pastime of archery:

"As many arrows loosed several ways  
Come to one mark."

The other allusions are merely metaphor, as "Cupid's arrows," and:

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

Guns were still only pieces of heavy ordnance, and though Falstaff speaks of a bullet's swiftness, he is thinking of what we call a ball, probably of stone; and Shakespeare uses all words connected with explosive artillery simply in relation to the battering of walls, and not to the death and wounding of men. Not till the English civil wars did firearms play any considerable part in personal slaughter.

It may be interesting to examine how Shakespeare has dealt with death by these various means, and how far his

description tallies with observed scientific facts. In Arthur's fall from the tower and Horner's death, the physical causes were the same; whatever the outward injuries, death resulted from failure of the heart's action, in consequence of some serious internal lesion, not from fracture of the spine, for in both after the injury is given there is time for one, yet but for one, short speech, and the end when it comes is instantaneous. "Hold, Peter, hold, I confess treason!" cries Horner, and is going to say more; there is no apparent failure of power, but he dies at once, abruptly. There is nothing to be said of the cases of suffocation, since they are transacted off the stage, and no physical signs are described; nor, for the same reason, of the various instances of beheading. The single case of drowning is beautifully divested of all violence, and that which might be so painful is rendered peaceful. Ophelia, having lost her reason, is unaware of her danger; she is buoyed up at first by her garments, and then, as they grow heavy, she is dragged down by them gently and gradually, so that there is no room for struggle, and the waters close over her almost without a ripple. Who that ever saw Mr. Millais' early picture on the subject can possibly forget it, or fail to recognize that poet and painter had equally rendered the fact, and yet divested it of its most terrible elements?

In the deaths of Cleopatra and her maids, Shakespeare would seem to have been for once at fault. We say her maids, because the only way to account for the sudden death of Iras is to suppose that she had met and touched the incoming basket of asps, on leaving the presence to fetch her mistress's robe and crown. But, however this may be, Cleopatra and Charmian die almost instantaneously of the snake's bite, after the Queen "applies" the serpents to her breast and arm, as though they were leeches.

"Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?"

The poet was quite aware that he must make the effect of the asp very different to that of the viper's, which now and then might lame a horse, or, very exceptionally, kill a keeper, after some

hours suffering, in his own Arden. But there was no one to tell him the mode of death from the bites of Eastern serpents; his imagination is quite unfettered, and with true poetic feeling, he makes the poison swifter than the cobra's, yet peaceful and painless. It were better he should not know or tell the agonies and the distortion which, in fact, must have marred the beauty of Egypt's Queen. What is there lacking in accuracy is more than made up in the account of Gloucester's death by strangling. There has been a terrible struggle, and every physical sign is intensified:

"See how the blood is settled in his face.

His face is black and full of blood,  
His eyeballs further out than when he lived,  
His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with  
struggling,  
His hands abroad displayed."

Of the deaths by poisoning, two are minutely described. One takes place off the stage, and is only named to us; two are sudden, the Queen in *Hamlet*, and Romeo. In these last cases, the agent was clearly hydrocyanic acid in some form, a vegetable extract, such as laurel-water, killing almost at once, and painlessly, leaving no time for thought, but only for the certainty of quick-coming death. King John, on the other hand, is poisoned by a corrosive irritant, probably mineral, comparatively slow in its action, of which burning heat is the chief symptom:

"There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
That all my bowels crumble up to dust.  
..... against this fire  
Do I shrink up?  
None of you will bid the winter come,  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burned bosom, nor entreat the  
North  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched  
lips?"

The elder Hamlet, again, dies by vegetable poisoning. There is strong reason for thinking that the true reading of the drug is not the usual "hebenon," but "hebona" or yew juice, for the symptoms are precisely those caused by this, and by no other. Whether, in the then state of anatomy, Shakespeare really believed, contrary to the truth, that such a juice poured into the ear

would so course through the body, is not clear. It is probable that he took the old story, so far as he needed to do so, but having made it responsible for the mode in which the foreign element was introduced into Hamlet's frame, used then his own observation and curious plant-lore for the efforts which the body made to cast it out.

The many cases of death by steel are very closely studied from nature. Those who have carefully examined the dead on a battle-field, or in the streets after an *émeute*, are struck with the fact that while the expression on the faces of those who have died by gunshot wounds is one of agony and distress, the dead by sword have a calmer expression, though their wounds often seem more painful to the eye. A very careful observer, who was through the Indian Mutiny, entirely confirms this. After giving several instances, he says, "A rapid death by steel is almost painless. Sabre edge or point divides the nerves so quickly as to give little pain. A bullet lacerates." This is in entire accordance with Shakespeare's diagnosis. York, in *Henry IV.*, dies "smiling;" so young Talbot in *Henry VI.*, 1, "Poor boy! he smiles." In the great majority of cases, there appears to have been no acute pain; and such distressful sensations as were felt, when there was time to feel anything, were those of cold. Death, therefore, resulted from hæmorrhage, of which an exceeding chilliness, without pain, is always the consequence. Hotspur and Warwick both speak of this chill, "the earthly and cold hand of death," the "cold, congealed blood." The only instances in which acute pain wrung "groans" from the sufferer were those in which death was long delayed, when, as with Clifford, "the air has got into my deadly wounds;" and Montague also groans from the delay. There is a most striking passage in Jeremy Taylor's sermons in which he speaks of wounds to the same effect, but attributes the painlessness of a wound at first, wrongly as it would seem, *only* to the heat and rage of the fighter, who has no time to feel. "I have known a bold trooper fight in the confusion of a battle, and, being warm with heat and rage, received from the swords of his enemy wounds open as

a grave; but he felt them not, and when, by the streams of blood, he found himself marked for pain, he refused to consider then what he was to feel to-morrow; but when his rage had cooled into the temper of a man, and clammy moisture had checked the fiery emission of spirits, he wonders at his own boldness, and blames his fate, and needs a mighty patience to bear his great calamity."

Shakespeare carefully discriminates between the wounds which pierce the heart and are at once fatal, and those which allow a few minutes, or even moments, of life. A stab which causes instant death wrings from the dying person one sharp cry of momentary agony, or sometimes purely spasmodic and mechanical, and then all is silent; and with the cry there is a sharp, convulsive movement of the limbs. So, Polonius utters one loud "O! I am slain!" Aaron imitates the squeal of the dying nurse, "Weke, weke!" Prince Edward, in *Richard III.*, "sprawls," after his first stab. Those who do not die at once, but bleed to death, or are choked in blood, speak a little, know they are dying, but are not in pain, and have no convulsive movements.

We now come to the deaths of old age and by natural causes, and of these there are comparatively few. Comedy puts away from it the idea of death altogether; and great tragedies are, as a rule, concerned with violent ends. Yet here, where there is little seeming variety, Shakespeare's observation has anticipated that of modern skill. Miss Nightingale has pointed out how constantly the mental state of the dying depends on their physical conditions. As a rule, she tells us, in acute cases interest in their own danger is rarely felt. "Indifference, excepting with regard to bodily suffering, or to some duty the dying man desires to perform, is the far more usual state. But patients who die of consumption very frequently die in a state of seraphic joy and peace; the countenance almost expresses rapture. Patients who die of cholera, peritonitis, etc., on the contrary, often die in a state approaching despair. In dysentery, diarrhœa, or fever, the patient often dies in a state of indifference."



Now, in Shakespeare, the majority feel indifference or calm acquiescence; Gaunt "plays nicely" with his name; Henry IV. has no thought of the future, but only some faint interest still in the things of life; Mortimer cares only for his funeral; Bedford is acquiescent, neither hopeful nor fearful, "Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please." There are a few exceptions, and they exemplify with force what Miss Nightingale has laid down. Queen Katherine, dying of long decline, has visions of eternal peace; while Beaufort, whose faculties are about him to the last, has the most vivid and keen remorse for murder, the only crime which the sinner, as a rule, seems unable to forget.

In Shakespeare, again, those who in perfect health know or believe they are to die take the conviction according to their physical temperaments, not accord-

ing to their lives. If there be seeming exceptions, it is because some foreign conditions are introduced, as when Richard is visited with terrible dreams, and something like craven terror as the result of them. But he has been drinking heavily before he goes to rest, and recovers himself in the morning before and in the battle. As an instance of a contrast between two physical temperaments, we may take the terror of the sensitive Claudio, so full of young life and vigor, and the stolid indifference of the brutal Barnadine.

Of course, this whole subject is capable of being worked out in much greater detail, but as in a former paper, it has seemed worth while giving a few hints for study, founded on what has occurred to the present writer while reading Shakespeare through, under somewhat unusual conditions.—*The Spectator*.

#### OUR ORIGIN AS A SPECIES.

BY RICHARD OWEN, C.B., F.R.S.

THERE seems to be a manifest desire in some quarters to anticipate the looked-for and, by some, hoped-for, proofs of our descent—or rather ascent—from the ape.

In the September issue of the *Fortnightly Review* a writer cites, in this relation, "the Neanderthal skull, which possesses large bosses on the forehead, strikingly suggestive of those which give the gorilla its peculiarly fierce appearance;" and, he proceeds: "No other human skull presents so utterly bestial a type as the Neanderthal fragment. If one cuts a female gorilla-skull in the same fashion the resemblance is truly astonishing, and we may say that the only human feature in the skull is its size."\*

In testing the question as between Linnæus and Cuvier of the zoological value of the differences between lowest man and highest ape, a naturalist would not limit his comparison of a portion of the human skull with the corresponding one of a female ape, but would extend it to the young or immature gorilla, and also to the adult male; he would then find the generic and specific characters

summed up, so far, at least, as a portion or "fragment" of the skull might show them. What is posed as the "Neanderthal skull" is the roof of the brain-case, or "calvarium" of the anatomist, including the pent-house overhanging the eye-holes or "orbits." There is no other part of the fragment which can be supposed to be meant by the "large bosses" of the above quotation. And, on this assumption, I have to state that the superorbital ridge in the calvarium in question is but little more prominent than in certain human skulls of both higher and lower races, and of both the existing and cave-dwelling periods. It is a variable cranial character by no means indicative of race, but rather of sex.

Limiting the comparison to that on which the writer quoted bases his conclusions—apparently the superficial extent of the roof-plate—its greater extent as compared with that of a gorilla equalling, probably, in weight the entire frame of the individual from the Neanderthal cave, is strongly significant of the superiority of size of brain in the cave-dweller. The inner surface moreover indicates the more complex charac-

\* Grant Allen, "On Primitive Man," p. 314.

ter of the soft organ on which it was moulded; the precious "gray substance" being multiplied by certain convolutions which are absent in the apes. But there is another surface which the unbiassed zoologist finds it requisite to compare. In the human "calvarium" in question, the mid-line traced backward from the super-orbital ridge runs along a smooth tract. In the gorilla a ridge is raised from along the major part of that tract to increase the surface giving attachment to the biting muscles. Such ridge in this position varies only in height in the female and the male adult ape, as the specimens in the British Museum demonstrate. In the Neanderthal individual, as in the rest of mankind, the corresponding muscles do not extend their origins to the upper surface of the cranium, but stop short at the sides forming the inner wall or boundary of what are called the "temples," defined by Johnson as the "upper part of the sides of the head," whence our "biting muscles" are called "temporal," as the side-bones of the skull to which they are attached are also the "temporal bones." In the superficial comparison to which Mr. Grant Allen has restricted himself, in bearing testimony on a question which perhaps affects our fellow-creatures, in the right sense of the term, more warmly than any other in human and comparative anatomy, the obvious difference just pointed out ought not to have been passed over. It was the more incumbent on one pronouncing on the paramount problem, because the "sagittal ridge in the gorilla," as in the orang, relates to and signifies the dental character which differentiates all *Quadrumana* from all *Bimana* that have ever come under the ken of the biologist. And this ridge much more "strikingly suggests" the fierceness of the powerful brute-ape than the part referred to as "large bosses." Frontal prominences, more truly so termed, are even better developed in peaceful, timid, graminivorous quadrupeds than in the skulls of man or of ape. But before noticing the evidence which the teeth bear on the physical relation of man to brute, I would premise that the comparison must not be limited to a part or "fragment" of the bony frame, but to its totality, as

relating to the modes and faculties of locomotion.

Beginning with the skull—and, indeed, for present aim, limiting myself thereto—I have found that a vertical longitudinal section brings to light in greatest number and of truest value the differential characters between lowest *Homo* and highest *Simia*. Those truly and indifferently interested in the question may not think it unworthy their time—if it has not already been so bestowed—to give attention to the detailed discussions and illustrations of the characters in question in the second and third volumes of the "Transactions of the Zoological Society."\* The concluding Memoir, relating more especially to points of approximation in cranial and dental structure of the highest *Quadrumane* to the lowest *Bimane*, has been separately published.

I selected from the large and instructive series of human skulls of various races in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons that which was the lowest, and might be called most bestial, in its cranial and dental characters. It was from an adult of that human family of which the life characters are briefly but truly and suggestively defined in the narrative of Cook's first voyage in the "Endeavor."†

Not to trespass further on the patience of my readers, I may refer to the "Mémorial on the Gorilla," 4to, 1865. Plate XII. gives a view, natural size, of the vertical and longitudinal section of an Australian skull; Plate XI. gives a similar view of the skull of the gorilla. Reduced copies of these views may be found at p. 572, figs. 395, 396, vol. ii, of my "Anatomy of Vertebrates."

As far as my experience has reached, there is no skull displaying the characters of a *Quadrumanous* species, as that series descends from the gorilla and chimpanzees to the baboon, which exhibits differences, osteal or dental, on

\* "Osteological Contributions to the Natural History of the Orangs (*Pithecius*) and Chimpanzees (*Troglodites niger* and *Trog. Gorilla*)."

† Hawkesworth's 4th ed., vol. iii. 1770, pp. 86, 137, 229. The skull in question is No. 5394 of the "Catalogue of the Osteology" in the above Museum, 4to, vol. ii. p. 823 (1853).

which specific and generic distinctions are founded, so great, so marked, as are to be seen, and have been above illustrated, in the comparison of the highest ape with the lowest man.

The modification of man's upper limbs for the endless variety, nicety, and perfection of their application, in fulfilment of the behests of his correspondingly developed brain—actions summed up in the term "manipulation"—testify as strongly to the same conclusion. The corresponding degree of modification of the human lower limbs, to which he owes his upright attitude, relieving the manual instruments from all share in station and terrestrial locomotion—combine and concur in raising the group so characterized above and beyond the apes, to, at least, ordinal distinction. The dental characters of mankind bear like testimony. The lowest (Melanian), like the highest (Caucasian), variety of the Bimantal order differs from the Quadrumantal one in the order of appearance, and succession to the first set of teeth, of the second or "permanent" set. The foremost incisor and foremost molar are the earliest to appear in that series; the intermediate teeth are acquired sooner than those behind the foremost molar.\*

In the gorilla and chimpanzee the rate or course of progress is reversed; the second true molar, or the one behind the first, makes its appearance before the bicuspid molars rise in front of the first; and the third or last of the molars behind the first comes into place before the canine tooth has risen. This tooth, indeed, which occupies part of the interval between the foremost incisor and foremost molar, is the last of the permanent set of teeth to be fully developed in the *Quadrumanta*; especially in those which, in their order, rank next to the *Bimanta*. To this differential character add the breaks in the dental series necessitated for the reception of the crowns of the huge canines when the gorilla or chimpanzee shuts its mouth.

But the superior value of developmental over adult anatomical characters in such questions as the present is too well known in the actual phase of biology to need comment.

In the article on "Primeval Man," the author states that the cave-men "probably had lower foreheads, with high bosses, like the Neanderthal skull and big canine teeth like the Naulette jaw."\*

The human lower jaw, so defined from a Belgian cave, which I have carefully examined, gives no evidence of a canine tooth of a size indicative of one in the upper jaw, necessitating such vacancy in the lower series of teeth which the apes present. There is no such vacancy nor any evidence of a "big canine tooth" in that cave specimen. And, with respect to cave specimens in general, the zoological characters of the race of men they represent must be founded on the rule, not on an exception, to their cranial features. Those which I obtained from the cavern at Bruniquel, and which are now exhibited in the Museum of Natural History, were disinterred under circumstances more satisfactorily determining their contemporaneity with the extinct quadrupeds those cave-men killed and devoured than in any other spelæan retreat which I have explored. They show neither "lower foreheads" nor "higher bosses" than do the skulls of existing races of mankind.

Present evidence concurs in concluding that the modes of life and grades of thought of the men who have left evidences of their existence at the earliest periods, hitherto discovered and determined, were such as are now observable in "savages," or the human races which are commonly so called.

The industry and pains now devoted to the determination of the physical characters of such races, to their ways of living, their tools and weapons, and to the relations of their dermal, osteal, and dental modifications to those of the mammals which follow next after *Bimanta* in the decensive series of mammalian orders, are exemplary.

The present phase of the quest may be far from the bourne to yield hereafter trustworthy evidence of the origin of man; but, meanwhile, exaggerations and misstatements of acquired grounds ought especially to be avoided.—*Longman's Magazine*.

\* "Odontography," 4to, 1840-44, p. 454, Plates 117, 118, 119.

\* *Fortnightly Review*, September, p. 321.

## SKETCHES FROM THE DUTCH SEASIDE.

THOSE who have cruised along the low, flat, and unpicturesque coast of Holland, may well dread lest sketches taken looking seaward should merely prove the natural components of the very plain picture seen from the outside. The prevalence of this idea very probably accounts for the fact that so few English venture to see whether the first impression presents a converse side. Dutch watering-places seem to have no attractions for foreign visitors, and as a rule are resorted to only by those natives who, from pressure of business or narrowness of means, cannot repair to the freer breezes of Heligoland, or to the gayeties of Trouville and other French bathing towns. Dutch watering-places scarcely as yet have a place in our British pharmacopœia. Even the conscientious guide-books are very guarded in recommending them. An ounce of experience is worth a pound of advice; and we shall give a brief account of how we fared on the Dutch sea coasts, leaving the reader per chance *blâsé* of the usual resorts, to judge for himself whether our fresh fields and pastures new do not contain attractions which compensate for the temptations held out by better known beats.

We need not describe our passage over, and shall ask the reader to join us at the Hague, where we thankfully availed ourselves of the hospitalities of the Hotel Bellevue. We use the word hospitality advisedly, because the kind and excellent people there gave us much that money cannot obtain. They took the greatest interest in our plans, down to the youngest waiter. They got information for us, and gave us advice; took a great deal of trouble for us, and showed us a great deal of real kindness.

Holland is dear—that is, it is dearer than Germany, and most parts of France—but we did not find it ruinous, or so dear as England; and you get certainly more for your money. We were sometime at the hotel, and found *gs.* a day a-head paid for everything; and as it is in the best situation in the Hague, looking on to the Deer Park (the Count's Park, which gives its Dutch name to the Hague—'S Graven

hage), and is airy and pleasant, and very comfortable, we do not think it can be called very expensive. Dutch money in itself makes life seem expensive till you thoroughly understand it, because the cents are double the value of the French cents and the German pfennigs; therefore one has to remember that *one* always means *two*, and three six—that is, that 30 cents mean 6d. The money is therefore a little puzzling at first. When you see 50 marked, it is so natural to think it means 5d., or at least half a mark; whereas it really means half a florin, or 10d.

The Deer Park is a very pretty little park, open to every one, with plenty of trees and water. It is naturally a favorite promenade, and there is often music there.

Most people know what a charm lies in the Hague—in the quiet dignity of its long lines of trees, its picturesque buildings, and its canals. The watery highways give a silence to the traffic, broken by a few carts, wagons, or carriages alongside, jolting on the rough pavement, and by the shrill voices of the people. There is a great absence of bustle, a deliberation in their movements, a well-to-do air, which is essentially characteristic of the Dutch.

There is a great fascination in the way in which the ships and barges glide up close to the windows sometimes. Looking down the canals, there is an ever-changing, ever-moving kaleidoscope of color, which is a perpetual delight. Endless barges come and go, and toil up and down, their rich brown hulls in fine contrast to the reddened sails. These flap idly in the wind, or are partially furled. Sometimes the barges are loaded with vegetables—piles of purple cabbages, pale endives, and splendid carrots, mixed with great gourds and pumpkins obtrusively sunning themselves in the yellow and flickering light, as it shines through the leaves of the trees in fitful gleams.

Along the sides of the canal, their *sabots* clicking sharply against the brick (and most trying) pavement, move the tidy, upright, cleanly people, their dress much modified, though they still wear



a superabundance of petticoats, but with head-dresses still distinctive of the different provinces. In the space of a few minutes you pass a dozen different styles, from the gold or silver casquets, with fine lace or muslin laid over them, kept in place by gold-headed spiral pins, which stick quaintly forward, to the higher head-dress, with its flowing veil of rich and costly lace, which heirloom is often now, alas! surmounted by a hideous modern bonnet with cheap and tawdry artificial flowers, looking singularly out of keeping with all its surroundings.

The Gallery at the Hague has too often been written about to need mention here; but it is disappointing that so many copies and doubtful pictures are allowed to take up space; and except the Young Bull, which gives Paul Potter his renown, and which has a favorable place, the pictures are seen to great disadvantage, being housed in a large building, formerly private property, with windows in no way adapted for setting them off. There are some private collections at the Hague really more interesting than the Gallery, and with far finer "examples" of the old Dutch painters.

But the Dutch seaside was our aim; to go there and to see therefrom as much of Holland as we could was our cherished plan, and a few days saw us established in some pleasant rooms in a little villa on the sands of Scheveningen (pronounced Skeveningen).

Lodgings, in the English sense of the word, are not to be had at Scheveningen. We have rooms. Those rooms are kept, and very well kept, for us. We have boiling water to make our tea or coffee with, our tea-things are washed for us, our boots are brushed, and here all service on the part of the landlady ends.

We very much enjoy the novelty of our position, and the coffee gets better every day. Our foraging expeditions for bread and butter, for fruit and other edibles, are very amusing. German enables one to understand a great deal of Dutch, and by adapting some words we make ourselves understood very easily. The bread all throughout Holland is most excellent, and the butter delicious. We have enlarged experiences on the

subject of dinners, and we try the different restaurants in turn. Scheveningen may be said to consist of the fishing village lying behind the great sand-hills or dunes, and the numberless hotels, built all along upon the top of the dunes themselves. There are very few villas or private houses near the sea, though some are being built further inland.

It may be useful to some people to state the result of our manifold experiences. The Hotel d'Orange is much the most expensive and much the best arranged for residents—the cooking certainly beyond the average of Dutch hotels. The Zeerust, almost a new hotel, is very much less expensive, and the cooking is very nearly as good. We thought all the other hotels very much alike, except the Hotel Garni, where a very unfortunate arrangement obtains. The house is beautifully kept, the rooms are pleasant, and the proprietors are civil, reasonable, and obliging; but the whole commissariat of the hotel is let to a restaurant, and both the quantity and quality of the food are bad, and the cooking very indifferent. At this hotel the almost exploded fashion (in good hotels) of having but one knife and fork with every dish reigns in all its disagreeableness. We found our experiment of dining there did not answer; and though the situation of the Zeerust is less desirable, we soon dropped into the habit of always going there.

But if the great wish of the people at Scheveningen is ever to be realized, and the highest class of English people are to go there in numbers, the hotel-keepers have much to learn in matters of refinement. If English people pay all they are expected to pay on their side, they must get what they pay for. All this will one day come, for Scheveningen is a very queen of watering-places. It unites in itself, and in the facility with which from it you can see without long journeys the most interesting part of Holland, the charm of the most complete solitude, and the enjoyment of the most vivid pictures of the past. Nowhere in the world can you so completely live your own life, and, if you choose, ignore your fellow-creatures, because of the immense stretch of its sands, and the great space, which prevents the

possibility of being jostled against your will by other people.

On the other hand, if you are tired of your own society, you can join the people who congregate along the promenade and be sociable. If the monotony of the sea becomes at all wearisome, you are within reach, and very easy reach, of all that is most interesting in the most wonderful country in the world. The sea is full of phosphorescence at Scheveningen. Sometimes on dark nights the crest of each curling wave on the great mass of water shone like liquid fire, and the effect was weird and beautiful.

The gently sloping beach makes it a paradise for children, and the fine sands are beautifully white and clean. On windy days we find (as do other people) that we get more sand than we bargained for; it flies all over us. But where could be got such air? so fine and elastic, with a softness in it which makes it delicious. It is said not to be bracing, but it is very healthy, and must be delightful to people who do not like *sharp* winds.

The sea view is superb. On every side there is a boundless sweep of water, which takes on numberless hues as the clouds move swiftly between it and the sun. On a gray day, on a bright day, even on a rainy day, Scheveningen has a great charm for us. There is solemnity in the sameness of color, a splendor in the sunshine, and a look of greatness in the desolate aspect the prospect wears when the skies are weeping and the wind lashes the sea into a white and whirling foam.

And Holland is a rainy country; and though this summer is a particularly dull and rainy one, and perhaps we have more rain here than is usual, even the Dutch, who are slow to see faults in a country so dear to them, talk of its climate as "damp." Every day we feel thankful for the foresight which armed us with waterproof cloaks, which were so light as to be no trouble to carry, and to turn a sharp shower of rain, which would probably have drenched us. They cover us from head to foot, and are the envy of every one. But it is not only the rain, but the sudden way it comes upon you, which makes constant anticipation necessary. There may be a prom-

ising sky and a light wind; you are justified in expecting fine weather. From some unexpected quarter the clouds mass together, the wind dies away, and you are under a steady, heavy, pattering rain.

All the usual seaside appliances of civilization reign at Scheveningen. The temperature of the water and of the air, the pressure of the wind, every variation, is carefully registered. There is a huge disk to show people how long they have been in the water; bathing-machines with the sunshades (so utterly unnecessary this year); and bathing-women, who add so much to the terrors of the little children who find themselves handed over to the tender mercies of females with voices like men, and plunged into the sea before their fears and astonishment have found vent in tears.

Fourteenpence is the price of a bathing-machine and attendant; and a child counts for nothing. The wind is sometimes very high, but we never feel it sharp; and a good walk in the face of a breeze is very pleasant, when that breeze has the taste and smell, the freshness, of the sea in its breath. We enjoy a good battle with it; there is something pleasant in the sense of not being daunted, and a glow of satisfaction and exhilaration afterward, which puts one on good terms with one's self.

There are, of course, bee-hive chairs. Sometimes a carefully attended lady is deposited in one, and her feet quickly immersed in hot water; but the chairs are usually occupied by the elder members of a family, who watch with delight the gambols of the children. You pay a fixed sum up till twelve, and then about a penny an hour; but if you get up for a second you forfeit your chair, and nothing amused us more than the anxious and greedy look of the proprietors, who hovered round to take instant advantage of an unguarded move.

There are no English just now, and only a few Americans; no smart dress or attempt at "fashionable" life. The people here are here to bathe and to bathe their children, or to be near their married daughters and sons. They sit long hours on the beach revelling in the freedom of the life and in the ripple of the sea. It cannot be all imagination

that something in the place fills one with contentment and good-humor. Every one seems to be prepared to enjoy and not to cavil; faces have smiles and a pleasant expression, and we sit on the beach and make friends, especially with the Dutch babies and delightful Dutch children, who are confiding, and not shy—frank, fair, and round-limbed—and who are invariably so gentle and wisely managed, that they are obedient and docile, and, even at that early age, have the look of repose and quiet happiness which strikes one in their elders.

Holland is not cheap; and yet, after a little bargaining, we buy a good large melon for rod. from one of the men who move about with enormous baskets of fruit and cakes in either hand; and with a hunch of good bread, we enjoy like other people a lunch *al fresco*—lunch which a light breakfast of rolls and coffee before eight and this bright air make us quite ready for at eleven o'clock.

The Dutch language, spoken rapidly all around us, and before we have made it out, sounds like a mixture of German and English; and further acquaintance with it proves it to be the case. Sometimes, however, a sentence sounds very amusing: "*Crabe op de Beestie*" is one of the military orders given to dismounted men; and though the officers say "*Steig op*," the order "mount" is given in those words. Dutch grammar is not nearly so difficult as German grammar, and a Dutch newspaper is not at all troublesome to read to any one who knows German, so many words are like either that language or English to look at.

There is one amusement provided at Scheveningen, and only one—a band plays every night for two hours. Nothing is paid, but every one sits—as they do all over the Continent—at little tables, and drinks tea or coffee, or beer, or other beverages, for the good of the proprietor and for their own delectation. Coffee, for some unexplained reason, is never good in Holland—tea always is. We got excellent coffee—making it ourselves; and we achieved boiling water; but the system of tea-making presupposes that, once tea is made, no more boiling water will be re-

quired. A thing like a coal-scuttle encloses a smaller pan of live charcoal, and on this the kettle reposes. Now in a few minutes the charcoal begins to glow less and less, and in a few more is nearly out. We promised ourselves that on our next visit to Holland we would take along with the waterproofs we had learned to value, a small pair of bellows, which we think would effectually help us.

It is a novel but very pleasant sight, to see all the little family parties making their tea, and nodding approbation as the band played something which appealed to their sympathies more particularly. Along the broad bricked road below, the numberless carriages from the Hague drive up and down enjoying the sea air and the music—a habit which has a good deal of danger for those who prefer walking there—and it is the only level ground—as no coachmen in the world have less idea of what driving means than the Dutch coachmen. They drive through streets and along roads with one fixed idea, which is that every one is bound to get out of their way, and that they have nothing to do but to sit still. At Scheveningen the coachmen never even look before them—they sit slouching, with a rein in each hand, lying loose upon the horse's back, and are either gazing at the sea in a meditative mood, or are staring at the band. A sudden cry from an opposition carriage causes a halt, a good deal of scuffling takes place, and the danger over, they resume their broken dream, generally one leg crossed over the other. We could hardly believe that, as there was plenty of room (there is no footpath), they intended driving over us; but they never moved an inch out of their way, and we had to scramble on to the stone dike while they "pursued the even tenor of their way." In the narrowest streets, wherever you happen to meet a carriage or to be overtaken by one, their habit is to drive straight on and expect every one to make way for them. Luckily the pace is slow, and the horses fat and quiet, for it is sometimes difficult to reach a friendly doorstep; and in narrow streets, with no protecting pavement, it is a matter of some anxiety to secure a retreat.

There are a few shops in what is

called the *Galérie des Glaces*, above which flourishes a hotel and more restaurants. One of these shops is a curiosity-shop, and with a good deal that is evidently made up for sale. There are some very quaint things to be had and to be seen; Delft cows, with the quantities of wreaths of flowers which make them look like sacrificial oxen, but which is a reproduction of what is still done every Easter when the favorite cows are decked with flowers all over the land; old silver cups, two of which have one of those jests more in favor in the rude old times than now, as, when the wine poured in is drunk, up springs a baby in the centre.

One evening during our stay the sunset was something lovely and wonderful, even where very beautiful sunsets are the rule. Joseph Israëls was at Scheveningen, and declared that it exceeded everything he had ever seen there or elsewhere. To us the scene was strange and enchanting. It was Sunday evening; the terrace or promenade near the band was densely thronged by an ever-moving crowd, the greater part of whom were the fishermen, their wives and children, and the country folks. The whole sky was in vivid flame-color, tingling the wide mass of water, flecked here and there with ever-varying tints of pearly gray. The strong glare of light touched the gold and silver head-dresses of the people, and gave the crowd a most brilliant aspect. Nothing can surely equal the prettiness of their quaint Dutch holiday-dress, with the spotless white aprons, sometimes a kerchief, the curious fulness of the petticoats, and the fair and pretty faces set off by the close rich head-dress. The weights these women carry are something beyond belief. I saw a young woman shoulder a box and march off with it as though it were empty and not full; and the Dutch housemaid, a girl of seventeen, lifts up and empties a large travelling-bath full of water with perfect ease, and as often as not brings it into the room full instead of filling it where it stands.

The Dutch, mostly Calvinists, observe Sunday more strictly than any country after our own—though they enjoy music and make a very innocent holiday of the evening, sauntering about

often arm in arm; and when two girls, dressed, as they always are, in the immensely full and stiffened petticoats, walk close together, it naturally follows that these same petticoats stick out very oddly upon the opposite sides. They are most regular in their attendance in church, both morning and afternoon; and no prettier sight exists than that afforded on Sunday at Scheveningen, especially on a christening Sunday, when the handsome young mothers, surrounded with sympathetic friends, march to church carrying the infants. Nothing strikes us more than the care taken of young children in Holland, and the extreme cleanliness and tidiness of even the poorest children; and on the occasion of a christening, the robes are beautiful, so well and richly embroidered, and so exquisitely "got up." But going through the streets, you see but little of the robes or the babies, because the mother wears a christening cloth—a long square of finely embroidered muslin trimmed with lace, which is pinned to her shoulders and falls to her feet, and under which the baby in her arms is completely concealed. These cloths are, like most of the head-dresses, heirlooms—and are often rare and costly.

The Dutch women strike us as being very handsome; even the older women, who are weather-beaten, and have early lost their bloom and their youth, have fine features, and the reserved and intellectual expression peculiar to them. They toil unceasingly, but with a method and a definite aim free from hopelessness; and it is quite delightful to see so little poverty. Only once have we been directly asked for help. An old fisherman told us his history; his wife had died seventeen years before, and his sons were all dead but one (two having been drowned), and he pathetically showed us his empty tobacco-pouch, which his son would fill when he returned, and which in the mean time we gladly filled for him. The Dutch are said to love money; but a thrifty, hard-working people naturally have a tinge of the vice belonging to the corresponding virtue. They often do us a service without waiting to be paid for it, and we do not find that any one exacts more than is just. We find them par-



ticular and very methodical. We get all we stipulate for ; and on their side they are perfectly contented with the original arrangement, whatever it may be. But it is better to have a distinct understanding as to what is expected and what is to pay, as, if anything has been left vague and undefined, it is very difficult to come to a definite understanding afterward. We find the people, as the days go on, civil, willing, and obliging, and learn to respect their self-restraint and self-reliance. At all seaside places we have always had a compassionate feeling for mankind. When he has plunged into the sea in the early morning, has shown himself in the light of a good father, and taken his progeny for walks, and conceived it his duty to show them the sea-anemones and shell-fish, perhaps even the different sea-weeds, he finds his time hangs rather heavily upon his hands. He is bereft of his club, his occupations and his amusements ; he probably does not know a soul to talk to ; he ends by seeing all the discomforts of his position, and is not recompensed as fully as he might be by the cheerful sight of the brown faces of his offspring. Abroad, his sufferings are more severe. He goes to a French watering-place with the intention of killing the proverbial birds and giving his children sea air, and that foreign residence which more readily than anything else unlocks the English tongue of childhood. He hates the food, which is to him mysterious, and he detests his bed. He is surprised to see Tompkins, his nearest neighbor, and Tompkins is surprised to see him. The children are strictly enjoined not to associate "because of French." He makes it an act of virtue also to avoid Tompkins, which act lasts twenty-four hours. Mutual discomfort draws them together ; the children soon break the rule, and the English tongue feigns once more upon a "foreign strand."

Still something has been gained, if France is in question. The very fact of having bargained and bought things in French gives the children the confidence necessary to break the ice. But nothing can be more absurd or more futile than the idea possessed by some people, that in Belgium, as French is the language of society, it must also be the dialect of

the Flemish fishermen. And yet only because of this can it be that Ostend, Blankenberg, and other places are so largely patronized by English people, while Scheveningen is left out in the cold. Dutch—rich as it is, interesting as it is—is not a passport anywhere ; it is of no outside value. But if the mistaken idea about Belgium be laid aside, and a complete change of sensations and the most delightful sea-bathing, be sought for only, Scheveningen would be, and will be, one of the most desirable places within a few hours of London.

It takes us some time to realize how short a distance lies between us and places we have longed to see. To stand on the great Polder (drained lake) near Haarlem ; to try and realize the facts connected with that immense enterprise, and that, where those rich lands now give their mass of luxuriant crops, ships once sailed and were often tempest tossed as though on the ocean ; to see the traces of the great siege ; to touch with reverence the flag held by Kenau Hasselaar as she led her three hundred Amazons ; to see Franz Hals's masterpieces—in short, to see Haarlem, was our cherished wish, and here we were within one short hour of it !

There are three ways of spanning the two miles between Scheveningen and the Hague : a steam-tramway, with its first and second class ; a gondola, which bears you romantically through the windings of a canal, taking an hour and a half to do what you can accomplish the other way in twenty minutes ; and an unfashionable horse-tram, which we prefer often, because the way lies under an avenue of trees, and is very pretty, and also because in its more homely manners it conveys many a *bourgeoise*, who with a little encouragement tells us much that is interesting. The horse-tramway deposits us in the centre of the Hague, and we change trains, and are taken on to the Hollandsche Spoorweg (railway). Every one shows us very great kindness, and an anxiety lest we should go wrong—the driver of our first train getting down to tell the other he was to show us the ticket-office (which he did) on our arrival.

The train, though a "quick" train, goes very slowly through the flat and

open country. The wide canals are studded with water-lilies, both white and yellow, and are fringed with sedges. Windmills follow each other in very constant succession. Here and there is a wood and a country-house, and the rich fields contain quantities of the black and white cows which prevail in Holland. There is a good deal of wood, and one place, where a small station invites the train to stop, is called by a Dutch name signifying, "The place of the singing of birds." The environs of Haarlem are very pretty; the look of luxuriance which the crops have on these "drained lakes" always points them out. Here the lake was eleven leagues in circumference, and took twelve years to drain—about one thousand million tons of water having to be pumped out of it; but the million of money this grand scheme cost was very soon repaid by the cultivation.

The centre of interest for us, of course, lies in the Great Church and the Town Hall. We timed our visit so as to hear the magnificent organ, and the richness of its tone is unsurpassed; but the church, in itself a grand building, is cruelly despoiled and bare. This is partly because at the time of the great siege some of its statues and ornaments were used to assist the people to defend themselves, and partly because the extreme Calvinism of the Protestants led them to strip the churches of all that reminded them of the Roman Catholic religion. The place is disfigured beyond belief; the huge pillars are whitewashed; black and white cover everything that can be painted; the centre aisle is choked with hideous pews and seats, and the people assembled to hear the organ neither take off their hats nor show the smallest reverence—at intervals talking, laughing, and nodding to their acquaintances. The same absence of reverence prevails externally (but, as far as this goes, we have often felt this keenly as regards some of our most beautiful cathedrals at home): the grand old walls are used as backgrounds to shabby little shops and sheds (even a small stable clinging to it), all of which surroundings go far to neutralize the effects of the grandeur of the building.

With a feeling of disappointment we went to the old Stadt Huis (Town Hall), and here all exceeded our expectations. It is a most wonderful old building, and in perfect preservation. As we trod the boards of the Council Chamber, it was easy to imagine the commotion there in 1572, when in December the siege began, and the Burgomeister, getting anxious and cowardly, fled, leaving the people to prove their heroism for seven long months. The most prominent figure of the defence, Kenau, was a widow, and she got those three hundred women together who did such good service under her leadership.

The old house has a great many relics of that grand if ineffectual struggle—stone balls, some of the pikes and guns used, and the torn flags, with much besides. Certainly never was it our good fortune to see more really interesting things. They are all kept in an old room, which goes by the name of the Spanish room. A picture of Kenau is there—a plain determined-looking woman, with an upright figure and a composed and self-reliant air.

The pictures by Franz Hals must be seen, because, unless they are seen, we shall be accused of exaggeration. Every one in the least interested in art in Holland speaks of these pictures; outside comparatively few people know them. To us he is far beyond any painter, as a portrait-painter, we have ever seen, and none of the pictures bearing his name in galleries, except in Amsterdam, are equal to these. The first impression was, that we had never seen real portrait-painting before. His people *live* in the most extraordinary way; their eyes look through you, and seem to read your very thoughts. A German gentleman complained of their being very much alike; but I cannot say we, any of us, thought so. There is an individuality, a subtle expression of its own, in each powerful face. You feel that the painter had that insight into character without which portrait-painting stops short of being at all interesting.

Studying those marvellous pictures was a sort of revelation. There are but two portraits I have seen lately that in my mind have something of the same

indefinable power. Millais's portrait of Gladstone, and Bisschop's of Motley the historian, which latter hangs in the Japanese room in the Palace near the Hague. The coloring in Hals's pictures is splendid, and they are all painted with a freedom and ease which give the idea that he knew his power, and revelled in it. He lived before Rembrandt. His pictures are so absolutely real, that they would repay a long and wearisome journey, and Haarlem is twelve hours from London.

Once we had left the market-place and the surrounding old buildings, it was much more difficult to realize the story of the siege; there is such an air of repose and tranquility about the place. Was it really here that the Spaniards, when by treachery they had got into the town, kept five executioners and their assistants at work for days? All looks so fair and calm; flowers bloom as they should do at Haarlem. The quiet waters flow on, all is bright and peaceful, but we think that the past struggle has left its impress on the faces of the inhabitants as on their bearing and character. They have more the reflective expression of a people with a past history to be proud of, than the eager and expectant look of a new people with a future and no past. Every visit to Haarlem increased our admiration for it.

Some of the names of the streets sound so familiar, that the difference, in fact, was almost startling. Park Laan is, however, a pretty mixture of water, greensward, and flower-beds, stretching before a single row of houses; one dog-carriage, two women, and ourselves represented the traffic one day when we rested a few moments there—rather a contrast to the Park Lane we know so well.

It is perhaps hardly fair, when dwelling with so much pleasure on the many delights of Holland, to pass over in silence those things which were by no means a delight. The pavements are detestable in all the towns, consisting of hard bricks set up on end. They punish the feet most terribly, and make walking a penance. One other thing truth forces us to confess. As in all Continental places, and even worse than in many, at the least expected moments

odors anything but savory assail you—only at Scheveningen we were entirely free from this trial, where there are no fields to cultivate, and nothing as yet to task the energies of "grainage commissioners." No! there nothing comes to spoil the perfect air. The sands are thickly planted with bent-grass, which represents at present all its vegetation, and no manuring is required.

Within a very pretty walk of the Hague is the Palace, where the late Queen Sophia passed much of her time, and where, in old days, Mary of Orange lived. It is a pretty and cheerful place. The ball-room is painted throughout by Rubens and his pupils. All the paintings are scenes commemorating the triumphs of Frederick William; and at the very top of the dome by which this *salon* is surmounted, and set into the ceiling, is a portrait of his wife, who is supposed to be looking down approvingly upon the pictures.

Not very far from the Palace we were shown over what we particularly wished to see—a model Dutch farm. Anything so pretty and so exquisitely neat we never saw; red and blue, here and there white and yellow, were the prevailing colors. On entering we were directly in the kitchen. One large corner was raised and made a platform; on this platform the family had their meals and spent their leisure hours, which, judging from the activity we saw, must be few and far between—for it was a farm where all the sons and daughters worked, and few hired hands were employed. The stove was a perfect picture—bright as steel; and the china *plaques* facing it (blue and white) looked so tempting and pretty. All the pails, etc., were painted blue, and the iron hoops were polished till they looked like silver. The dairy was beautifully kept, but so totally different from our ideas of a dairy! The farm is famous for the skim-milk cheeses—not those round red cheeses we call Dutch cheese, or the Gouda cheeses, which are considered in Holland as inferior to others, but large, rather flat cheeses. The milk-pans are extremely deep, and narrow at the base, and the milk stands one day and night. It is then skimmed, the cream makes butter, and the whole of the milking of the day before

makes one cheese. They make about 250 cheeses in the year, all of which go direct to England. The pans are all set on the ground, which, like all the rest of the building, is tiled and painted red.

The cow-byres were also all painted red, walls and floors, except the stone coping which divided the mangers from the cows, and this was painted in red, blue, and white stripes. There was no division between the cows, who are fastened by a clumsy-looking but simple contrivance when they inhabit this beautiful home. Just now they are out all day and night, and are milked in the fields. One thing all through Holland gives a well-finished and pleasant look to all country life, and was particularly noticeable in the out-buildings of this farm—the woodwork, it is so beautifully finished. The railings of the outdoor staircase to the hayloft might adorn many a gentleman's house in England; the bars are round and polished; the commonest ladders are not rough; the gates are ornamental and almost always painted; and the palings are beautifully neat. The good *wrouw* was pleased by our keen appreciation, and led the way to a very small sitting-room (which is never used), to show us a glass book-case. Each shelf was full of silver ornaments which had been presented to her and her husband the year before on their silver wedding-day. All round the place the greatest tidiness prevailed. The cows are almost all black and white; you so seldom see any other color; when you do, it is generally dun color. They are sometimes a great size, but the most prevailing kind are not very large. Here the cows were very fine; we counted twenty in one field near the farm, and there may have been more. I wanted to know how many they kept, and was told the number varied; when they had a good cow they kept her, when they saw a good cow they bought her, and when they had a bad cow they sold her.

There is, of course, a certain air of resemblance in the Dutch towns—the canals and trees prevailing everywhere. The bricks in common use, and the style of the picturesque buildings, give a likeness; but it is not given to every town to have ancient buildings in such

excellent preservation as at Haarlem or Delft; and of the many towns we saw, Delft will always live in our memory as second to Haarlem in its old-world look, and as first in point of beauty. It is a small town; but at every turn we took it presented a new picture. The pointed towers of the old gateway and some of the other buildings are like some of the towers at Lübeck.

We went to Delft on one of those lovely days of capricious sunshine which I always think more enchanting than a cloudless sky. It takes a very short twenty minutes from the Hague, and we arrived feeling a little strange, knowing not one soul in the place. Walking up the side of a canal which led straight away from the station, we saw the name of a Swiss watchmaker, and the happy thought occurred to us to ask him concerning the porcelain manufactory, about which, even so near as the Hague, we could learn nothing. No more successful idea could have come to us; he was the most sympathetic, the most friendly of men. His French was very Swiss and very rusty, but his overflowing good will gave him eloquence. After explaining the turns we were to take, and those we were to avoid, he came to the conclusion that we were quite incapable of finding the place—so he called his servant, a pleasant, clean-looking girl, and sent her with us to show us the way.

It certainly would have been very difficult to recognize the place—because it is level with the street, and nothing about the entrance marks it from any other house. A very small and modest *plaque* alone gives the proprietor's name, and the words *porzelen fabrik* have to be looked for. The mission of his servant did not end here; she interviewed the foreman, explained what we wanted, and only left us when quite certain all was thoroughly arranged.

As we could see nothing during the men's dinner-hour, we bade her good-by and walked about quite charmed by the still beauty of everything. Every one was having his mid-day meal; the horses stood with the one loosened trace to prevent their running off—a precaution which looks so unnecessary when you see the absolute contentment with which they stand stockstill, apparently



too sleepy to do more than idly reach a mouthful of hay or grass, and whisk a tail the worst for wear in remonstrance when a peculiarly aggressive fly annoys them. The barges went slowly on. We found it was time to go back to the *fabrik*, and sauntered down the street, pausing at the bridges to take note of the different long vistas made by the lopped trees. At the *fabrik* we were received by the son of the proprietor, a very pleasant and well-bred man, speaking the most excellent English, and he showed us over every corner of it.

The first intelligence he gave us was rather a shock to our feelings. The clay all comes from England, and is the same as that used by Minton. This is why Delft is very dear—dearer than the Dresden china at Meissen. It is also very much less durable, but I do not think the two can be compared. The modern Meissen china is excellent for wear and tear, and is as nearly unbreakable as china can be; but though modern Delft is not prized, there is a particular attraction in it to all of us—the creamy tone and the extreme softness of the color make it quite unlike any other china. The building in which the whole manufacture is carried on is the same as that used in old days. For many years nothing was done, and the whole place was shut up. Five years ago, the enterprize of the present manufacturer started it fresh on the old premises. The intelligent gentleman who showed us everything is ambitious, and hopes at no distant day to add to what is done at present the revival of the old coarse gray pottery, of such value in the eyes of connoisseurs, as works of art and for ornament. Every one acquainted with Delft knows that it is the most fragile china in the world, whether as regards its finer kind or the earthenware. Indeed, on this account so little of the real old Delft is left to tell its story, that it is, when genuine, priceless from its extreme rarity.

All china manufactories are alike. Here the extraordinary tumble-down buildings were more interesting to us, from the associations they carried, than the bravest new buildings could have been. The oldest man who was working there, had begun his work in the old factory sixty years ago, and had

been of great use to the new enterprise. One difference lies in the blue china-painting here and at Meissen. There the *zwiebel* (onion pattern) is printed, and then touched by hand; here all is hand-painted, and there is no printing. Another thing here struck us which we do not remember to have seen at Meissen—an arrangement of magnets to attract the iron in the clay as it passes them in its liquid state. There is a small but very choice collection of china kept in the showroom—china from real old Delft to Worcester, Dresden, etc.; and a good many of the antique shapes are most admirably reproduced both in form and color; and putting them side by side, it was difficult to tell which was which. It was altogether a very interesting and enjoyable visit, which we were delighted to have accomplished. No china is sold at the factory itself; but there is a depot of it in the town, where anything can be ordered or purchased.

We wanted to see the "New" Church, which was built in 1331, with the monument to the memory of our William the First, Prince of Orange; and, in searching for an open door, had another of the many proofs we received of the extreme kindness of the Dutch to strangers. A lady who had noticed us going round and finding every door shut, ran all round by one of the bridges, and arrived breathless to tell us where the sacristan lived. "I saw you were strangers," she said, with a pretty smile, "and came to assist you." Before we could thank her in adequate terms, she had gone. The monument is splendid; it is in black and white marble; and the little dog that saved his life is lying at the feet of the Prince. The figures at the corners are very spirited and well modelled. It is here that all the royal family are interred; "thirty-six kings and queens," the sacristan said proudly, "lie underneath."

Except this monument, there is nothing to admire in the church. The proportions of these old churches are always fine, but the universal black and white color gives a cold and formal look. The old church has a very leaning tower, but is said to have been in the same state for many generations; it

is caused by a sinking in the foundations. It is always difficult to remember how much of this extraordinary country has been reclaimed from the sea, and what a hand-to-hand fight it has been. Beside the craving appetite of the sea (and it must be remembered that great part of Holland is below the sea-level), it has the Rhine, the Scheldt, the Meuse, the Ysel, the Waal, and the Leck to take precautions against. It is much too large a subject to touch upon in a sketch like the present; but to appreciate the nature of the engineering works required, to understand how the laws have to be made to meet the emergencies always possible, and to be able to do proper honor to the indomitable energy of the Dutch people, there are many available books; and a concise and very clear account by Lord Thurlow should be studied. The water-staat is a most important branch of the government. Only one part of the laws affect travellers, and that is, one which summons, *if need be*, every man, woman, or child residing in the country, "to assist in repelling an invasion of the sea," and in repairing the weak spot of any dike in the neighborhood. We can safely say that had such an emergency arisen, we all would have done our very best!

Katwyk am See is at present a small sea-bathing place in its extreme infancy, and not worth a visit. The fishing village, unlike fair Scheveningen, is dingy and dirty. There are a few small and very second-rate hotels, and a limited beach unpleasantly near the village, the odors of which are most unsavory. People sometimes talked of a future for Katwyk, but it wants space, as the whole extent is too much hemmed in.

No: the place for which probably a great future looms is Zandvoort, or Zandpoort as it is often spelled. It is the natural outlet for the residents of Haarlem and Amsterdam (which is only twenty minutes from Haarlem). Here is much that reminds one of Scheveningen—the immense stretch of sandy dunes, the shelving beach, and the grand sweep of the rippling sea. But at present it lacks much that its fairer neighbor has; and though the neighborhood of Haarlem is well wooded and beautiful, the woods and shade do not

extend above half-way to Zandvoort, and the delight of shady walks, and the song of birds, accessible in a few moments from the Scheveningen beach, is beyond a walk for most people at Zandvoort. There are some huge hotels; and life is as dear, if not dearer than with its more fashionable neighbor. We should think it will be a long time before it can in any way be considered its rival. What makes Scheveningen so delightful a residence is, that you have within a few moments everything the heart of man can wish for. Society, antiquities, art-treasures, and a thousand subjects of interest, beside natural beauty. "Society" requires one or two introductions. The Dutch, like the Belgians and ourselves, do not rush into acquaintance; but if society is wished for, one or two introductions will bring many more. We shall always remember the daily gatherings at one lovely spot, where we were made welcome, and where, in the gardens, near courts devoted to lawn-tennis, begonias on a gigantic scale filled the beds, set off by the thick woods behind them.

No doubt the Dutch may have many faults; but looking at them, no one can deny that some of the finest types of humanity are to be seen among them. Watching their faces you can see and better understand the natures which braved so much. From this small spot on the earth's surface, how many naval heroes have sprung! and what a history of endurance, of patient struggling against adverse circumstances! Inch by inch they fought and still fight with the sea for the land they live in. The Spanish invasion—the endless points in their history—have surely something to do with the steadfast resolute look in their eyes. The poorer classes have one misfortune—they have painfully shrill, harsh voices. Luckily they are not often raised in anger. They look to us, as they move to and fro, busied about their own concerns, in their peculiarly quiet manner, types of the strength which lies in patience. Fortitude and patience have gained them a glorious name in the past; and it doubtless will continue to do so; and if a time should ever come when the future calls forth the same great qualities, once more the world will look on, marvel, and admire.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

## RESEMBLANCES IN LITERATURE.

FITZOSBORNE has somewhere said that modern Latin poems put him in mind of Harlequin's snuff, collected by borrowing a pinch from each man he met, and retailed to his customers under the pompous title of "Tabac de milles fleurs." In recurring to classical authors, gentlemen of Fitzosborne's day had the precedent of Tacitus, full of reminiscences of Horace's Odes, or in their own country and in verse of George Herbert, whose "Pro Supplici Evangelicorum Ministrorum in Angliâ" regularly winds up with a Horatian phrase. But in each of these precedents there was something that should have warned modern snuff-makers they were not to be haphazard followed. Tacitus has snipped his pinches, but without detriment to the thought he was already working out, so that they have dropped into his composition and become part of it. And for Herbert, though something akin might readily be urged, his poached particles were probably intended rather to show that he had been visitant in the high regions whence they came, than to throw ridicule and satire on even the author of the "Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria." Still, in these cases, as the granicules of now milder, now more pungent snuff passed from the hands of men not ashamed to lend into and through Harlequin's, and took their place in Harlequin's box, moulded into the *tabac*, just as his plastic wit adjudged, so with Tacitus, and in a fair sense with Herbert; what they have taken has become their own, been gathered of their own diligence, sifted and arranged by their own intellectual powers, and presented in a form indistinguishably and essentially one. But has it been always so? The proportion of borrowed matter leads one to fear not—to fear that thought and imagery, asported not appropriated, seized but unassimilated, have been used where the author's concern with them has been nothing more than that they are included in a compilation, whose subscription attests at once the rifier and his want of skill. And why? Merely because to the copier there must always have appeared, and must always appear, some-

thing attractive in what he reproduces; while there can seldom have been, and can seldom be, the fitness arising out of association with his immediate subject and context, or out of exact harmony with the scope of thought individually his, which alone can justify the reproduction. Wherever beauty or power is seen, let the world by all means be gladdened by its perpetuation or increase—and through the agency of him whose merit it is to have perceived the beauty or the power; but will the world be gladdened, will a right be wisely exercised, unless there is observed conformity to a principle pervading true imitation in, not literature alone, but all the arts?

There is difficulty in the precise formularizing of the principle, but its nature is readily understood; the thing itself is not at all remote. It is seen crystallizing whatever is of genius in the sculptured Hercules of the ancients; in the painted Menippus of Velasquez; in the fugues of Bach; the "Barbier de Seville" of Beaumarchais; or in the garden whose cultivated luxuriant richness mocks the tutored bush and geometrical parterre, or the *human* pantomime, or such a parody as Mr. Calverley's "Arcades Ambo," or such a character as David Copperfield, or such maxims as Rochefoucauld's, or such descriptive pieces as are many of Sir Walter Scott's. The thing presented may be specific—instinct, electric with the peculiar and the individual; for cognizance by man it *must* have form; but the production is not worthy if, consciously or unconsciously—the unconsciousness is often nothing less than the rapidity of genius—the artist's mind has not discerned and proceeded on *apt generalisation*. There is indeed, we know, a something which passes as imitation, and has its merit and mechanical skill; but its unvarnished name is copying. And it is to this that Aristotle refers when in his "Rhetoric" he says: "Everything is pleasant which has been correctly imitated, although the original object of which it is the imitation may not in itself be pleasant, for one does not feel pleasure on that ac-

count, but there is an inference that 'this means that,' and thus it happens we learn something."

If, then, there is a universal principle that imitation in all the arts is only properly carried out after generalization—the particular form which the imitator seeks as his exponent being determined by the thing on which he is engaged—there is importance, no doubt, in attention to it in its application to literature. The importance lies in this: that since in the original the idea will be found embedded in all its peculiarities, if the writer is unable to perform the generalization, and fix the expression proper to the place in which he uses the idea, his different context will give the peculiarities of the writer he copies, no longer modified by their proper context, an exaggeration, with this result—that instead of idealization, the issue of highest genius, there will be unintended caricature, the hardly yielding evidence of inability or carelessness. Should we, in what follows, not recurrently apply the rule now stated, it will be merely because we are of no doubt that the wit of the reader will unerringly apply it, and thus give its true connection to what may seem somewhat out of joint.

Rapin says of Terence, who himself is modest—

"Qui bene vertendo, et eas describendo male  
Ex Græcis bonis, Latinas fecit non bonas,"—

that he wrote in a manner "et si naturelle, et si judicieuse, que de copie il est devenu origine." This is exactly the reverse of what Boileau has affirmed concerning writers who revolve for ever about themselves—"D'un original on fait une copie." But the *ratio* of the dicta is one. And it is in closest harmony, as well with the enunciated proposition as with the rule of Condillac, that the art of writing well consists in tolerating nothing which is not in association with what precedes. Take an example. Cowley, in what he conceived and misconceived to be his masterpiece, is laboring to impress upon us the bottomlessness of the bottomless abyss. It is, he says:

"Beneath the dens where unfleht tempests  
lie,  
And infant winds their tender voices try."

Now what does Young, so many of

whose "Night Thoughts" had been by others already brought to the light of day, make of this? Why, careless of sublimity, he bids us "elance our thought"

"Above the caves  
Where infant tempests wait their growing  
wings,  
And tune their tender voices to that roar."

It had served equally well if, bidding one examine a star, he had desired him to look above the ditch. The example, however, is not yet to be lost. There was nothing very meritorious in Cowley's performance, however it may compare with Young's; and this Dryden perceived. In his "Macflecknoe" he accordingly throws it into ridicule:

"A nursery erects its head,  
Where queens are formed, and future heroes  
bred;  
Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry,  
Where infant punks their tender voices try,  
And little Maximins the gods defy."

Mrs. Barbauld, mistaking the parody for serious poetry, big with thought and prediction, transferred it to her Rhymes addressed to some Grammar School:

"Its modest front it rears,  
A nursery of men for future years;  
Here infants bards and embryo statesmen lie,  
And unfledged poets short excursions try,"

unless, indeed, she was in part inspired by Shenstone's "Schoolmistress":

"Nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits  
appear!  
E'en now sagacious foresight points to show  
A little bench of heedless bishops here,  
And there a chancellor in embryo,  
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,  
As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er  
shall die!"

Ah! would that writers would bear in mind the advice given by Swift in his "Letter to a young Poet"! Do you not use the ancients "as unlucky lads do their old fathers, and make no conscience of picking their pockets and pillaging them. Your business is not to steal from them, but to improve upon them, and make their sentiments your own, which is an effect of great judgment, and thought difficult, yet very

\* Isaac Disraeli thought there was more than casual likeness between this passage of Shenstone and the reflection in Gray's "Elegy"—"Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest," etc.



possible, without the scurvy imputation of filching. For I humbly conceive, though I light my candle at my neighbor's fire, that does not alter the property, or make the wick, the wax, or the flame, or the whole candle, less my own." The distinction is just. The doctrine of traduction, *ut lumen de lumine*, applies not only to souls. One does not object when Ben Jonson sings :

"I sent thee late a rosy wreath  
\* \* \* \* \*  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent it back to me.  
Since which it grows and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee,"

because Martial had more tersely said :

"Intactas, quare mittis mihi, Pollo, coronas?  
A te vexatas malo tenere rosa."

But here the song has its entirety ; the one thought makes it. There is no question of any awkward, *unprepared* sentiment—so suggestive of adoption from an outside source. But *when* it is otherwise—that is, suggestive—a single instance, all the better if free from any biasing contention of mere plagiarism, makes plain. In Mrs. Edward Liddell's recently published "Songs in Minor Keys"—a volume cheerful in its simplicity, and with a power of peering beneath the surface, especially in natural objects—is a piece called "The Outlook." The second verse runs thus :

"On the old window-sill she leans,  
Her warm hands pressed upon the stone ;  
The tall carnations breathe their prayer  
Of fragrance on the evening air,  
And soon for Day the skies shall weep,  
Passed gently to the realms of sleep."

To the last two lines it has been objected, and properly, that "the bright sky of starlight does not weep for a bright day passed, nor is it in any sense appropriate to the subject of the picture to represent the sky as likely to weep for the passing of the day." But what, so far as the authoress is concerned, was the true cause of this blemish, has not been perceived. It lies in the fact that the image of the lines is borrowed. In the ninth book of "Paradise Lost," Milton has this beautiful thought :

"Sky lowered, and, mutt'ring thunder, some  
sad drops  
Wept at completing of the mortal sin  
Original,"

which Wordsworth (of nice acquaintance with whose writings Mrs. Liddell discovers many instances), in contrasting Imagination and Fancy, opposes to a conceit attributed to Lord Chesterfield :

"The dews of the evening most carefully  
shun ;  
They are the tears of the sky for the loss of  
the sun."

But this mode of transplantation is practised in respect of nothing more than the simile. At times the foreign flower (or shrub) is so tended as to appear indigenous ; at others it attracts ; but only to its withered life ; better far were it that, unseen forever, it had shed its leaves about its native bed. All this is illustrated in the history, previous and subsequent, of that celebrated passage in the "Essay on Criticism," which concludes—

"Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps  
arise."

"The comparison," says Samuel Johnson, "of a student's progress in the sciences with the journey of a traveller in the Alps, is perhaps the best that English poetry can show. . . . [It] has no useless parts, yet affords a striking picture by itself ; it makes the foregoing position better understood, and enables it to take faster hold on the attention ; it assists the apprehension and elevates the fancy." As Warton pointed out, the simile and the panegyric belong to Drummond :

"All as a pilgrim who the Alps doth passe,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
When he some heaps of hills hath overwent,  
Begins to think on rest, his journey spent,  
Till, mounting some tall mountaine he doth  
finde  
More heights before him than he left behinde."

But whether Pope's or Drummond's, the "Essay" was hardly published before the "Spectator" (who chagrined Dennis by praising the "Essay" much about this time) is found making use of it : "We are complaining," the writer says, "of the shortness of life, and are yet perpetually hurrying over the parts of it, to arrive at certain imaginary points of rest. . . . Now let us consider what happens to us when we arrive at these. . . . Are we not marking out new points of rest, to

which we press forward with the like eagerness, and which cease to be such as fast as we attain them? Our case is like that of a traveller upon the Alps, who should fancy that the top of the next hill must end his journey, because it terminates his prospect; but he no sooner arrives at it, than he sees new ground and other hills beyond it, and continues to travel on as before." The simile no doubt passed through many hands before it became the possession of that gentleman who literally translated his "Contrat Social" from Huber's "De Jure Civitatis, Libri iii.," and indulged in several other similar vagaries. In the fourth book of "Emile," Rousseau discovers that all conquerors are not killed; all usurpers do not fall victims to their designs. On the contrary, he says, to the populace these evil-doers oftentimes seem happy; but he who, challenging appearances, judges of happiness by piercing to the heart, will trace sorrows in the midst of their successes: "Il verra leurs désirs et leurs soucis rongeurs s'étendre et s'accroître avec leur fortune; il les verra perdre haleine en avançant, sans jamais parvenir à leurs termes; il les verra semblables à ces voyageurs inexpérimentés qui, s'engageant pour la première fois dans les Alpes, pensent les franchir à chaque montagne, et, quand ils sont au sommet, trouvent avec découragement de plus hautes montagnes au-devant d'eux." Few could hope to vie with Jean Jacques in turning an affiliated idea to honor and advantage: Sir Walter Scott was not among them. By 1808 the successes of Napoleon had impressed the most resolute of his enemies that it was not the will of Providence they should continue to resist their predestined master. "Austerlitz," wrote his knightly biographer, anxious to fulfil his engagements with "the great Napoleon of the realms of print," "had shaken their constancy; Tilsit destroyed it; and with few and silent exceptions, the vows, hopes, and wishes of France seemed turned on Napoleon as her Heir by Destiny. Perhaps he himself, only, could finally have disappointed their expectations. But he was like the adventurous climber on the Alps, to whom the surmounting the most dangerous precipices and as-

cending to the most towering peaks only shows yet dizzier heights and higher points of elevation." What with indifferent English, and the notion misapplied, really the poet of the Pelicans is not materially worse:

"Ocean, breaking from its black supineness,  
Drowned in his own stupendous uproar all  
The voices of the storm beside: meanwhile  
A war of mountains raged upon his surface;  
Mountains, each other swallowing; and  
again  
New Alps and Andes, from unfathomed valleys  
Upstarting, joined the battle."

Quite in another spirit is the use made by Sir John Herschel, in the Introduction to his "Outlines of Astronomy," of this (to borrow an expression from Perrault) long-tailed comparison:

"No man can rise from ignorance to anything deserving to be called a complete grasp of any considerable branch of science, without receiving and discarding in succession many crude and incomplete notions, which, so far from injuring the truth in its ultimate reception, act as positive aids to its attainment by acquainting him with the symptoms of an insecure footing in his progress. To reach from the plain the loftiest summits of an Alpine country, many inferior eminences have to be scaled and relinquished; but the labor is not lost. The region is unfolded in its closer recesses, and the grand panorama which opens from aloft is all the better understood and the more enjoyed for the very misconceptions in detail which it rectifies and explains."

It would be a curious problem in the doctrine of chances, worthy of the mathematico-literary tastes of the late Professor De Morgan, to ascertain what is the likely number of these authors, who, if Drummond had not put "Alps" first in his category of mountains, or if Pope had not pitched on Alps, would have supplied some other range; the general structure of their sentences would no doubt have been the same.

Indeed, a well-addressed simile so admirably embodies a truth, and is so communicative of it, that where one has to deal with a subject the cardinal point of which has been so presented, he would be unjust to those he offers to teach in repressing it. And if he be a man of weight, he will not need the authority of the name of its originator to support it. Accordingly, Hazlitt, though he has not, like Coleridge, either in his "Lectures on the Literature of the Elizabethan Age," or in any

other work, translated Schlegel wholesale, has yet, in the delivery of one of these lectures, seen well to appropriate a passage from the German critic's "Lectures on Dramatic Literature," thus rendered by Mr. Black: "The Pantheon is not more different from Westminster Abbey or the Church of St. Stephen at Vienna, than the structure of a tragedy of Sophocles from a drama of Shakespeare." This, Hazlitt has at once condensed and adapted to his audience, with admirable skill: "Sophocles differs from Shakespeare as a Doric portico from Westminster Abbey." But clearly as an idea must be seized before it is pithily expressed, where an author has and uses the power of expanding without enervating, the grasp is as decisive and the invention more in play. Here, with the critic most resolved for the just distribution of literary fame—perhaps here alone—the lips that, the justness of that distribution threatened, open but to crush, must be set wide to praise.

Hesiod describes the rise of Aphrodite from the sea, and tells that

"Where her delicate feet  
Had pressed the sands, green herbage  
flowering sprang."

Persius, in characteristic close-set words, refers to the tradition in making the superstitious grandam pray that the footsteps of her cradle-child may press the springing rose: "Quicquid calcaverit hic, rosa fiat." But Ben Jonson revels in the thought. He knows how lingering is melancholy joy, and will have us, in "Sad Shepherd," to perceive how appetizing is this reflection to a sorrowed mind:

"Here she was wont to go, and here, and here,  
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets  
grow,  
The world may find the spring by following  
her,  
For other print her airy steps ne'er left,  
And where she went the flowers took thickest  
root,  
As she had sowed them with her odorous  
foot."

In the "Ode to Duty," Wordsworth, though with exquisite choice of words, does not approach the old singer. For he suffers himself to call before the

reader's mind another and as rich a source of floral birth:

"Flowers laugh before thee in their beds,  
And fragrance in thy footing treads."

A later writer has returned to the older thought. Dr. Westland Marston calls his piece, "Three Dreams of Death." The dreams are related by a girl in her last illness to her betrothed:

"What heralds sent  
From self-subsisting affluence of light  
Visit our pensioned world? O happy pair!  
Beneath our steps are crushed the casual  
flowers  
Which theirs bequeath as memories."

Butler, seizing the comic aspect of the episode, finds in it irony directed against lovers' praises of their mistress:

"Where'er you tread, your foot shall set  
The primrose and the violet."<sup>6</sup>

Thus is there broad application of what, upward of two centuries since, Rymer said of a dramatist, to whom we have already so referred as to show the good sense of his remark: "I cannot be displeased with honest Ben, when he chuses rather to borrow a melon of his neighbour, than to treat us with a pumpkin of his own growth."

Among the things to be learned from tracing the same thought in various writers, and noting the resembling closeness of its vestures, are these—which of his predecessors a writer read, and in what spirit he read or studied them. The influence on one of an appreciated writer is recognized; such influence has led in great measure to the formation of distinctive schools. In writing a life of Goethe, it was therefore found well to examine the entries at public libraries that showed what books he had perused. And it is evident that if we know the self-chosen masters, we know something of those that have learned from them. No man who is great is utterly self-stocked; and however resource and

\* In Dr. Percy's "Essay on the Metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions," an old poem called "Death and Life" is given as a specimen of alliterative versification. In a description of "Our Lady Dame Life," of exceptional beauty, occur the following lines:

"And as she came by the bankes, the boughes eche one  
They lowted to that ladye and layd forth their branches;  
Blossoms and burgens breathed full swete,  
Flowers flourished in the frith where she forth stepped,  
And the grasse that was gray grened belive."

vigor of mind and soul may mould the objective as it presses upon us, the nature of the objective influence is material. It is, then, markedly in this point, more strongly even than in that already instanced, that the principle of true imitation, the study of plagiarisms, and the study of the history of literature, are connected. "We are indebted," says "January Searle," in speaking of the difference in manner obtaining between Emerson's earlier and later essays—"we are indebted to Montaigne for this change in Emerson's style and mode of thought. It is clear that Emerson has studied him, that he has to some extent adopted his scepticism, and become more catholic than he was wont to be." The mention of Montaigne suggests a number of names—the names of those who, in one form or another, have reproduced some part of the thoughts loosely lying but richly scattered there. Nothing could better illustrate his relation to later literature than the manner in which his treasures (mostly borrowed, and from Plutarch and from Seneca) have been used by Pascal, Sterne, Emerson, and Prior; and at the same time, of the characters of these four men there are reflections, not much broken, in the modes in which their works present the thoughts derived through him. To turn to the last of the batch. "If Prior's poetry be generally considered," Johnson has said, "his praise will be that of correctness and industry, rather than of compass of comprehension, or activity of fancy. He never made any effort of invention; his greater pieces are only tissues of common thoughts; and his smaller, which consist of light images or single conceits, are not always his own. I have traced him among the French epigrammatists, and have been informed that he poached for prey among obscure authors." What a correspondence there is between the first part of this judgment and the remainder! It was even closer than Johnson supposed; for the design of the longer pieces was no more original than was that of the shorter. Thus "Alma," the philosophy of which has provoked sufficient praise from Dugald Stewart, is an expansion of some lines in Montaigne on "Drunkenness," professedly not his:

"The natural heat first seats itself in the feet, that concerns infancy; thence it mounts into the middle region, where it makes a long abode, and produces, in my opinion, the soul true pleasure of human life—all other pleasures, in comparison, sleep. Toward the end, like a vapor that still mounts upward, it arrives at the throat, where it makes its final residence, and concludes the progress." Now compare what Matthew explains to Richard as "my scheme:"

"My simple system shall suppose  
That Alma enters at the toes;  
That then she mounts by just degrees  
Up to the ankles, legs, and knees.  
Next, as the sap of life does rise,  
She lends her vigor to the thighs;  
And, all these under-regions past,  
She nestles somewhere near the waist;  
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter,  
As we shall show at length hereafter.  
Mature, if not improved by time,  
Up to the heart she loves to climb;  
From thence compelled by craft and age,  
She makes the head her latest stage."

There are three circumstances confirming the suggestion that Prior—effectively enough, it must be allowed—has borrowed from the Essayist: (1.) The alternative title of "Alma" is "The Progress of the Mind;" the concluding word of the passage quoted from Cotton's translation. (2.) When Prior inquired of Pope what he thought of his "Solomon," and Pope insisted in reply on the merits of "Alma," Prior pooh-poohed him. (3.) We know that Prior was familiar with Montaigne, for we find him writing verses in a copy of his works. But if Prior could philosophize on a hint by the page, he could follow one couplet in another; and Alleyne, the author of a poetical history of the times of Henry VII., having said that

"For nought but light itself, itself can show,  
And only kings can write, what kings can do,"

Prior could vary the conceit, and retain its prettiness:

"Your music's power, your music must disclose,  
For what light is, 'tis only light that shows."

Facts, however, culled from the natural outside world—and the truth common to Alleyne and Prior is one of them—do belong to the great general



magazine of thought. "Poussin is not accused of plagiarism for having painted Agrippina covering her face with both hands at the death of Germanicus, because Timanthes had represented Agamemnon closely veiled at the sacrifice of his daughter—judiciously leaving the spectator to guess at the sorrow inexpressible, and that mocked the power of the pencil." And the spirit of the criticism extends to whatever has found expression in proverbial form. Epigrammatical force makes his the line Wordsworth is conveying to posterity:

"The child is father to the man."

It is not unoriginal, because Dryden had already said:

"Men are but children of a larger growth;"

because Pope had said:

"The boy and man an individual makes;"

because Lloyd had said:

"For men, in reason's sober eyes,  
Are children but of larger size;"

because Mallet had said:

"She kissed the father in the child;"

or because in France the sentiment had for two centuries been recognized:

"C'est que l'enfant toujours est homme,  
C'est que l'homme est toujours enfant."\*

One of the most curious results comparison of authors tends to show is, that the world is better than its literature would tell. The result is well marked. To all but ultrapessimistic philosophers it is pleasant. There is a Chinese saying that marble for being polished is no whit less cold, is no whit less hard; that so it is with courtiers. La Bruyère puts it thus: "La cour est comme un édifice bâti de marbre; je veux dire qu'elle est composée d'hommes fort durs, mais fort polis." A different application had been made by Tasso. The harshness of his verses is reproached against him. He replies: "Son duri, e pur son belli i marmi." Mirabeau, coming back to courtiers, is as brief: "Hommes de marbre, homme durs et polis!" Poor Mirabeau!

unscrupulous in self-concerns, a statesman of unyielding honesty, in everything resistless—in what depths is there solved the problem of thy life! An episode of Romilly's helps to tell. In 1788, Romilly visited the Bicêtre, and was disgusted with what he saw there. Meeting Mirabeau, he mentioned the impression made on him; and Mirabeau urged him to put his thoughts in writing, and give them to him. This Romilly did. Mirabeau translated the notes into French, published them as a pamphlet, "Lettre d'un Voyageur Anglais sur la Prison de Bicêtre," to which he affixed his name. On the other hand, Romilly afterward printed his original letter as a translation from Mirabeau's French. Nor is it to be supposed that Romilly's act was worked out in forgetfulness. Forgetfulness may, however, sometimes have a place in similar events; for it is authentically stated that the criticism of a German paper appeared translated in the columns of a French paper, and was by the very paper originating the criticism referred to in evidence of the superior critical skill of the French. The subject was that Requiem of Mozart [which is marked, perhaps—the work of Dumas et Cie. always excepted—by the most striking series of frauds, and most wholesale appropriation of others' work, the history of plagiarism offers.

But it is the ladies, above all other parts of the human race, who have cause to be thankful for the labors of such as are deep in the lore pertaining to

"Those literary cooks

Who skim the cream of others' books,  
And ruin half an author's graces,  
By plucking bon-mots from their places."

Thus, to the wise of the fair—the beautiful blues—it must be matter of warm self-gratulation to know that the vulgar criticism which concerns itself maliciously—not statisticianly, that is bearable—with the question of feminine *taille*, is based on repeated scandal, and is not the result of independent observation. Scaliger has the following passage: "Soccus humilis est. Italas mulieres altis simis usas vidimus, quamvis diminutivâ voce dicant socculos. Patris mei perface-tum dictum memini, ejusmodi uxorum

\* Cf. "Tirocinium," l. 149: "The man approving what had charmed the boy."

dimidio tantum in lectis frui maritos, altero dimidio in soccis deposito." But the wit of Scaliger's father is no excuse for the bad taste which allows Charles Coyneau to apply the jest to his mother, and say of her that she wore her "patins si haut, qu'elle ne se déchaussait jamais sans perdre justement la moitié de son illustre personne." Garasse, in his "Doctrine Curieuse," illustrates some abstruse theological point by the same story, in the aspect given it by St. Vincent Ferrier. One of the aristocracy, marrying by proxy, had only seen his wife in portrait, and there saw represented to all appearance a lady of presence and fine figure. "Il se trouva bien trompé lors qu'il la vid dans sa chambre sans patins, car elle auoit diminué et descreu de la moitié, ce qui l'effraya si fort, que s'adressant à elle il luy tient ce discours à demy en cholere. Ubi posuisti reliquum personæ tuæ?" Every one knowing anything of the "Mémoires de M. de Brantôme" will not be surprised to find that author bringing to his mind (and to his reader's) a young lady whose experiences were sufficiently similar to enable him to point the lessons of a flowing robe. It is well the good Abbé spoke to the women of his own country; for English beauties, at least those of half a century later, seem, in Cowley's experience, to have combined the disadvantages of high shoes and long gowns. "Is anything more common," asks that philosophizing poet, "than to see our ladies of quality wear such high shoes as they cannot walk in without one to lead them; and a gown as long again as their body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a page or two to hold it up?"

This, however, is not the only instance in which baselessly a

"Thought hangs like a cold and slimy snail  
On the rich rose of love"—

to borrow an expression from Alexander Smith, borrowed by him from Keats:

"Speak not of grief, young stranger, or cold  
snails  
Will slime the rose to-night."

The philosopher, too, "i' the melancholy corners of his mouth"—to bor-

row another expression from Alexander Smith, borrowed from another expression of Keats, "by the melancholy corners of that mouth"—has found lurking complaints. Why terms of reproach should have been heaped on poor Hobbes because he held "no law can be unjust," and not on Pascal, who expresses the same thought more unfolded—"La justice est ce qui est établi; et ainsi tous nos lois établies seront nécessairement tenues pour justes sans être examinées, puis qu'elles sont établies," is difficult to tell. Why—but the subject is dry, and we pass to another.

There is, then, always something interesting, as well as instructive, in the knowledge of the means chosen by an author for dressing up his materials. Sismondi seems in one instance to have been let into the secret. Meeting an Italian barber who eked out his income by disposing of sermons to monks too ignorant to compose them, Sismondi discovered that his new friend had an ear sensitive to rhythmical movement, and had acquired facility in constructing a sufficient number of periods, in which sense alone was wanting. Understanding French slightly, and *bibliophile* enough to dive into all old books he came across, he was accustomed, in order to compose the sermons he sold, to add together the rhetorical flashes of such Christian authors as his researches brought to him; while, to guard against any imputation of plagiarism, it was invariably by the middle of a phrase that he commenced his excursions into these foreign fragments, and in the middle of a phrase he as invariably terminated them. "He consulted me," says Sismondi, "on one of these sermons, without first divulging his secret. And I was not a little astonished," adds that excellent historian, "at these bombastic periods, whose ends never corresponded with the beginnings, and whose several members had never been constructed to go together." A process not very dissimilar in results seems to have been followed by Dr. Blomfield. At least Dean Alford has thought it worth while to point out that there is a passage in the original work of his own Greek Testament to which a passage in an advanced

edition of the Doctor's Greek Testament bears a remarkable resemblance,

but from which in manner yet more remarkable it differs :

John 13: 21-30.—"Announcement of the treachery of Judas: his departure from the supper-room."—*Dean Alford.*

John 13: 21-30.—"Announcement of Judas's treachery: our Lord's departure from that upper room."—*Dr. Blomfield.*

Now, seeing that our Lord did not depart at all, the words are, as the Dean says, at least startling. But how did they arise? The suggestion is, that the Doctor caused the Dean's comments to be read aloud to him, paraphrasing, in the meanwhile, as it suited him; that, in this process, "treachery of Judas" became "Judas's treachery." The "his," then outstanding, had to be definitized, and was wrongly transformed into "our Lord's;" and "the supper," read as "this upper," the sensitive scholarship of the Doctor transmuted to "that upper."

The sacrifice to truth this mode of procedure—the use of an author not understood—occasionally involves, has the advantage of leading one to the originals. But where the matter is biographical, the general reader is often without the means of detecting error. The borrower, however, is for the most part a compassionate creature, and of this comparative helplessness is willing to take account. He resolves accordingly, by way of compensation for the errors in fact he introduces, to copy as correctly as he can the reflections and descriptions, and everything which gives life to fact. Some very amusing examples of this occur in private magazines we have before us; but the custom extends to works offered to the public as the fruits of honest industry. There is indeed, in some instances, the modification that the source applied to is available to all; and then, no doubt, the writer's expectation that every one will solve the riddle, "here's eloquence, where did I get it?" not only does away with everything like fraud, but entitles the copyist to the gratitude of amused society. One is disposed, therefore, to think the comments of a Saturday Reviewer on one of the contributors to "Worthies of the World," lately edited by Dr. Dulcken, a little severe and unimaginative. "He goes"—these are the Reviewer's words—"beyond blunders, and is guilty of the most shameless literary larceny." And

he bases this accusation on passages in one S. I. A.'s sketch of Pitt, compared with "passages in Macaulay, on which the robbery has been committed." But there is really no particular reason why this instance should be singled out, when but a little later a single day put before readers (through different magazines) complaints by Mr. Hartshorne that Mr. Downs, in his "Records of Buckinghamshire," had improperly availed himself of "Notes on an Effigy, attributed to Rich. Wellesborne de Montford, and other Sepulchral Memorials in Hughenden Church," published some while before in the *Archæological Journal*; showed Mr. Hogg writing threatening letters, seemingly—we know not if with justice—provoked by the "De Quincey" of a present distinguished scholar and professor; and found a journalist holding up Mr. Griffin Vyse's "Egypt" as "a specimen of really scientific plagiarism," and saying that "it is necessary, in the interests of literary morality, to protest against such attempts to foist on the public mere worthless compilation as original work." Truly, as an old writer well phrased it in his day, there are "many modern bunglers, which are rather *exscriptores* than *scriptores*; and, as it was merrily said, bad springs of water, but good leaden spouts."

Unfortunately there is no need to burrow among the obscure. There are too many of weight to whom one may have recourse. Who can tell what is the exact title of Benjamin Franklin to the translation of "De Senectute" done by Logan; or to the counsel against intemperance copied out of the works of Jeremy Taylor; or to the fable against persecution translated at second-hand from the Hakacet in the Boostan? And does not the same sort of difficulty attach to the connection of Schultz, not Porson, with readings in Æschylus; of Bombet-Bayle with Campani's "Letters on Haydn;" of Rougemont with "Raphael d'Aguilar;" of Descartes with many "new" prop-

ositions found in our own Harriot; of David Pareüs with the "Medulla historiæ profanæ;" of Molière with "Les Précieuses Ridicules," acted in substance two years before by the Italian comedians; or of John André with the additions to Durant's "Speculum," that already seemed contained in Oldrade's "Consilia"? Is not much of John Corey's "Generous Enemies" from Sir William Lower's "Noble Ingratitude," itself adapted from the French; of Thomas Durfey's "Commonwealth of Women" from Fletcher's "Sea Voyage"—of his "Trick for Trick" from the "Monsieur Thomas" of the same author and his colleague Beaumont—of his "Sir Barnaby Whigg" from Shakerley Marmion's "Fine Companion," and the novel "Double Cuckold;" and of Thomas Shadwell's "Royal Shepherdess" from J. Fountain's "Reward of Virtue"? "The Country Innocence; or, the Chambermaid turn'd Quaker," a play acted and printed in the year 1677, was first published by its genuine author, Anthony Brewer, many years before. Of modern playwrights we fear to speak. According to the *Edinburgh Review*, George Dalgarno's "Ars signorum" was copied by Wilkins in his "Essay toward a Philosophical Language." Pierre Breslay published in 1574 "L'Anthologie, ou Recueil de plusieurs discours notables;" next year ("c'était un peu prompt," naively adds one of M. Querard's supplementers) Jean des Caures followed him word for word in his "Œuvres Morales," levying like contributions on Grevin, Coras, and other authors of the day. Zschokke's "Warlike Adventures of a Peaceful Man," translated into French in three volumes in 1813, appeared without acknowledgment of source in the *Revue de Paris* in 1847. Paul Ferry had not long printed "Isabelle" in his first poetical works, before De la Croix transferred it to his "Climene." On the misdoings of Moore, Pope, Mason, Gray, and several others, entire books or lengthy papers have been written. Lord Francis Gower was the subject of unwelcome criticism in the *Athenæum*; and of a sometime Lord William Pitt Lennox, *Punch* sagaciously divined that his favorite authors

were Steele and Borrow. Roger's "Human Life" is more than based on Gay's "Birth of the Squire," a piece confessedly in imitation of the "Pollio" of Virgil. Longfellow has so accurately translated the Anglo-Saxon metrical fragment "The Grave," that his version agrees almost verbally with the Rev. J. J. Conybeare's; and Mr. Bohn objects because Mr. W. C. Hazlitt has alleged that his "English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases" are collected "from the most authentic sources." In this list the classes of literature affected and the ages stained—and the list presents but a hardly appreciable fraction of that which a full list would embrace—are various and far apart enough; yet it does not justify the rhymes:

"The trade of knowledge is replete,  
As others are, with fraud and cheat;  
Such cheats as scholars put upon  
Other men's reason, and their own;  
A sort of drapery, to ensconce  
Absurdity and ignorance;"

but it does go far to justify Horace Smith's definition of originality as "undiscovered or unconscious imitation." "Ah, how often," said the books to the clergy of the day, of the author of "Philobiblion," "do you pretend that we who are old are but just born, and attempt to call us sons who are fathers, and to call that which brought you into clerical existence the fabric of your own studies? In truth, we who now pretend to be Romans, are evidently sprung from the Athenians; for Carmentis was ever a pillager of Cadmus; and we who are just born in England shall be born again to-morrow in Paris, and being thence carried on to Bononia, shall be allotted an Italian origin, unsupported by any consanguinity."

When Fadlallah, Prince of Mousel, was tricked by the dervish who had the power of reanimating a dead body and flinging his own soul into it, so that the soul of the dervish occupied the body and the dervish himself gained the throne of the unhappy Fadlallah, while the late prince tenanted the body of a nightingale, the affections of Queen Zemroude were centred in the bird, though she paid to the dervish the honor due to her royal lord. In the



same manner, there have been those who, entombing the thoughts of the truly great in their unfit names, have attracted to their persons the honor that seemed naturally to accompany the admiration of the thoughts supposed to be their own. But the ultimate fate of the dervish should have been remembered; for just as circumstance had no sooner transplanted Fadlallah's soul to his original body, and thrown the dervish's into the nightingale's, than Fadlallah twisted the neck of the nightingale, so, immediately upon the discovery of the imposture, the impostor's name is tarnished and left to point a moral down through posterity. This has been the case with Peter Alcyonius. Cicero's "De Gloria," referred to in one of the letters to Atticus, was known to have been in existence in the fourteenth century, for Petrarch had seen it. By bequest it came into the possession of a house of monks, who held it early in the sixteenth century. Now, in the sixteenth century, Peter (he died 1527) produced a treatise, "De Exilio," which attracted immediate attention on account of the extraordinary outbursts of eloquence, sustained sometimes for a page or two, and strikingly in contrast with the general dulness of the book. It was then remembered that Peter, and he alone, had had free access to the monastic library; it was found that the precious manuscript was no longer in its place; and it was eventually proved, that to satisfy his thirst for fame, this miserable man, having stolen what pleased his fastidious taste, had burnt the priceless book, whose worth he had sought to make a trumpet to his fame.

The Bishop of Ugento, Augustin Barbosa, presents a much more imitable example to book-sinners. The good bishop's cook had brought home a fish wrapped in a leaf of Latin ms. Something in it aroused the prelate's attention; he greedily attacked the leaf; ran into the market, and peered from stall to stall till he found the book of which

he had the fragment. He presently published, "to the greater glory of God," his "De Officio Episcoporum." The work is better known, when in a little less bulky state, as "De Officiis." But then, as Martial argumentatively puts it:

"Carmina Paulus emit, recitat sua carmina Paulus,  
Nam quod emit, possit dicere quisque suum."

One of the freaks most difficult of prediction that arises from the use of thoughts common to one's self and an earlier writer, is instanced in the life and the continuation of the life of Dr. John Haywardes. Elizabeth, the sovereign under whom he lived, was not a little displeased with a treatise written on the dethronement of Richard II, and the transfer of the crown to Henry IV. The Doctor was sent to the Tower, and there was talk of bringing him to the scaffold. In this state of things the Queen consulted her chancellor as to whether or not the publication contained treason. "No, not treason," was the answer of Lord Bacon, a friend of the author, and a student of the humors of his royal mistress, "but a good deal of felony." "Felony! how so?" "Because he hath stolen most of his expressions and conceits from Cornelius Tacitus." And the Queen relented.

With Bacon himself, similarities have led to results in a quite different direction. The Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, which so affected the wits of Lord Verulam's namesake, the poor Miss Delia Bacon, and has been thought worthy of being pushed by men so gifted as Judge Holmes and Lord Palmerston, seeks countenance, among other things—perfectly regardless of the assertion of Meres in "Wit's Treasury," that "they that have once tasted poetrie cannot away with the studie of philosophie"—from the remarkable number of parallelisms the writings of the great dramatist and of the great philosopher offer. A single example is inadequate to put such a momentous issue to the test, but the one given is fairly selected:

"I set down the character and reputation, the rather because they have certain tides and seasons, which, if they be not taken in due time, are difficult to recover, it being hard to restore the falling reputation."—*Advancement of Learning*.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries."—*Julius Caesar*.

The sentiment is surely common to a host of writers. But this is not always a sufficient answer. It is not when there are a number of unrelated passages brought together in one, and afterward in another work. Thus, Voltaire's "*La Pucelle*" has here and there throughout, sets of lines closely translated from "*Hudibras*." The

"And as an owl, that in a barn  
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,"  
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes,  
As if he slept, until he spies  
The little beast within his reach,  
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch," etc.  
—*Hudibras*.

Still Voltaire has ever been allowed to be among those "good pilferers" to whom Lord Byron, confessing his indebtedness to Scott and other writers—even his beautiful address to the ocean is based on a chapter in "*Corinne*"—desired to be commended; for, "you may laugh at it as a paradox," said he, "but I assure you the most original writers are the greatest thieves."

There are three points disregarded by writers on this subject, in which literature comes in contact with this aspect of the character of its creators. In the first place, it is an element distinctly requiring recognition in forming opinions of our institutions, as well as in seeking to trace the history of these and of the people. Thus, Dr. Carl Güterbock has supplied ample materials for showing that Bracton has influenced, has indeed given an altered complexion to our law, by perfectly unauthorized, in many places quite inappropriate, introductions from the Roman law. Not only is the substance, but the arrangement and phraseology are borrowed; so that it is not to be disguised that this lawyer, favored by circumstances which allowed his method of writing "English" law to pass at the time undetected, has imposed a system upon us which in great part was not ours. The first two books of Littleton's "*Tenures*" are, on the other hand, from Norman sources; while again, in Scottish law, its most ancient treatise, the "*Regiam Majestatem*," is plainly copied from English Glanvill. Now, when we remember how the body of law under which we are to-day has been developed out of that of our ancestors; or how, with results of

subject-matter of some of them does not allow their reproduction; but if the two pieces are perused, it will be out of question shown that authors of power and repute are sometimes at the trouble of appropriating what, at any rate out of its context, is of little merit. Here are unobjectionable passages, less closely like than others, yet not unlike:

"Ainsi qu'un chat qui, d'un regard avide  
Guette au passage une souris timide,  
Marchant tous doux, la terre ne sent pas  
L'impression de ces pied délicats,  
Dès qu'il l'a vue, il a sauté sur elle," etc.  
—*La Pucelle*.

yet greater moment, the parts unsuited to later times, which would not admit of logical development, or of development in any sense, but required breaking down to fit them to the needs of society that will not yield, have issued in some of those great upheaving movements that mark the eras of a nation's history, we can but consider that this borrowing is not as insignificant as most affect to think. And to carry this remark from institutions to the chroniclers of them, the intelligent industry of living historians has alone made unnecessary. But, in the second place, unacknowledged copying bears on literature through the history of that in which it finds expression—language. Euphuism is an element whose importance, except at the hands of Professor Morley and Professor Arber, has probably been underestimated. It is not, indeed, due or confined to Lyly; but he is its chief exponent, and the work is frequently quoted in illustration of the Elizabethan speech. It is worthy of notice, then, that many phrases, and some passages, are from "A petite Pallace of Pettie his plesure," an agreeable collection of Italian stories, several of which—as, for example, the first, Sinnorix and Camma—have in other forms been represented on our stage within the last ten years. Not merely, however, our own literature, but, in the third place, the dead languages, derive light from observation of parallelisms. The passages in the "*Satyricon*" that have resemblance to expressions of Martial and Statius, tend to show the relative dates of those writers and of Petronius Arbiter.

Notwithstanding, however, that there are these great fields in which this pleasant study might be almost without limit pursued; that there remains almost untouched the drama, old and modern—the modern drama might commence with “The Heiress of General Burgoyne,” in which is seen, since the plot is from Diderot, the characters from Mrs. Lennox, some of the sentiments from Rousseau, a variety of forms of adaptation—and that there are still uninstanced such examples of literary fraud as that of Dr. Pierrotti, who appended his name to sketches of ruins and buildings, in which the same persons in the same positions were represented as appeared in published work of earlier draughtsmen; notwithstanding these facts, and an attempt to have consciousness of what they import, the impression a candid study of literature, and particularly of English literature, will leave upon the student’s mind, there can be no difficulty in asserting. For all Pope Ganganelli’s dogma, it is not that much is borrowed, but that there is a stupendous uninterrupted expenditure of genuine, original, self-outwrought thought. It is as Pascal—who, though he borrowed right and left, has still a title to be heard—says with pith: “A mesure qu’on a plus d’esprit, on trouve qu’il y a plus d’hommes originaux. Les gens du commun ne trouvent pas de différence entre les hommes.”

It is, indeed, unquestionably true, that “faded ideas float in the fancy like half-forgotten dreams; and imagination, in its fullest enjoyment, becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted.” And Sheridan—for he it is who has it so—is illustrated in an interesting case found in the poems of Isaac Hawkins Browne. In the pastoral soliloquy entitled “The Fireside,” the poet evidently thinks, as he makes, the notion of these lines his:

“I have said it at home, I have said it abroad,  
That the town is man’s world, but that this  
is of God.”

Cowley, who died forty years before Browne was born, has in his “Garden” this line

“God the first garden made, the first city  
Cain,”

supposed, rather fancifully, and though Cowper (but this, so far as we know, has not been before noted) wrote seven years after the publication of “The Fireside”—to be the origin of the thought, standing out quite distinctly toward the close of “The Sofa”

‘God made the country, and man made the town.”

The idea, wherever got, is, after all, nothing more than that Varro in “De Re Rusticâ” expresses thus: “Nec mirum quod divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes.” Curiously enough, it is in this, its original form, that—at least in Quebec, if we are to trust to the unsuspecting *Montreal Daily Star*, April 15, 1882—it has become a “gem of thought:” “Divine Providence made the country, but human art the town.” As to Hawkins Browne, however, there is evidence that he was not a believer in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, or one might have suspected that he conceived himself to have “said at home” in the person of Cowley, and “abroad” in that of Varro.

But we cannot yet leave either Browne or Cowley. Not Browne, because, in his poem on “Design and Beauty” he has a passage demonstrating how authors may have present to their minds the same constituent ideas, and yet arrive at an opposite result—a point which strongly argues the likelihood of like sets of thoughts, and of course with the issue of a like result. The passage is this:

“In sound, ’tis Harmony that charms the ear,  
Yet discords intermingled here and there,  
Still make the sweet similitude appear;”

and is to be compared with the

“Discord oft in music makes the sweeter lay”  
of Spenser, and the:

“For discords make the sweetest airs,  
And curses are a kind of prayers,”

of Butler. Nor can we quite part from Cowley, for there are in “The Task” a couple of lines,

“There is a pleasure in poetic pains  
Which none but poets know,”

cited by Mr. Keightley as having resemblance to these from Dryden’s “Spanish Friar:”

“There is a pleasure sure in being mad,  
Which none but madmen know,”

that remind us that that gentleman gives from his own experience an instance of unconscious likeness, perfectly creditable, possibly not even capping all else in the region of credibility. He was, he tells us, at a time very familiar with

"As when a storm in vernal skies  
The face of day doth stain,  
And o'er the smiling landscape flies  
With mist and drizzling rain;  
If chance the sun look through the shower  
O'er hill and flowery dale,  
Reviving nature owns his power,  
And softly sighs the gale."

—*Mr. Keightley.*

Perhaps, these few instances in view, one cannot better conclude than by transcribing the terms in which La Fontaine, avowing that he was no slavish imitator of Virgil, proposed to find a rule for practice. It is in essential harmony with that laid down at the commencement of this paper :

'Je ne prends que l'idée, et les tours et les lois

Milton ; but it was only some while after writing the lines placed below to the left of our page, that he was "struck with the similarity" to those on the right :

"As when from mountain-tops the dusky  
clouds  
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps,  
o'erspread  
Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element  
Scowls o'er the darkened landscape snow,  
or shower,  
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet  
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,  
The birds their notes renew, and bleating  
herds  
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings."

—*Milton, Par. Lost, Bk. ii.*

Que nos maîtres suivaient eux-mêmes autre-  
fois.  
Si d'ailleurs quelque endroit plein chez eux  
d'excellence  
Peut entrer dans mes vers sans null vio-  
lence,  
Je l'y transporte, et veux qu'il n'ait rien  
d'affecté,  
Tâchant de rendre mien cet air d'anti-  
quité."

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

#### THE HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

IF I should die before you, love,  
I pray you do not keep  
Your woe beyond the first few tears  
The world will have you weep ;  
But say : "I make his heaven less  
By moaning thus in dreariness."

And plant my violets white and blue  
Above my place of rest,  
And tend them with those dear, kind hands  
I have so oft carest.  
And say : "These flowers were his last will,  
And for his sake I watch them still."

And when the spring that I so loved  
Shall flush the land with life,  
I pray you seek my quiet grave,  
But not with tears, sweet wife ;  
And, if the flowers in bloom shall be,  
Say : "Lo ! he sends his love to me."

*Temple Bar.*



## MRS. KEMBLE'S REMINISCENCES.

SOME one said to Mr. Fox how delightful it was to lie under a tree with a book. Mr. Fox said, "Why with a book?" Well, there are some books to which objection might be taken. Darwin on "Earthworms," or Lubbock on "Ants, Bees, and Wasps," might give us some sort of misgiving, but to lie under a tree with a book like Mrs. Kemble's is to our mind the summit of enjoyment. Is it not delightful to read how Gibson the sculptor groaned over the cursed prejudices of society which prevented him seeing Lady A. T.'s beautiful back; how poor credulous Mrs. Beecher Stowe took to spirit-rapping and was informed—not by a lying spirit—that she was a d—d fool; how Mrs. Grote, dressed in a bright brimstone-colored silk gown, made so short as to show her feet and ankles, having on her head a white satin hat with a forest of white feathers, stood with her feet wide apart and her arms akimbo challenging Fanny Kemble to come on (if the challenge had been accepted Mrs. Grote, in sporting phrase, would have been intellectually doubled up in five minutes); how Lord Normanby, when he acted Macbeth, implored, in a frenzied whisper, Mr. Craven, who acted Macduff, "to fight round," in order that his lordship's expressive countenance might electrify the audience; how Sydney Smith, when reproached for leaving the music-room, explained to Mrs. Kemble that he must go among the Talkettanti, but announced that he was cultivating a judicious second in order to join in a celestial chorus when he became an angel; how, when ill, the unfortunate Canon had a horrid dream that he was chained to a rock and was being talked to death by Harriet Martineau and Macaulay; how Mrs. Kemble acted in "Macbeth" with the irrepressible Mr. Macready, and how sorely she was tossed, touzled, and bethumped; how she was made to perform a *pirouette* when told to "bring forth men children only;" how Mr. John Forster, in "Hernani," tried to personate a Spanish nobleman and did not altogether succeed in his audacious enterprise; how Mrs. Crow, the author-

ess of romantic tales of horror, fancied she had a divine mission to save mankind which she was to accomplish by walking without any clothes on in the streets of Edinburgh, having been assured that if she took a card case in her right hand and her pocket handkerchief in her left her nudity would be unobserved; how she proceeded on her mission, and, to her great surprise, was immediately bagged by the police; how Mrs. Kemble herself, after having witnessed the performances of the fascinating Fanny Ellsler, was discovered by her bewildered cook dancing among her jam-pots and pickles. All these anecdotes and many others equally interesting are to be found in these volumes, and we are assured our readers will agree with us that this is the book to read under a tree in the pleasant summer-time, if by any imaginable chance we ever have any in this sun-forgotten country.

Mrs. Kemble writes :

"I have come to the garrulous time of life—to the remembering days which only by a little precede the forgetting ones. I have much leisure, and feel sure it will amuse me to write my own reminiscences, perhaps reading them may amuse others who have no more to do than I have."

There is a mysterious assembly called the "Browning Society," which seems established in order to elucidate the unintelligible. It has lately published an account of its lucubrations in a book for which ten shillings is demanded, but, as only the wealthiest of enthusiasts would squander his money on such a purchase, the result of its deliberations is likely to remain a profound secret. There is no need of a society to explain Mrs. Kemble's meaning, for her style is as bright and clear as the streams she describes in her lovely Lenox country.

Mrs. Kemble writes :

"I am persuaded that whatever qualities of mind or character I inherit from my father's family, I am more strongly stamped with those which I derive from my mother, a woman who, possessing no specific gift in such perfection as the dramatic talent of the Kembles, had in a higher degree than any of them the peculiar organization of genius. To the fine senses of a savage rather than a civilized na-

ture, she joined an acute instinct of correct criticism in all matters of art; and a general quickness and accuracy of perception, and brilliant vividness of expression, that made her conversation delightful. Had she possessed half the advantages of education which she and my father labored to bestow upon us, she would, I think, have been one of the most remarkable persons of her time."

Mrs. Charles Kemble was the daughter of Captain De Camp, a French officer, who married the daughter of a Swiss farmer. Captain De Camp was an excellent musician, and having made the acquaintance of Lord Malden, afterward Earl of Essex, who married Miss Stephens, was persuaded by him to settle in London, where he brought up a numerous family. We have always heard that John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons inherited their great qualities from their mother. Mrs. Roger Kemble was really the manager of her husband's company. "What shall we play to-morrow?" Mr. Kemble used to say. "'The Tempest,' sir," said Mrs. Kemble. "But who is to play Prospero?" Mr. Kemble demanded. "I shall play Prospero," was the undaunted reply of Mrs. Kemble (then about to present another little Kemble to the world)—"I shall play Prospero, sir." We have heard Mrs. Charles Kemble relate this anecdote. "Sir," said his mother to John Kemble one day, "you are as proud as Lucifer," which no doubt he was, and no doubt they both were. Certainly Mrs. Kemble owes her bright genius, in a great degree, to her mother.

Mrs. Charles Kemble, when a child, became one of the little actors of the Le Texier troupe.

Mrs. Kemble writes :

"The little French fairy was eagerly seized upon by admiring fine ladies and gentlemen, and snatched up into their society, where she was fondled and petted and played with; passing whole days in Mrs. Fitzherbert's drawing-room, and many a half hour on the knees of her royal and disloyal husband, the Prince Regent, one of whose favorite jokes was to place my mother under a hugh glass bell, made to cover some large group of precious Dresden china, where her tiny figure and flashing face produced even a more beautiful effect than the costly work of art whose crystal covering was made her temporary cage. I have often heard my mother refer to this season of her childhood's favoritism with the fine folk of that day, one of her most vivid impressions of which was the extraordinary beauty of person

and royal charm of manner and deportment of the Prince of Wales, and—his enormous appetite; enormous perhaps, after all, only by comparison with her own, which he used to pity, saying, frequently, when she declined the delicacies that he pressed upon her, 'Why, you poor child! Heaven has not blessed you with an appetite.'"

The little French fairy flashing in her glass case must have resembled Fenella as depicted by Sir Walter Scott. The Prince of Wales was fond of practical jokes, and his appetite was truly enormous, and he not only gorged himself, but made others gorge. When king he nearly killed poor Mr. Charles Greville by making him eat a dish of crawfish soup after a quantity of turtle. "I thought I should have burst," groans the unfortunate *gourmet*. If his Majesty had been aware that his Clerk of the Council kept a diary, we think he would have insisted on his swallowing an additional painful.

We have heard old playgoers speak with rapture of Mrs. Charles Kemble's acting. Mrs. Kemble mentions how Sir George Smart went off in ecstatic reminiscences of a certain performance of her mother's in "Blue Beard," when in the part of Sister Anne she waved and signalled and sang from the castle wall "I see them galloping, I see them galloping!" drawing shouts of sympathetic applause from her hearers.

Mrs. Kemble writes :

"My mother always had a detestation of London, which I have cordially inherited. The dense heavy atmosphere, compounded of smoke and fog, painfully affected her breathing and oppressed her spirits; and the deafening clangor of its ceaseless uproar irritated her nerves and distressed her in a manner which I invariably experience whenever I am compelled to pass any time in that hugh Hubhub."

Poor London! everybody abuses it and comes back to it, even Mrs. Kemble. For that delightful sect the "Talkettanti" there is no other abiding place. Sydney Smith had occasionally ideas about rural felicity, but gave them up in his old age. The country, he said, was merely a healthy grave, and he preferred the verdure of Rogers' face to all the green of the fields, and Luttrell's voice to the songs of nightingales. And then the dulness of the country! "I had a distant view of a crow yesterday," he writes, "and of a rabbit to-

day." His brother-parsons, whom he regarded as minnows with an occasional turbot in the shape of an arch-deacon, failed to amuse him, but the climax of his woes seems to have arrived when a neighbor, fired with literary ardor, called and recommended him to read the "Arabian Nights." Sydney Smith informed his benefactor that he had heard of the work in question. How delighted he must have been to seek refuge in London. But then it is said the country is so peaceful. It may be so; but when people do quarrel there, how they attack each other's pedigrees and diminish incomes. "He is poor, he is d—d poor; he has not a thousand a year to spend," said an angry squire of a delinquent neighbor who had shot a pheasant on the wrong side of the hedge. Mrs. Kemble's friend Mr. Harness had once determined to abandon London society for green fields and pastures new. His friend, the Rev. Alexander Dyce, earnestly dissuaded him from such a suicidal enterprise.

Mr. Dyce writes :

"You fancy that you like the country, but after a year's residence there you would pine away for the excitements of London, and the pleasure of going to Lady Lansdowne's parties in white kid-gloves. I certainly prefer trees and green fields to brick houses and macadamized roads; but I should be miserable if forced to live at any distance from the great city: Hampstead and Richmond are rural enough for me, and I think *that* the finest landscape in which St. Paul's is visible in the horizon."

Mr. Dyce was a great admirer of the Kemble family in general, and of Mrs. Charles Kemble in particular.

In this same letter, which was written after hearing of her death, he exclaims: "Farewell to Morgiana, Miss Stirling, Aladdin, and Irene!"

There is frequent mention of Mrs. Siddons in the reminiscences, but Mrs. Kemble had only seen her aunt in her sad old age. Mrs. Siddons loved her profession, and Mrs. Kemble disliked it. Mrs. Siddons was unhappy after she left the stage, as she missed the excitement of it, and the applause of the public who worshipped her. It would not be necessary to say anything about Mrs. Siddons's merit as an actress, but there are certain enthusiasts who cannot praise the present without depreciating

the past, and these wise people tell us that the Kemble style, stagey and unnatural, would not be tolerated by modern audiences. Now if there was one thing remarkable in Mrs. Siddons's acting, it was its truth to nature.

In the pleasant "Memoirs" of Madame Vigée Le Brun there is the following.

Madame Le Brun writes :

"I had seen this celebrated actress for the first time in the 'Gamester,' and I cannot express the pleasure with which I applauded her. I do not believe it possible for any one to possess greater talent for the stage than Mrs. Siddons had; all the English were unanimous in praising her perfect and *natural* style. The tone of her voice was enchanting; that of Mademoiselle Mars alone at all resembling it; and what above all to my mind constituted the great tragedian was the eloquence of her silence."

Madame Vigée Le Brun was a most accomplished critic, and had been accustomed to witness the grand acting of Madame Dumesnil, Mdle. Clairon, and Mdle. Contat.

In the "Life of Charles Dickens" there is an account of a dinner at Mr. Harness's, where Mr. Charles Kemble gave a description of his sister's acting in the part of Mrs. Beverley in the "Gamester."

Mr. Forster writes :

"It was something to hear Kemble on his sister's Mrs. Beverley; or to see Harness and Dyce exultant in recollecting her Volumnia. The enchantment of her Mrs. Beverley, her brother would delightfully illustrate by imitations of her manner of restraining Beverley's intemperance to their only friend: 'You are too busy, sir!' when she quietly came down the stage from a table at which she had seemed to be occupying herself, laid her hand softly on her husband's arm, and in a gentle half-whisper, 'No not too busy; mistaken perhaps; but—' not only stayed his temper, but reminded him of obligations forgotten in the heat of it. Up to where the tragic terror began, our friend told us, there was nothing but this composed domestic sweetness, expressed even in the simplicity and neat arrangement of 'her dress, her cap with the straight band, and her hair gathered up underneath; but all changing when the passion *did* begin; one single lock escaping at the first outbreak, and in the final madness, all of it streaming dishevelled down her beautiful face—"

Mrs. Siddons had one great advantage, the small size of the theatre she performed in.

We give an extract from Mr. Harness's note-book.

"If," said Garrick, 'you increase the size of Drury Lane ten feet, there will be no difference between me and Tom Davies.' Mrs. Siddons told me that all her *great* effects were produced in Garrick's little, old, Drury Lane."

In Lillo's "Fatal Curiosity" the effect of Mrs. Siddons's acting was so wonderfully painful that audiences could not bear it. It was in the scene where the father and mother, unconscious that the traveller who had given them a jewel-case to take care of was their own son, determined to murder him. When Mrs. Siddons opened the jewel-case and gazed at the contents, her countenance had such a terrible expression, that Crabb Robinson, who was present one evening at the performance, was so affected by it, that he could not help bursting out into a hysterical laugh, and would have been turned out of the theatre if a lady near had not said, "The poor young man cannot help it."

Then the actors of a former generation had a great advantage in having a critical pit. All classes of society—clergymen, officers in the Guards, barristers—used to assemble at the doors two or three hours before the performances began, and the rush into the pit when anything attractive was on the play-bill was not only exciting but dangerous. But when they did get in, how they enjoyed the performance! The pit's verdict was decisive. When Kean returned home after his triumphant success in Shylock, Mrs. Kean asked him what Lord Essex (his patron) thought of his performance. "D—n Lord Essex," said the ungrateful tragedian, "the pit rose at me."

There were no stalls in the good old days. Now the theatres are partly filled with people from the country, and from clubs, who merely go to the play to while away time. At the Gaiety, while "Hernani" was being performed, two young gentlemen armed with crutch and toothpick had evidently come to the theatre under the idea that "Nelly Farren" was in it. Their sufferings under the infliction of five long acts with interminable speeches may be imagined, not described.

Mrs. Kemble writes of Kean:

"I saw the 'Merchant of Venice' the other evening, for the first time, and returned home a violent *Keanite*. That man is an extraordinary creature! Some of the things he did, ap-

peared, on reflection, questionable to my judgment and open to criticism; but while under the influence of his amazing power of passion it is impossible to reason, analyze, or do anything but surrender one's self to his forcible appeal to one's emotions. He entirely divested Shylock of all poetry or elevation, but invested it with a concentrated ferocity that made one's blood curdle. He seemed to me to combine the supernatural malice of a fiend with the base reality of the meanest humanity. His passion is prosaic, but all the more intensely terrible for that very reason."

Kean's superiority in the parts of Othello, Shylock, and Richard was generally allowed. John Kemble, although he admitted that Kean was terribly in earnest, objected to his reading of Othello: "Othello, sir," he said to a friend, "was a slow man." Perhaps he was. Madame Vigée Le Brun truly says, that the chief merit of a tragedian is "the eloquence of silence." In this quality the Kembles were pre-eminent. Old playgoers who witnessed the O. P. riots when the great plays of Shakespeare were performed in dumb show at Covent Garden, said that John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons's acting was never grander. In "Coriolanus," Mrs. Siddons, in the part of Volumnia, when she headed the Roman mob to witness her son's triumph, tossing her arms about in the exultation of the moment, used to make the pit blubber all round, and, said a spectator, he could no more help it than the rest. Volumnia has never been decently acted since Mrs. Siddons's death. Miss O'Neill attempted the part with John Kemble as her "dear boy," but the fiasco was complete. Charles Kemble's graceful bearing was unsurpassed; that of Delaunay, who, alas! is about to quit the stage, very much resembling it. It was a treat to see him as Faulconbridge lounging into Angers, or his Marc Antony, when he has succeeded in stirring up his hearers to mutiny. In Mercutio his dying scene was perfection. His angry reproach to Romeo, "The devil take you, why came you between us? I was hurt under your arm," followed by tendering his hand to Romeo with a smile at once expressive of a wish for forgiveness, and a farewell forever, was inexpressibly touching.

Mrs. Kemble makes frequent mention of Mr. Bartley, the stage manager of Covent Garden, a devoted friend



of her family. He was an excellent old-fashioned actor. He succeeded Fawcett in his great part of Captain Copp, in the comedy of "Charles the Second," and played it admirably. Mrs. Kemble's greatest success was in a part she created, Julia, in the "Hunchback," and it is curious that such a good critic as Mr. Bartley should have prophesied failure. Mr. Bartley and his wife, Miss Smith, a celebrated actress who was brought out to extinguish Mrs. Siddons, but naturally failed in the attempt, were such beloved in private life. Like the late John Leech, Mr. Bartley had a horror of street music. On one occasion, the waits played before his house at midnight, and waited on him the next morning. They were ushered into his room. "Well," said Bartley, "what do you want?" "We played before your house last night," said the musicians. "I heard you," was the reply. "We are come for our little gratuity," said the melodious invaders. "Lord bless me!" said the sufferer, "I thought you came to apologize."

Mr. Abbot, who acted Romeo on the first appearance of Mrs. Kemble, was certainly, as represented in these volumes, merely a respectable actor without any inspiration. He afterward became manager of the Victoria Theatre. On consulting Theodore Hook as to what he should call it, Theodore said: "As you will inevitably butcher everything you attempt you had better call it the 'Abattoir.'"

Mr. Abbot was said to be very fond of great people. One day in company he began, "Very odd, the last time dined at the Marquis's we had no fish." "Depend upon it, my dear friend," said Douglas Jerrold, "they ate it all up in the parlor."

Mrs. Kemble writes of Rachel:

"The impression she had left on my mind is that of the greatest dramatic genius, except Kean, who was not greater, and the most incomparable dramatic artist I ever saw. The qualities I have mentioned as predominating in her performances still appear to me to have been their most striking ones; but her expressions of tenderness, though rare, were perfect—one instance of which was the profound pathos of the short exclamation, '*Oh, mon cher Curiaque!*' that precedes her fainting-fit of agony in 'Camille,' and the whole of the last scene of 'Marie Stuart,' in which she excelled Madame

Ristori as much in pathetic tenderness as she surpassed her in power, in the famous scene of defiance with Elizabeth. As for any comparison between her and that beautiful woman and charming actress, or her successor on the French stage of the present day, Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt, I do not admit any such for a moment."

Mrs. Kemble tells us that Garrick, discussing the merits of the celebrated actresses Mdle. Clairon and Mdle. Dumesnil, said that Clairon was the greatest actress of the age, but that as for Mdle. Dumesnil, he was not aware that he had seen her, but only Phèdre, Rodogunde, and Hermione, when she did them. So it may be said one never saw Rachel, only Phèdre, Camille, and Hermione.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt as Gilberte in "Frou-Frou," as Marguerite in "La Dame aux Camélias," is acting parts that suit her down to the ground, but any comparison between her and Rachel in the part of Phèdre is absurd.

Charlotte Brontë gives the following description of Rachel's acting in the part of Phèdre:

"She rose at nine that December night: above the horizon I saw her come . . . For awhile—a long while—I thought it was only a woman, though an unique woman, who moved in might and grace before this multitude. By-and-by, I recognized my mistake. Behold! I found upon her something neither of woman nor of man; in each of her eyes sat a devil. These evil forces bore her through the tragedy, kept up her feeble strength—for she was but a frail creature; and as the action rose and the stir deepened, how wildly they shook her with the passions of the pit! They wrote Hell on her straight, haughty brow. They tuned her voice to the note of torment. They writhed her regal face to a demoniac mask. Hate and Murder and Madness incarnate, she stood."

Playgoers of the present generation must wait some time before they see acting like this.

There is an amusing account of Mr. Mitchell, who managed Mrs. Kemble's readings of Shakespeare.

"Mr. Mitchell, who from the first took charge of all my readings in England, and was the very kindest, most considerate, and most courteous of all managers, on one occasion, complaining bitterly to my sister of the unreasonable objection I had to all laudatory advertisements of my readings, said to her, with a voice and countenance of the most rueful melancholy, and with the most appealing pathos, 'Why, you know, ma'am, it's really dreadful; you know, Mrs. Kemble won't even

allow us to say in the bills, *these celebrated readings*; and you know, ma'am, it's really impossible to do with less; indeed it is! Why, ma'am, you know even Morrison's pills are always advertised as *the celebrated pills*!—an illustration of the hardships of his case which my sister repeated to me with infinite delight."

Mr. Mitchell contributed much to the amusement of London while he lived. He was indefatigable in the service of Mrs. Kemble. He used to scour the country in front of her, beating up audiences. We saw him once in the wilds of Norfolk brought to bay by wanting a conveyance, having fondly imagined that a cab-stand was a necessary accompaniment of a road-side station. Mr. Mitchell had introduced Rachel in this country, and very curious anecdotes he used to tell of the great actress, who was *délicieusement canaille*. Even Mr. Mitchell, the most liberal of mankind, groaned over the enormous quantity of claret she and her camp-followers consumed. "I admire Rachel," Mr. Mitchell told us, "but Mrs. Kemble is my *Hidol*." We think Mrs. Kemble was hard-hearted in not allowing these "celebrated readings" to be put in the bills. It would have soothed the heart of a man who lived for that object of adoration, his "subscribers."

Charles Dickens had a very good story about the early days of a renowned mourning establishment. He went there one day about some mourning, and was ushered into a room where sat a shopman with an attendant in woe-stricken habiliments, who groaned out, "A father, a mother, perhaps a wife." "Oh no," said Dickens, "only a distant relative!" "Oh, sir," said the funeral one, "you have made a mistake. This is the chamber of agonizing woe; John, toll the bell and show the gentleman into the light affliction department." There appeared at one of the exhibitions of the Royal Academy "a chamber of agonizing woe," a picture consisting of a gentleman in sable surrounded by a sorrowing family. Nobody could make out what it meant, till Mr. John Forster in a moment of inspiration cried out, "Good God, Mitchell!" So it was. Mr. Mitchell had the misfortune to lose his wife, and he had himself painted, with all his family endeavoring to console him. He evident-

ly thought it would touch the hearts of his "subscribers."

Mrs. Arkwright, the daughter of Mr. Stephen Kemble, manager of the Durham company, was one of the greatest singers that have ever enchanted mankind. She was an actress for a short time, but of course on marrying into the wealthy family of Arkwright, left the stage. Mrs. Kemble's description of her is not in the slightest degree exaggerated.

Mrs. Kemble writes:

"It was in the midst of a life full of all the most coveted elements of worldly enjoyments, and when she was still beautiful and charming, though no longer young, that I first knew her. Her face and voice were heavenly sweet, and very sad; I do not know why she made so profoundly melancholy an impression upon me, but she was so unlike all that surrounded her, that she constantly suggested to me the one drop of *live* water in the middle of a globe of ice. The loss of her favorite son affected her with irrecoverable sorrow, and she passed a great portion of the last years of her life at a place called Cullercoats, a little fishing village on the north coast, to which, when a girl, she used to accompany her father and mother for rest and refreshment, when the hard life from which her marriage released her allowed them a few days respite by the rocks and sands and breakers of the Northumberland shore. The Duke of Devonshire, whose infirmity of deafness did not interfere with his enjoyment of music, was an enthusiastic admirer of Mrs. Arkwright, and her constant and affectionate friend. His attachment to her induced him, toward the end of his life, to take a residence in the poor little village of Cullercoats, whither she loved to resort, and where she died. I possess a copy of a beautiful drawing of a head of Mrs. Arkwright, given to me by the Duke, for whom the original was executed. It is only a head, with the eyes raised to heaven, and the lips parted, as in the act of singing; and the angelic sweetness of the countenance may perhaps suggest, to those who never heard her, the voice that seemed like that face turned to sound."

Sir Walter Scott was a great admirer of Mrs. Arkwright, and it was after listening to one of her songs that he first perceived the decay of his great intellect. Mrs. Arkwright had sung Cleveland's "Farewell" from the "Pirate," which she had set to music. Sir Walter said, "Capital words, whose are they; Byron's I suppose?" Mr. Lockhart told him they were his own. He seemed pleased at first, but said next minute, "You have distressed me; if memory goes, all is up with me; that was my strong point."

We have heard all the great singers of our time, but if it were possible to hear again the sound of voices that are still, we should choose a song of Mrs. Arkwright. There was one of Mr. Lockhart's Spanish ballads which she sang with wonderful effect. "The Avenging Childe," whose brothers had been slain; he seeks the court of the king, armed with a hunting-knife sharpened on his saddle-bow, and demands that the assassin, Don Quadros, should meet him in mortal combat, but all took part against him except the king's fair daughter.

"She took their hands, she led them forth into the court below;  
She bade the ring be guarded—she bade the trumpet blow;  
From lofty place for that stern race the signal she did throw:  
'With truth and right the Lord will fight—  
together let them go!'

"The one is up, the other down: the hunter's knife is bare;  
It cuts the lace beneath the face—it cuts through beard and hair;  
Right soon that knife hath quenched his life, the head is sundered sheer;  
Then gladsome smiled the Avenging Childe, and fixed it on his spear."

The words, "It cuts the lace between the face, it cuts through beard and hair," were uttered with such terrible energy that they produced a thrill among the listeners. Sir Walter Scott called Mrs. Arkwright's singing "a splendid treat." We should not think that he ever heard her sing his son-in-law's grand ballad. It would have stirred his heart like the sound of a trumpet.

Miss Adelaide De Camp, the "Aunt Dall" of these memoirs, was also a member of Mr. Stephen Kemble's company. She was engaged to marry the son of a Yorkshire squire. The father refused his consent, declaring his son to be illegitimate. So Miss De Camp became the beloved inmate of Mr. Charles Kemble's house. We cannot help thinking that her lot was happier than that of Mrs. Arkwright. She at least lived among people who appreciated her. She was not a drop of live water in the middle of a globe of ice. After Mrs. Kemble went on the stage Miss De Camp became her attendant at the theatre, but she did not care about

seeing her act, as she could not bear to see her niece in a state of even imaginary distress. Miss De Camp accompanied Mrs. Kemble to America, where she died from the result of an accident.

Mrs. Kemble writes:

"She is the only person I can think of who appeared to me to have fulfilled Wordsworth's conception of

"Those blessed ones who do God's will and know it not."

I have never seen either man or woman like her, in her humble excellence, and I am thankful that, knowing what the circumstances of her whole life were, she yet seems to me the happiest human being I have ever known."

Mrs. Kemble describes a curious scene that took place at a dinner-party between Mrs. Norton and Theodore Hook:

"I met him at dinner at Sir John Macdonald's, then adjutant-general . . . Mrs. Norton and Lord C—, who were among the guests, both came late and after we had gone into the dining-room, where they were received with a discreet quantity of mild chaff, Mrs. Norton being much too formidable an adversary to be challenged lightly. After dinner, however, when the men came into the drawing-room, Theodore Hook was requested to extemporize, and having sung one song, was about to leave the piano in the midst of the general entreaty that he would not do so, when Mrs. Norton, seating herself close to the instrument so that he could not leave it, said, in her most peculiar, deep, soft, contralto voice, 'I am going to sit here, and you shall not come away, for I will keep you in like an iron crow.' . . . I suppose there must have been some previous ill-will or heart-burning on his part toward her—she was reckless enough in the use of her wonderful wit and power of saying the most intolerable, stinging things, to have left a smart on Hook's memory, on some occasion, for which he certainly did his best to pay her then. Every verse of the song he now sang ended with his turning with a bow to her, and the words, 'my charming iron crow;' but it was from beginning to end a covert satire of her and her social triumphs; even the late arrival at dinner and its supposed causes were duly brought in, still with the same mock-respectful inclination to his 'charming iron crow.'"

The gossip of the time was that there was an attachment between Lord C—, the handsomest man in London, and Miss Julia Macdonald, who, the Duke of Wellington said, was the handsomest woman, but Mrs. Norton's strange beauty had lured him away. Theodore Hook, a friend of the Macdonald family, evidently saw what was going on, and hit so hard that the next time Mrs. Kemble met Mrs.

Norton, she found her a perfect fury on the subject. She stormed against Theodore. "Witty!" exclaimed the indignant beauty. "One may well be witty when one fears neither God nor Devil."

Miss Macdonald was a friend of the late Charles Mathews, and in the life of the great actor, written by Charles Dickens, junior, there is a very clever letter from her reproaching him for going on the stage.

Miss Macdonald writes :

"And so you have given up your old friends and turned actor after all, my dear Charles Mathews. Well, it only shows that one should not put one's faith in any son of man. But, *cher ami*, if you would act, why not act 'at home' like you poor father, which is a higher walk; and why Madame Vestris, and why a minor theatre?"

The reason of Charles Mathews losing so many of his old friends was not his going on the stage, for which he was so eminently fitted, but his unfortunate marriage with Madame Vestris, who is said to have behaved very well on the occasion by confessing to her intended the names of all her former lovers, which Mrs. Glover said was the most astonishing instance of memory she had ever heard of.

Mrs. Kemble met Macaulay at Bowood, and, of course, heard a great deal of his voice, which she describes as full and sonorous, giving him a great advantage over his adversaries in sound as well as sense. This was after his return from India, when his conversation was said to be enlivened by gleams of silence. Nobody could get in a word. Rogers tried to thrust in anecdotes; vain was his effort, although Lord Lansdowne made a flank march to his assistance. "You were saying, Mr. Rogers—" said his courteous host, when Rogers hissed out, "Oh, what I was saying will keep." Sydney Smith declared that Macaulay had never heard the sound of his voice. Lady Holland kept her page in waiting in order to tell him to change the subject in case he bored anybody. Rogers said at one of his breakfasts, "If anybody has got anything to say, they had better say it, for Crabb Robinson is coming." Hallam, who Sydney Smith called the "bore contradicter," was another

monopolist. He and Macaulay once quarrelled so dreadfully about something that happened in the Middle Ages, that the wretched unfortunate who sat between them could get no dinner. We do not believe that any one of these three was aware that he prevented other people talking. Certainly Macaulay did not, as appears from his journal, which records the visit of the Quakers to vindicate the character of William Penn. Macaulay writes in his journal, "Lord Shelburne, Charles Austin and Milman, to breakfast—a pleasant meal. Then the Quakers, five in number. Never was there such a rout. They had absolutely nothing to say."

Nothing to say! why the unhappy, "unbaptized, buttonless" Quakers, as Cobbett used to call them, could not get in a word. They hardly got to "But verily, Friend Macaulay;" they were roared down. Mr. Charles Austin described it as the most amusing scene he ever witnessed. They had a good case, yet they were utterly defeated. There are no cleverer people than Quakers. Old Rothschild said that if you put a Quaker and two Jews in a bag and left them out at night, you would find the Quaker had eaten the Jews before the morning. Be that as it may, on this occasion they retreated with hands and eyes uplifted, quaking, and sore amazed.

It is but just to say that it was jealous members of the Talkettanti who complained of Macaulay monopolizing the conversation; for listeners in general his lectures must have been delightfully instructive. As Mrs. Kemble truly says, he was a Niagara of information.

There has been much discussion lately as to whether the whole truth should be revealed when letters and journals are given to the world. The whole truth has just been bestowed on mankind in the Carlyle diaries and letters, and the howls of the sufferers under this infliction have been of the most appalling nature. There is no doubt on which side the lovers of mischief will be arrayed.

Mrs. Kemble writes :

"I remember one morning a particularly lively discussion on the subject, between Mrs. Grote and Mr. Rogers. The former had a great many letters from Sydney Smith, and



urged the impossibility of publishing them, with all their comments on members of the London world. Rogers, on the contrary, apparently delighted at the idea of the mischief such revelations would make, urged Mrs. Grote to give them ungarbled to the press. 'Oh, but now,' said the latter, there, for instance, Mr. Rogers, such a letter as this, about—; do see how he cuts up the poor fellow. It really never would do to publish it.' Rogers took the letter from her, and read it with a stony grin of diabolical delight on his countenance and occasional chuckling exclamations of 'Publish it! publish it! Put an R., dash, or an R. and four stars for the name. He'll never know it, though everybody else will.'

Rogers had the most bitter hatred against certain people, and we suppose the unhappy Mr. R— was one of them. We believe this was the gentleman who asked Rogers to walk home with him from a dinner-party, and received the withering reply, "Walk home by yourself, Sir; I am sure you will be delighted with your company." He was just as hard on his friends as his foes. Mr. and Mrs. Pendarves were seized by brigands in Italy, who were going to carry off Mr. Pendarves to the mountains. Mrs. Pendarves was a very plain woman, and the account Rogers gave of their release was, "Mrs. Pendarves threw her arms round her husband's neck and declared they should not be separated; so rather than take her they let him go." We have heard that when a young man, Rogers used to talk in the most benevolent manner, but nobody listened to him; he then talked on the other side with great effect—even the deaf man at the dinner-party, putting up his hand to his ear, demanding to know, "What that young man was saying?"

In spite of all his malice, Rogers's charity and kindness to people in misfortune was unbounded.

Mrs. Kemble writes:

"His benefits remind me of a comical story my dear friend Harness once told me, of a poor woman at whose lamentations over her various hardships one of his curates was remonstrating, 'Oh, come, come now, my good woman, you must allow that Providence has been, upon the whole, very good to you.' 'So He 'ave, sir, so He 'ave, mostly. I don't deny it; but I sometimes think, He 'ave taken it out in corns.' I think Rogers took out his benevolence, in some directions, in the corns he inflicted, or, at any rate, trod upon, in others."

Mr. Harness's curate was once in attendance on a dying man, whose wife began praising herself as a model wife, when a voice from the bed said, "Pretty well, pretty well," upon which the woman turned round, and savagely exclaimed, "You hold your tongue, Thomas, and mind your dying."

Sydney Smith is at his best in these volumes. He fairly bubbles over with fun and frolic. There was nothing he so delighted in as countermining Rogers, who used, in revenge, to say the bitterest things about the Canon. Rogers one day had said of Lady Morley "that there was but one voice against her in England, and that was her own." Lady Morley was the most popular lady in London society, but her voice was disagreeable in its quality. Mrs. Kemble told this to Sydney Smith, who declared that Rogers's saying was not original, "He never made it; it is not his; it is not a bit like him," and then rushed home, and sent her the same remark made by a lady of the eighteenth century. Mr. Hayward accuses Sydney Smith of having invented this lady and her saying; but this is not the case: it was Madame de Coigny, a witty lady of the *ancien régime*, who used to say, "*Il n'y a qu'une voix contre moi, c'est la mienne.*" Madame de Coigny said of a lady with red hair, who was thought a miracle of virtue, "*Elle est comme Samson, toutes ses forces sont dans ses cheveux.*" She used to say uncivil things of Bonaparte, who once publicly asked her, "*Comment va la voix?*"

The witty Canon was quite capable of inventing anything; but on this occasion he had no necessity for exercising his imagination in order to expose his antagonist. And how he enjoyed his triumph his letter to Mrs. Kemble shows, ending with, "What a dear, innocent, confiding creature you are, and how you do love Rogers!"

The most amusing character in these volumes is that of Mrs. Grote, portrayed with wonderful skill by Mrs. Kemble. Lady Eastlake has also given a sketch of that "important person" which totally differs from the view taken by Mrs. Kemble. Were there two Mrs. Grotes? Lady Eastlake's Mrs. Grote is written up into a likeness of Madame de Sévigné. Mrs. Kemble's Mrs. Grote—

with a man's hat on her head and a coachman's box-coat over her petticoats, roaring out, "I want some lords, Fanny. Can't you help me to some lords?"—is not our idea, with due deference to Lady Eastlake, of the *grande dame* of the Court of Louis XIV. Mrs. Kemble was on a visit to Mrs. Grote. Her sister, Mrs. Sartoris, Mr. Chorley, and Dessauer, the Viennese composer, were among the guests. Mrs. Kemble writes :

"The eccentricities of our hostess, with which some of us were already tolerably acquainted, were a source of unfeigned amazement and awe to Dessauer, who, himself the most curious, quaint, and withal nervously excitable and irritable humorist, was thrown into alternate convulsions of laughter and spasms of terror at the portentous female figure, who, with a stick in her hand, a man's hat on her head, and a coachman's box-coat of drab cloth with manifold capes over her petticoats (English women had not yet then adopted a costume undistinguishable from that of the other sex), stalked about the house and grounds, alternately superintending various matters of the domestic economy, and discussing with equal knowledge and discrimination, questions of musical criticism and taste."

Readers of Mrs. Sartoris's "Week in a French Country House," will remember the charming "Monsieur Jacques," who suffered so much under the *régime* of Madame Olympe. This was Dessauer. Mrs. Grote came into the garden one day shouting to her guests to know whether they would prefer bacon and beans or bacon and peas. Dessauer did not understand English; but, as Mrs. Kemble writes, he put his head first one side then on the other, like an intelligent terrier, trying to comprehend what was going on. Dessauer was delicate in his tastes, preferring boiled chicken to anything else, and the invitation to a bean feast, if he had understood it, would have killed him. He was so deeply impressed with the martial stride of Mrs. Grote as she approached the party, that he suddenly began with his hands and lips to imitate the rolling of a drum, and then broke out aloud with "Marlbrouk s'en va-t-en Guerre." His musical career was soon stopped. Mrs. Grote turned upon him, put her stick on the ground, and surveyed him with an awful countenance, while the poor little man in his agony rolled over and over on the lawn crying

out, "Ah, bonté divine, elle m'a compris."

Dessauer was a great friend of George Sand, and it is to him we owe the suggestion of her great novel "Consuelo." Some romantic incidents occurred at the castle of Tetschen, the residence of the great Bohemian family of Thun, when Dessauer was staying there. These were related to George Sand, who made splendid use of them. A near relative of Mrs. Kemble was the heroine of the romance. Dessauer was a friend of Chopin's, and is said to be the only person who played like the great master. He was the most nervous of mortals. One day walking with Mrs. Sartoris, coming on some slight obstacle, he said, "*Ma chère, il y'a du danger. Je te quitte.*"

There is one most extraordinary episode in Mrs. Grote's career—the attempt to thrust Fanny Ellsler into society. In these times she might have succeeded, for "*Mademoiselle B— et son fils*" have been introduced into gilded saloons. Mrs. Grote adopted Fanny Ellsler's child in the following fashion: "Well, Fanny, send the brat to me; I don't ask you whose child it is, and I don't care, so long as it isn't that fool D'Orsay's" (Mrs. Grote had small esteem for the dandy of his day); "and I'll take the best care of it I can."

How very like Madame Sévigné!

What was the meaning of all this? What did Mrs. Grote's "master," that stern republican, say on the subject? Alas! dancers are answerable for many of the eccentricities of mankind. Herodias's daughter danced off the head of John the Baptist; Lola Montes danced the old King of Bavaria out of his kingdom. We have heard of a young lady, after dancing an Irish jig, being promised the head of a "grand old man" on a charger. Dancers of the present day are, however, sufficiently contented with dancing the money out of their friends' pockets.

Sydney Smith thought virtue a question of weather, and said that if a tropical climate prevailed in England we should give up port wine and marriage, and addict ourselves to sherbet and polygamy. Even Cato, to whom Mr. Grote was compared, found his principles oozing out of his fingers' ends at

Baïa; therefore we cannot help thinking that the cause of Mrs. Grote's escapade was that Mr. Grote himself had a slight—a very slight—weakness for the many-twinkling feet of this delightful foreigner.

Mrs. Grote's character was well summed up by Sydney Smith, who said to her as she was getting into her carriage for a long journey, "Go where you will, do what you like, say what you please: I have the most unbounded confidence in your *indiscretion*."

Old Lady Cork, the most eccentric of mortals, figures in these volumes in a very sprightly fashion. As Miss Monckton, she was maid-of-honor to the mother of George III., and Mrs. Kemble heard her relate how one day, when she was sitting in the Princess's apartments, a picture turned round in its frame, and Lord Bute entered the room. When she dined out, she always got up a subscription for "Memory's" relations (Memory was a young girl who wrote her letters), and after amusing the company by her talk about Johnson and Boswell, used to be carried upstairs by the strongest man present. She was very much addicted to thieving. Portable property was not safe in her presence; in fact, every finger was a fish-hook.

Mrs. Kemble writes:

"I heard once a most ludicrous story of her carrying off, *faute de mieux*, a hedgehog from a place where the creature was a pet of the porters, and was running tame about the hall, as Lady Cork crossed it to get into her carriage. She made her poor, 'Memory' seize up the prickly breast, but after driving a few miles with its unpleasant spiked foot-warmer, she found means to dispose of it at a small town, where she stopped to change horses, to a baker, to whom she gave it in payment for a sponge cake, assuring him that a hedgehog would be invaluable in his establishment for the destruction of black beetles, with which she knew, from good authority, that the premises of bakers were always infested."

What a sublimity of cunning about this little arrangement! If Lady Cork had gone into the director line, what a fraudulent prospectus she could have drawn up!

There are singular ideas of heaven prevailing among mankind. Horace Walpole's idea of heaven was that we should be more surprised at the people we do not see there, than at the people

we do. Lady Cork's idea on the subject was, that it would be sitting on damp clouds, and singing "God save the King." Lady Harriet D'Orsay thought that Lady Cork would not enjoy heaven much, as she had no ear for music, and there would be nothing to steal but one another's wings. Lady E. thought it would be all splendid *fêtes* and delightful dinner-parties, and charming, clever people—just like the London season, only a great deal pleasanter, because there would be no bores. Mrs. Kemble herself would not be altogether satisfied with heaven if she had no soft rain-water to wash in. Good Mr. Mitchell without Rachel, Mrs. Kemble, and his "subscribers," would have thought heaven a very dull place. Angel Sydney Smith's idea of heaven was a peculiar one—eating *pâtés de foie gras* to the sound of trumpets. Trelawny's idea of another place is quite original. He was much admired by the ladies as the type of the Corsair or Lara, and was, of course, expected to make his exit, *à la* Don Juan, in streaks of blue fire.

Mrs. Kemble writes:

"I was walking once with Trelawny, who is as chilly as an Italian grayhound, at Niagara, by a wall of rock, upon which the intense sun beat and was reflected upon us, till I felt as if I was being roasted alive, and exclaimed, 'Oh, this is hell itself!' to which he replied with a grunt of dissatisfaction, 'Oh dear, I hope hell will be a great deal warmer than this!'"

We are surprised at his love of heat, because when he lived at a villa at Putney—not a romantic site for the habitation of a pirate—an acquaintance went to call on him. He was ushered into the house—no Trelawny; he was taken to the side of a pond in the grounds—still no Trelawny. Trelawny at last slowly emerged from the water, got on the bank, made a low bow to the astonished visitor, and then dived into obscurity again.

One of the greatest evils of the present day is the quarrelling about religion that prevails in certain circles. If the discussions were carried on in the quiet and thoughtful tone of Mrs. Kemble's letters to Miss St. Leger, all would be well. But this is not the case. We were lately at a dinner-party in the country, when the conversation so raged

about theological questions that we thought it would end in a free fight. Sir Robert Walpole encouraged indecent conversation because that was a subject on which the stupidest person might shine the most. We think theological discussion is encouraged on the same principle. Charles Kean once heard a religious discussion between a Jew and a stage coachman. "What do you Jews believe in?" said the coachman. "We believe in God," said the Jew. "Oh, do you?" said the whip. "But do you believe in the Old Testament?" "Yes, we do," said the Jew. "But do you believe in the New Testament?" "No, we don't," answered the Jew. "Well," said the stage coachman, "that is what I call so d—d inconsistent!" This discussion, if not edifying, was at least amusing.

The most perfect character in Mrs. Kemble's book to our mind is Mrs. Harry Siddons, the beloved of Edinburgh—"Our Mrs. Siddons," as they fondly called her there.

Mrs. Kemble writes:

"In Mrs. Harry Siddons's house religion was never, I think, directly made a subject of inculcation or discussion; the usual observances of Church of England people were regularly fulfilled by all her family, the spirit of true religion governed her life and all her home relations; but special, direct reference to relig-

ious subjects was infrequent among us. God's service in that house took the daily and hourly form of the conscientious discharge of duty, unselfish, tender affection toward each other, and kindly Christian charity toward all."

If participators in religious brawls would follow the wise example of Mrs. Harry Siddons, it would be a great advantage, not only to their own souls, but to their friends' ears.

We have now finished our part in the general chorus of praise with which this work has been received. It has pleased alike the young and the old, the clever and the stupid, the sinner and the saint. There is good reading for every kind of mind. One writer alone lifts up his voice in a howl of indignation because there is no index. Some people are wild about indexes. An eminent book collector, noted for his good-nature, declared that a man who published a book without an index, ought to be put in the thistles beyond hell, where the devil could not get at him. But there is no need of an index on the present occasion. The letters and reminiscences end in the year 1848. There are more than thirty years of letters and diaries unpublished. Let us have three more volumes, and if there is no index we will join the shrieking but unreasonable critic in a war-dance of dissatisfaction.  
—*Temple Bar*.

## ATOMS, MOLECULES, AND ETHER WAVES.

BY PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

### I.

MAN is prone to idealization. He cannot accept as final the phenomena of the sensible world, but looks behind that world into another which rules the sensible one. From this tendency of the human mind systems of mythology and scientific theories have equally sprung. By the former the experiences of volition, passion, power, and design, manifested among ourselves, were transplanted, with the necessary modifications, into an unseen universe, from which the sway and potency of these magnified human qualities were exerted. "In the roar of thunder and in the vio-

lence of the storm was felt the presence of a shouter and furious strikers, and out of the rain was created an Indra or giver of rain." It is substantially the same with science, the principal force of which is expended in endeavoring to rend the veil which separates the sensible world from an ultra-sensible one. In both cases our materials, drawn from the world of the senses, are modified by the imagination to suit intellectual needs. The "first beginnings" of Lucretius were not objects of sense, but they were suggested and illustrated by objects of sense. The idea of atoms proved an early want on the part of minds in pursuit of the knowledge of



nature. It has never been relinquished, and in our own day it is growing steadily in power and precision.

The union of bodies in fixed and multiple proportions constitutes the basis of modern atomic theory. The same compound retains, forever, the same elements, in an unalterable ratio. We cannot produce pure water containing one part, by weight, of hydrogen and nine of oxygen; nor can we produce it when the ratio is one to ten; but we can produce it from the ratio of one to eight, and from no other. So also when water is decomposed by the electric current, the proportion, as regards volumes, is as fixed as in the case of weights. Two volumes of hydrogen and one of oxygen invariably go to the formation of water. Number and harmony, as in the Pythagorean system, are everywhere dominant in this underworld.

Following the discovery of fixed proportions as we have that of *multiple* proportions. For the same compound, as above stated, the elementary factors are constant; but one elementary body often unites with another so as to form different compounds. Water, for example, is an oxide of hydrogen; but a peroxide of that substance also exists, containing exactly double the quantity of oxygen. Nitrogen also unites with oxygen in various ratios, but not in all. The union takes place, not gradually and uniformly, but by steps, a definite weight of matter being added at each step. The larger combining quantities of oxygen are thus multiples of the smaller ones. It is the same with other combinations.

We remain thus far in the region of fact; why not rest there? It might as well be asked why we do not, like our poor relations of the woods and forests, rest content with the facts of the sensible world. In virtue of our mental idiosyncrasy, we demand *why* bodies should combine in multiple proportions, and the outcome and answer of this question is the atomic theory. The definite weights of matter above referred to represent the weights of atoms, indivisible by any force which chemistry has hitherto brought to bear upon them. If matter were a *continuum*—if it were not rounded off, so to say, into these

discrete atomic masses—the impassable breaches of continuity which the law of multiple proportions reveals, could not be accounted for. These atoms are what Maxwell finely calls “the foundation stones of the material universe” which, amid the wreck of composite matter, “remain unbroken and unworn.”

A group of atoms drawn and held together by what chemists term affinity, is called a molecule. The ultimate parts of all compound bodies are molecules. A molecule of water, for example, consists of two atoms of hydrogen, which grasp and are grasped by one atom of oxygen. When water is converted into steam, the distances between the molecules are greatly augmented, but the molecules themselves continue intact. We must not, however, picture the constituent atoms of any molecule as held so rigidly together as to render intestine motion impossible. The interlocked atoms have still liberty of vibration, which may, under certain circumstances, become so intense as to shake the molecule asunder. Most molecules—probably all—are wrecked by intense heat, or in other words by intense vibratory motion; and many are wrecked by a very moderate heat of the proper quality. Indeed, a weak force, which bears a suitable relation to the constitution of the molecule, can, by timely savings and accumulations, accomplish what a strong force out of relation fails to achieve.

We have here a glimpse of the world in which the physical philosopher for the most part resides. Science has been defined as “organized common sense;” by whom I have forgotten; but, unless we stretch unduly the definition of common sense, I think it is hardly applicable to this world of molecules. I should be inclined to ascribe the creation of that world to inspiration rather than to what is currently known as common sense. For the natural history sciences the definition may stand—hardly for the physical and mathematical sciences.

The sensation of light is produced by a succession of waves which strike the retina in periodic intervals; and such waves, impinging on the molecules of bodies, agitate their constituent atoms.

These atoms are so small, and, when grouped to molecules, are so tightly clasped together, that they are capable of tremors equal in rapidity to those of light and radiant heat. To a mind coming freshly to these subjects, the numbers with which scientific men here habitually deal must appear utterly fantastical; and yet, to minds trained in the logic of science, they express most sober and certain truth. The constituent atoms of molecules can vibrate to and fro millions of millions of times in a second. The waves of light and of radiant heat follow each other at similar rates through the luminiferous ether. Further, the atoms of different molecules are held together with varying degrees of tightness—they are tuned, as it were, to notes of different pitch. Suppose then light-waves, or heat-waves, to impinge upon an assemblage of such molecules, what may be expected to occur? The same as what occurs when a piano is opened and sung into. The waves of sound select the strings which respectively respond to them—the strings, that is to say, whose rates of vibration are the same as their own—and of the general series of strings these only sound. The vibratory motion of the voice, imparted first to the air, is here taken up by the strings. It may be regarded as *absorbed*, each string constituting itself thereby a new centre of motion. Thus also, as regards the tightly locked atoms of molecules on which waves of light or radiant heat impinge. Like the waves of sound just adverted to, the waves of ether select those atoms whose periods of vibration synchronize with their own periods of recurrence, and to such atoms deliver up their motion. It is thus that light and radiant heat are absorbed.

And here the statement, though elementary, must not be omitted, that the colors of the prismatic spectrum, which are presented in an impure form in the rainbow, are due to different rates of atomic vibration in their source, the sun. From the extreme red to the extreme violet, between which are embraced all colors visible to the human eye, the rapidity of vibration steadily increases, the length of the waves of ether produced by these vibrations diminishing in the same proportion. I say

“visible to the human eye,” because there may be eyes capable of receiving visual impression from waves which do not affect ours. There is a vast store of rays, or more correctly waves, beyond the red, and also beyond the violet, which are incompetent to excite our vision; so that could the whole length of the spectrum, visible and invisible, be seen by the same eye, its length would be vastly augmented.

I have spoken of molecules being wrecked by a moderate amount of heat of the proper quality; let us examine this point for a moment. There is a liquid called nitrite of amyl—frequently administered to patients suffering from heart disease. The liquid is volatile, and its vapor is usually inhaled by the patient. Let a quantity of this vapor be introduced into a wide glass tube, and let a concentrated beam of solar light be sent through the tube along its axis. Prior to the entry of the beam, the vapor is as invisible as the purest air. When the light enters, a bright cloud is immediately precipitated on the beam. This is entirely due to the waves of light, which wreck the nitrite of amyl molecules, the products of decomposition forming innumerable liquid particles which constitute the cloud. Many other gases and vapors are acted upon in a similar manner. Now the waves that produce this decomposition are by no means the most powerful of those emitted by the sun. It is, for example, possible to gather up the ultra-red waves into a concentrated beam, and to send it through the vapor, like the beam of light. But, though possessing vastly greater energy than the light waves, they fail to produce decomposition. Hence the justification of the statement already made, that a suitable relation must subsist between the molecules and the waves of ether to render the latter effectual.

A very impressive illustration of the decomposing power of the waves of light is here purposely chosen; but the processes of photography illustrate the same principle. The photographer, without fear, illuminates his developing room with light transmitted through red or yellow glass; but he dares not use blue glass, for blue light would decompose his chemicals. And yet the waves

of red light, measured by the amount of energy which they carry, are immensely more powerful than the waves of blue. The blue rays are usually called chemical rays—a misleading term; for, as Draper and others have taught us, the rays that produce the grandest chemical effects in nature, by decomposing the carbonic acid and water which form the nutriment of plants, are not the blue ones. In regard, however, to the salts of silver, and many other compounds, the blue rays are the most effectual. How is it then that weak waves can produce effects which strong waves are incompetent to produce? This is a feature characteristic of periodic motion. In the experiment of singing into an open piano already referred to, it is the accord subsisting between the vibrations of the voice and those of the string that causes the latter to sound. Were this accord absent, the intensity of the voice might be quintupled, without producing any response. But when voice and string are identical in pitch, the successive impulses add themselves together, and this addition renders them, in the aggregate, powerful, though individually they may be weak. In some such fashion the periodic strokes of the smaller ether-waves accumulate, till the atoms on which their timed impulses impinge are jerked asunder, and what we call chemical decomposition ensues.

Savart was the first to show the influence of musical sounds upon liquid jets, and I have now to describe an experiment belonging to this class, which bears upon the present question. From a screw-tap in my little Alpine kitchen I permitted, an hour ago, a vein of water to descend into a trough, so arranging the flow that the jet was steady and continuous from top to bottom. A slight diminution of the orifice caused the continuous portion of the vein to shorten, the part further down resolving itself into drops. In my experiment, however, the vein, before it broke, was intersected by the bottom of the trough. Shouting near the descending jet produced no sensible effect upon it. The higher notes of the voice, however powerful, were also ineffectual. But when the voice was lowered to about 130 vibrations a second, the feeblest ut-

terance of this note sufficed to shorten, by one half, the continuous portion of the jet. The responsive drops ran along the vein, pattered against the trough, and scattered a copious spray round their place of impact. When the note ceased, the continuity and steadiness of the vein were immediately restored. The formation of the drops was here periodic; and when the vibrations of the note accurately synchronized with the periods of the drops, the waves of sound aided what Plateau has proved to be the natural tendency of the liquid cylinder to resolve itself into spherules, and virtually decomposed the vein.

I have stated, without proof, that where absorption occurs, the motion of the ether-waves is taken up by the constituent atoms of molecules. It is conceivable that the ether-waves, in passing through an assemblage of molecules, might deliver up their motion to each molecule as a whole, leaving the relative positions of the constituent atoms unchanged. But the long series of reactions, represented by the deportment of nitrite of amyl vapor, does not favor this conception; for, were the atoms animated solely by a common motion, the molecules would not be decomposed. The fact of decomposition, then, goes to prove the atoms to be the seat of the absorption. They, in great part, take up the energy of the ether-waves, whereby their union is severed, and the building materials of the molecules are scattered abroad.

Molecules differ in stability; some of them, though hit by waves of considerable force, and taking up the motions of these waves, nevertheless hold their own with a tenacity which defies decomposition. And here, in passing, I may say that it would give me extreme pleasure to be able to point to my researches in confirmation of the solar theory recently enunciated by my friend the President of the British Association. But though the experiments which I have made on the decomposition of vapors by light might be numbered by the thousand, I have, to my regret, encountered no fact which proves that free aqueous vapor is decomposed by the solar rays, or that the sun is reheated by the combination of gases, in the sever-

ance of which it had previously sacrificed its heat.

## II.

The memorable investigations of Leslie and Rumford, and the subsequent classical researches of Melloni, dealt, in the main, with the properties of radiant heat; while in my investigations, radiant heat, instead of being regarded as an end, was employed as a means of exploring molecular condition. On this score little could be said until the gaseous form of matter was brought under the dominion of experiment. This was first affected in 1859, when it was proved that gases and vapors, notwithstanding the open door which the distances between their molecules might be supposed to offer to the heat waves, were, in many cases, able effectually to bar their passage. It was then proved that while the elementary gases and their mixtures, including among the latter the earth's atmosphere, were almost as pervious as a vacuum to ordinary radiant heat, the compound gases were one and all absorbers, some of them taking up with intense avidity the motion of the ether-waves.

A single illustration will here suffice. Let a mixture of hydrogen and nitrogen in the proportion of three to fourteen by weight, be enclosed in a space through which are passing the heat rays from an ordinary stove. The gaseous mixture offers no measurable impediment to the rays of heat. Let the hydrogen and nitrogen now unite to form the compound ammonia. A magical change instantly occurs. The number of atoms present remains unchanged. The transparency of the compound is quite equal to that of the mixture prior to combination. No change is perceptible to the eye, but the keen vision of experiment soon detects the fact that the perfectly transparent and highly attenuated ammonia resembles pitch or lampblack in its behavior to the rays of heat.

There is probably boldness, if not rashness, in the attempt to make these ultra-sensible actions generally intelligible, and I may have already transgressed the limits beyond which the writer of a familiar article cannot profitably go. There may, however, be a remnant of

readers willing to accompany me, and for their sakes I proceed. A hundred compounds might be named which, like the ammonia, are transparent to light, but more or less opaque—often, indeed, intensely opaque—to the rays of heat from obscure sources. Now the difference between these latter rays and the light-rays is purely a difference of period of vibration. The vibrations in the case of light are more rapid, and the ether waves which they produce are shorter, than in the case of obscure heat. Why then should the ultra red waves be intercepted by bodies like ammonia, while the more rapidly recurrent waves of the whole visible spectrum are allowed free transmission? The answer I hold to be that, by the act of chemical combination, the vibrations of the constituent atoms of the molecules are rendered so sluggish as to synchronize with the motions of the longer waves. They resemble loaded piano-strings, or slowly descending water-jets, requiring notes of low pitch to set them in motion.

The influence of synchronism between the "radiant" and the "absorbent" is well shown by the behavior of carbonic acid gas. To the complex emission from our heated stove, carbonic acid would be one of the most transparent of gases. For such waves olefiant gas, for example, would vastly transcend it in absorbing power. But when we select a radiant with whose waves the atoms of carbonic acid are in accord, the case is entirely altered. Such a radiant is found in a carbonic oxide flame, where the radiating body is really hot carbonic acid. To this special radiation carbonic acid is the most opaque of gases.

And here we find ourselves face to face with a question of great delicacy and importance. Both as a radiator, and as an absorber, carbonic acid is, in general, a feeble gas. It is beaten in this respect by chloride of methyl, ethylene, ammonia, sulphurous acid, nitrous oxide, and marsh gas. Compared with some of these gases, its behavior in fact approaches that of elementary bodies. May it not help to explain their neutrality? The doctrine is now very generally accepted that atoms of the same kind may, like atoms of differ-



ent kinds, group themselves to molecules. Affinity exists between hydrogen and hydrogen, and between chlorine and chlorine, as well as between hydrogen and chlorine. We have thus homogeneous molecules as well as heterogeneous molecules, and the neutrality so strikingly exhibited by the elements may be due to a quality of which carbonic acid furnishes a partial illustration. The paired atoms of the elementary molecules may be so out of accord with the periods of the ultra-red waves—the vibrating periods of these atoms may, for example, be so rapid—as to disqualify them both from emitting those waves, and from accepting their energy. This would practically destroy their power, both as radiators and absorbers. I have reason to know that a distinguished authority has for some time entertained this hypothesis.

We must, however, refresh ourselves by occasional contact with the solid ground of experiment, and an interesting problem now lies before us awaiting experimental solution. Suppose 200 men to be scattered equably throughout the length of Pall Mall. By timely swerving now and then a runner from St. James's Palace to the Athenæum Club might be able to get through such a crowd without much hindrance. But supposing the men to close up so as to form a dense file crossing Pall Mall from north to south: such a barrier might seriously impede, or entirely stop, the runner. Instead of a crowd of men, let us imagine a column of molecules under small pressure, thus resembling the sparsely distributed crowd. Let us suppose the column to shorten, without change in the quantity of matter, until the molecules are so squeezed together as to resemble the closed file across Pall Mall. During these changes of density, would the action of the molecules upon a beam of heat passing among them, at all resemble the action of the crowd upon the runner?

We must answer this question by direct experiment. To form our molecular crowd we place, in the first instance, a gas or vapor in a tube 38 inches long, the ends of which are closed with circular windows, air-tight, but formed of a substance which offers

little or no obstruction to the calorific waves. Calling the measured value of a heat-beam passing through this tube 100, we carefully determine the proportionate part of this total absorbed by the molecules in the tube. We then gather precisely the same number of molecules into a column 10.8 inches long, the one column being thus three and a half times the length of the other. In this case also we determine the quantity of radiant heat absorbed. By the depression of a barometric column, we can easily and exactly measure out the proper quantities of the gaseous body. It is obvious that 1 mercury inch of vapor, in the long tube, would represent precisely the same amount of matter—or, in other words, the same number of molecules—as  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches in the short one; while 2 inches of vapor in the long tube would be equivalent to 7 inches in the short one.

The experiments have been made with the vapors of two very volatile liquids, namely, sulphuric ether and hydride of amyl. The sources of radiant heat were, in some cases, an incandescent lime cylinder, and in others a spiral of platinum wire, heated to bright redness by an electric current. One or two of the measurements will suffice for the purposes of illustration. First then, as regards the lime light: for 1 inch of pressure in the long tube, the absorption was 18.4 per cent of the total beam; while for 3.5 inches of pressure in the short tube, the absorption was 18.8 per cent, or almost exactly the same as the former. For 2 inches pressure, moreover, in the long tube, the absorption was 25.7 per cent; while for 7 inches, in the short tube, it was 25.6 per cent of the total beam. Thus closely do the absorptions in the two cases run together—thus emphatically do the molecules assert their individuality. As long as their number is unaltered, their action on radiant heat is unchanged. Passing from the lime-light to the incandescent spiral, the absorptions of the smaller equivalent quantities, in the two tubes, were 23.5 and 23.4 per cent; while the absorptions of the larger equivalent quantities were 32.1 and 32.6 per cent respectively. This constancy of absorption, when the density of a gas or vapor is

varied, I have called "the conservation of molecular action."

But it may be urged that the change of density, in these experiments, has not been carried far enough to justify the enunciation of a law of molecular physics. The condensation into less than one third of the space does not, it may be said, quite represent the close file of men across Pall Mall. Let us therefore push matters to extremes, and continue the condensation till the vapor has been squeezed into a liquid. To the pure change of density we shall then have added the change in the state of aggregation. The experiments here are more easily described than executed; nevertheless, by sufficient training, scrupulous accuracy, and minute attention to details, success may be insured. Knowing the respective specific gravities, it is easy, by calculation, to determine the condensation requisite to reduce a column of vapor of definite density and length to a layer of liquid of definite thickness. Let the vapor, for example, be that of sulphuric ether, and let it be introduced into our 38-inch tube till a pressure of 7.2 inches of mercury is obtained. Or let it be hydride of amyl, of the same length, and at a pressure of 6.6 inches. Supposing the column to shorten, the vapor would become proportionally denser, and would, in each case, end in the production of a layer of liquid exactly 1 millimetre in thickness.\* Conversely, a layer of liquid ether, or of hydride of amyl, of this thickness, were its molecules freed from the thrall of cohesion, would form a column of vapor 38 inches long, at a pressure of 7.2 inches in the one case, and of 6.6 inches in the other. In passing through the liquid layer, a beam of heat encounters the same number of molecules as in passing through the vapor layer; and our problem is to decide, by experiment, whether, in both cases, the molecule is not the dominant factor, or whether its power is augmented, diminished, or otherwise overridden by the state of aggregation.

Using the sources of heat before mentioned, and employing diathermanous lenses, or silvered mirrors, to render

the rays from those sources parallel, the absorption of radiant heat was determined, first for the liquid layer, and then for its equivalent vaporous layer. As before, a representative experiment or two will suffice for illustration. When the substance was sulphuric ether, and the source of radiant heat an incandescent platinum spiral, the absorption by the column of vapor was found to be 66.7 per cent of the total beam. The absorption of the equivalent liquid layer was next determined, and found to be 67.2 per cent. Liquid and vapor, therefore, differed from each other only 0.5 per cent; in other words, they were practically identical in their action. The radiation from the limelight has a greater power of penetration through transparent substances than that from the spiral. In the emission from both of these sources we have a mixture of obscure and luminous rays; but the ration of the latter to the former, in the limelight, is greater than in the spiral; and, as the very meaning of transparency is perviousness to the luminous rays, the emission in which these rays are predominant must pass most freely through transparent substances. Increased transmission implies diminished absorption; and, accordingly, the respective absorptions of ether vapor and liquid ether, when the limelight was used, instead of being 66.7 and 67.2 per cent, were found to be—

Vapor . . . . .	33.3 per cent
Liquid . . . . .	33.3 "

no difference whatever being observed between the two states of aggregation. The same was found true of hydride of amyl.

This constancy and continuity of the action exerted on the waves of heat when the state of aggregation is changed, I have called "the thermal continuity of liquids and vapors." It is, I think, the strongest illustration hitherto adduced of the conservation of molecular action.

Thus, by new methods of search, we reach a result which was long ago enunciated on other grounds. Water is well known to be one of the most opaque of liquids to the waves of obscure heat. But if the relation of liquids to their vapors be that here shadowed forth; if in both cases the molecule asserts itself

\* The millimetre is  $\frac{1}{25}$  of an inch.

to be the dominant factor, then the dispersion of the water of our seas and rivers, as invisible aqueous vapor in our atmosphere, does not annul the action of the molecules on solar and terrestrial heat. Both are profoundly modified by this constituent; but as aqueous vapor is transparent, which, as before explained, means pervious to the luminous rays, and as the emission from the sun abounds in such rays, while from the earth's emission they are wholly absent, the vapor-screen offers a far greater hindrance to the outflow of heat from the earth toward space than to the inflow from the sun toward the earth. The elevation of our planet's

temperature is therefore a direct consequence of the existence of aqueous vapor in our air. Flimsy as that garment may appear, were it removed, terrestrial life would probably perish through the consequent refrigeration.

I have thus endeavored to give some account of a recent incursion into that ultra-sensible world mentioned at the outset of this paper. Invited by my publishers, with whom I have now worked in harmony for a period of twenty years, to send some contribution to the first number of their new magazine, I could not refuse them this proof of my good-will.—*Longman's Magazine.*

#### SHOOTING NIAGARA FALLS.

VIRTUALLY we had done Niagara! Arriving the night previous under the tutelage of an American friend, we had been registered at the Cascade House, and marched up to our rooms to be tired into troublous sleep by the never-ending monotone of the Rapids outside our windows.

In the morning, after a breakfast, the prominent point of which was the intense blackness of the negro waiter who served it, we had been placed in a carriage and taken over what seemed to us a perilous bridge to Goat Island. Round it we had wandered, shuddering at the rush of the white-capped rapids on either side, and wondering why the Island did not slough off bodily into the awful black pool below. We had looked in stolid surprise at the plunge of water over the American Fall, and the filmy dome of white spray rising from the graceful green curves of the still grander Horse Shoe. We had vowed never to trust ourselves again on that flimsy-looking carriage-bridge, suspended two hundred feet in air above unmeasured depths of water. We had been to the Cave of the Winds, but had turned back in dismay at the first sight of the under watery recesses. We had driven down the Canadian side of that black gulf below the falls, scarce a thousand feet wide, but two hundred feet deep, whose seething, boiling, tumbling, racing water seemed like the

strivings of something human to leave the ghastly purgatory above, and gain the calm heaven of Lake Ontario, ten miles away and below. We had driven along this gulf to the Whirlpool, in whose circling depths logs and tree-trunks, stripped of bark and water-worn, swept round and round, and anon raised a despairing arm to heaven for help, only to sink back into the toils again. Never did Doré's illustrations of Dante's "Inferno" give so thorough an ideal of unending, restless striving as did those poor logs, rising, falling, sheering upward, and subsiding in the cruel swirls of that dark pool.

Almost saddened at the sight, right glad were we to drive back again to the American side by the Lower Bridge, across which we walked to be terrified to the verge of suicide at a sudden vibration, and the rumble of a train passing over our heads, drowning for a time even the roar of the Falls themselves; and then to the whirlpool rapids, down to the level of which we were dropped by an elevator (subsider would seem a more appropriate term). And as we sat and lounged there on the rocks at the water's edge, and looked along the sheer rock walls of the chasm, up and down stream, and at the vast spheroidal waves of green water raising their white caps fifteen feet above our heads, only to subside at our feet, and race past us, and form again

just below, we agreed that our American friend had served us well. We had, under his guidance, "done" Niagara, and this last phase was more sublime and glorious than all the others. The helter-skelter of the Rapids at Goat Island was more inspiring; the vast magnificence of the white and iridescent spray of the Falls themselves, those thunder-makers of the monotone that pervaded the air, might have been more striking, the blackness of the great pool more awesome, the yearning for freedom of the bonded tree-stems in the whirlpool, gave us a better idea of the cruel grip the water retains over all that touches it; but here, at the Rapids, the joyous rush and roar of the water, imprisoned long in the black depths of the pool above, and then suddenly broken loose, racing, swirling, hurrying past us to the calm and placid bosom of Ontario, inspired us. We were roused to enthusiasm over it, and were almost angry with our American friend's breaking in upon our meditation, till the horror of his story so absorbed us as to make us unconscious of even the water rushing by us, and the hum of the Falls quivering on the air.

About five years ago, said he, suddenly, I was sitting on this same rock, watching the waves break and tower above me, only to fall and worship at my feet and eddy round this little cove, when out of the top of a wave there flashed something so like a human form, that as it hung for a moment in the eddy there, I grabbed at it instinctively, and, with the help of those with me, dragged out on to the rocks the body—whether alive or dead we knew not—of a smart thick-set man of middle age. Part of a sock and the torn waistband of his trousers were all the remnants of clothes he had on; and as we turned him over to try and pump his lungs full of air, we could see cuts, scratches, and livid marks covering his body from brain-pan to tendon Achilles.

One of our party of four, a surgeon, stoutly averred that the man was not beyond all chance of resuscitation; and we had the satisfaction of hearing, after the doctor had worked over him for three or four hours at the nearest house, that the man was actually living, although the thread of life had been so

chafed, that any moment the strain of trying to live might snap it.

So as we all lived at Buffalo, only twenty miles away, we agreed to leave the man in the doctor's hands, and return in a couple of days to find out from his own lips the why and wherefore of his most extraordinary appearance, only making our friend promise that we should be present when he told his story.

Many were the theories advanced as we went home, as to who and what was our half-drowned man, and why and where he had plunged into the Niagara River.

The only reasonable one seemed to be that he must have been a workman on some of the elevators or bridge foundations, who had wandered down along the edge of the water, and slipped into the rapids just above where we rescued him; as it seemed that fifty yards of those pinnacled racing waves would thrash the brains, let alone the life, out of the strongest man alive. But inquiries next day showed that no workman had been missed from the gangs working below the Falls, and no man answering to his description seemed to have been seen at all that day round the Falls or the rapids below them. We had therefore to wait for word from the doctor, and speculate as to whether it was a suicide or murder, planned so skilfully as to be entirely—or at least so far—unexplainable.

The second day came; and with it word from the doctor that the patient was trembling in the balance between life and death. As might have been expected, there was a general complication, and the symptoms he showed of a man recovering from the last stage of drowning were really the least serious. The bruises on his whole body, taken in conjunction with a marked weakness of stomach, tended to show that there were internal injuries—in fact it was almost impossible to imagine a man so knocked about outwardly, and yet whole within.

The long spells of torpor, broken with sudden bursts of nervous horror, accompanied by spasmodic tremblings of the limbs, during which he would continually cry out, indicated a terrible shock to the nervous system as well; and when these nervous fits were over,



and just as the exhaustion from them set in, there was an evident wish, without the physical power to do it, to make some statement—to describe what had happened, the doctor supposed. Often he would mutter the words, "Niagara," and again "The Falls." "Altogether," our friend wrote us, "there is something queer behind it all, which I should like to fathom; so, as the man may die any moment, hold yourselves in readiness to come down for the antemortem statement on receipt of a telegram, in case I have time to send it, and in case you care to come."

Whether it was natural curiosity or whether there was a real interest in the poor wretch we had so far saved, I know not. Suffice it to say, we had thought and talked so much over the matter, that it had taken complete hold on us; and the excitement was intense, when, as on the evening of the fourth day we were dining together at the club, a telegram was handed to one of us, containing these words:

"Come quick, all three of you."

"X."

There was five minutes to catch the train for Niagara Falls. We caught it, and never did railway journey seem so long. Every moment was an hour.

A hack, with the doctor's assistant, was waiting for us at the Falls Station, and almost before we could get any information out of him regarding the patient, we were at the house, where the doctor himself met us, and drew us into the room.

We were all of us intensely excited, and even the doctor's imperturbable calm seemed ruffled.

"Boys," said he "listen! The man is between life and death; but he is conscious of all around him now, and seems to be of what has passed. He wants to tell his story. Whether he lives through the recital is a question. I think he may, and at all events he has a secret that he must get rid of, or it will kill him. It is easy to see that. I've tried to explain to him his danger; but he's as deaf as a post, poor wretch! I think he understood though, for he said to me with a strong Italian accent—'I tell queek, or I die.'

"But now, promise to be careful; don't express surprise at anything you

see or hear; for the man's life hangs on a thread."

The room into which the doctor then ushered us was large and comfortable, but for the gloomy light of a shaded lamp and the natural shock at first sight of the figure propped up in bed on pillows in the furthest corner of the room.

The patient's face was livid. From under intensely black arched eyebrows, eyes, so far sunken as to disappear altogether but for their brightness, gleamed at us through the half-light. In spite of the breadth of shoulder and muscular chest, the lower part of the body seemed to have shrunk fearfully, even since we had seen him last; and his hands toyed and clutched nervously at the sheet.

A priest, whose black dress and austere face helped nothing to lighten up the sombre picture, came forward from the side of the bed as we entered, motioned us to chairs, and said: "Gentlemen, be seated. Doctor! the rites of the Church have been administered; but our patient says that he has a statement to make, which he wishes me not to incorporate into his confession, but that he would like to make it before the gentlemen who saved him, who I presume are the ones present. I administered the rites *in extremis*, as I feared he might not be able to tell all his tale; and have given him the absolution: but we must be our own judges, gentlemen, after we have heard it, as to whether the story should be kept secret or not."

We all bowed assent; the priest drew back, and the doctor took his station by the patient.

The man had evidently understood that the time was come to speak, for after a gleam of recognition as we came into the room, he had closed his eyes; and lay still, nerving himself for the effort.

The silence after the priest had ceased speaking was fearfully oppressive. The whole facts connected with the case were so curious. The finding of an almost dead man in those rapids—his wish to communicate something—the solemnity of the priest, and the gloom of the chamber, all added to our curiosity, but mellowed it with a

feeling of sorrow and sympathy for the dying man.

Hush! he speaks—and with a soft Italian accent that I do not pretend to give, but which seemed to put us, if possible, more *en rapport* with our patient than before.

"I was a poor fishermann Italiano. I liff in Buffalo. I go with my boy to fish bass de other day in de river. I was well then. You see me now, dying—dead—worse than dead! Were I dead I could get the horror out of me—out of my ears, out of my brain, out of my body, out of my being!" And he hissed out the last words with an energy of despair never to be forgotten. "But I must be calma. I go I say, to fish bass down de river in my leetle boat. Others was fishing down de river; I catch no fish. I go down past Internat'nal Bridge, past French'a creek, past Gran I-land, to de head of Navy I-land, but no fish. I go near to de foot of Navy I-land. You know dat is de head of de rapid above Goat I-land. I was starving. Dere was no fish to catch in de lake, none in de river; but I had a family, and I must catch fish, or dey must starve. I say to my boy, 'You sit still and troll, and I row de boat across de head of de Rapid. The fish are dere. If we do not catch fish we starve and die; if we go over de rapid we die, 'cause we go over de Falls.' My boy he say notings, and we now row across de head of de rapid. On a sudden de boy he catch a black bass, and another; and we row across again, and again we catch plenty black bass—big, three, four pounda. I find I can hold my boat at de head of de rapid, so de trolling lines run in de white breakers, and we catch more fish. My boy he got one black bass on each a line—heavy, big ones; and I forget myself, and reacha forward to take one of de lines. A big log, which got away from de Tonawanda Saw Mill, strike de boat—break one oar. I jump de other out of de showl-pin—and, my God! dere was I and my boy—my poor, poora boy, in de rapid, and no oars.

"De log and de boat race down together through de white waves of de rapid toward de head of Goat I-land. We see de trees of Goat I-land get larger and larger. We see de rocks at

de head of de i-land, and I haf some hope de boat strand on there and we make out to shore.

"De poora boy was too frighten to say or do; he only crouch in de stern of de boat, and laff as if he is mad. I sit in de fowerd thwart, and I could say no more than 'Be brave! perhaps we may get onta Goat I-land.' But all de time de log he follow us, rising on de top of de white caps as if he want to crush us. I call for help; but who can hear in that noise of water? Ah! if other noise had not drown it out, I tink I hear that noise still!

"Presently we get to de head of de i-land. De log still follow us, and I tell my boy, 'Get ready to jump when we strike. De boat take a swirl round, and de i-land close under us, when de log he rise on a white cap, and he strike down on to de boat. De boat capsize. I grab de log, and race with it past de i-land; but my boy—my poora boy—I never see him. And then, gentlemen, I care not. I know I go over de American Falls, unless dat man at de point of rocks catch me. Den I tink boats has gone over de Falls—dogs has gone over de Falls—and come out safe. Why cannot man? I will go over de Falls and live; so my wife and family do not starve, for if I die they must starve!

"But oh! kind gentlemen"—breaking from rather a low, monotonous tone of relation into an impassioned burst—"you will not see my leetle ones starve?"

So struck were we with the man's story so far, and so puzzled as to what would come next, that what we answered I know not. At all events, it could have had no significance to the poor deaf wretch, as he still kept on imploring, till X., who always did the right thing at the right time, pulled out some money and placed it in his patient's lap—an example followed by each other of the listeners.

The haggard, worn face lighted up for a moment with a gleam of beatific thankfulness, and the light sank again so low in the socket that even the doctor thought it was all over. But no; a hypodermic injection and a small amount of stimulant fanned the spark into flame, and almost ere the priest had

commenced "Gentlemen, his is a most remarkable statement!" our patient began again, in a more animated tone.

"Yes, gentlemen, I tink of my wife and children. I try to live for dem; but I see little chance if de man on de point of rock not see me. Every swirl bring me closer to him. I see de bridge across to Goat I-land, two hundred feet away. I see de next eddy brings me round under de rock where de man stand. I shout to him, 'Get a pole and hold out to me.' He run round to de bridge to catch me. Ah! fool! he fall down, and not reach de bridge in time. I grab at de bridge four feet too high. I miss it, and den I go down de rapids past de Cataract House, and I know dere is no help—I must go over de Falls. I see dem near. De roar get louder and louder; de Rapids get swifter and swifter; de log turn round once, twice, and den his lower end shoot out over into de air, and we go over de Fall—de log and I."

I confess we had been utterly unprepared for this statement. The thing seemed so preposterous, that a man should go down those rapids over a 160 feet fall, escape the undertow of the great pool, run the lower rapid for two miles, and still be alive to tell the tale, that no one had expected it. Each one had thought that in some miraculous way he had avoided the Falls. The idea struck us as so impossible that one and all stared at each other aghast.

And while no one wished to hurt the poor wretch in the smallest way, there was such an unmistakable "I don't believe it" written on every countenance (the priest's excepted), that at a glance the man realized it, and the hot southern blood welled up.

"Heh! heh! You don'ta believe me, gentlemen," he gasped, almost furious with passion.

"Say yes! say yes! nod your heads; give assent in some way," said the doctor quickly, "or you'll lose the story, and I shall lose my patient."

We gave assent so far as we were able by signs and looks, till he rejoined:

"Ah, gentlemen! you believe me? I do not know. You say you believe me, but I's afraid you say you believe till you hear de end, and den you shrug your shoulders and say, 'Poor Italiano, great liar!'"

The earnestness and impressiveness of the man was such that no one could disbelieve; and our protestations both by word and dumb show seemed to convince him sufficiently to continue as follows:

"Yes; gentlemen, I go over de Falls. I go over, as many other have gone; but when dey get to de brink dey give up and die of fright before dey get to de bottom. I live till I get to de bottom. I not die then—but I die now—tree, four, days after.

"As I go over I lose de log, and I see nothing, feel nothing, hear nothing, all through me but de roar of de Falls. I get, I tink, two gasps of breath, and den I feel de water pulling this way, pulling that, pulling every way, till I tink I was pulled in pieces, but all de time de roar of de Falls in my ears; unless I get rid of that I lose my head, and go mad. On a sudden something seem to seize my legs and pull me down, and a great weight press my head down, down, down, and I lose de sound of de Falls, and float away under water, so dreamy and happy to lose de noise—for how long I know not—when I wake down on de great pool far below de Fall, lying on my back in de water, and looking up at de sky; and as I came to myself de roar of de Falls grow upon me again till I say, death is better than living with dat noise in my ears, and I rise up in de water. I see de rocks close on my right, I see de great white wall of water on de American side; I see de black water of de pool right across to de white spray rising from de Horse Shoe. I see de carriages on de banks, and de flowers and de trees growing on de rocks. I see de Suspension Bridge up in de air, all in one hurried picture, and I tink of my wife and childrens as de noise of de Falls come over me again and shut out all else, and I throw up my hands to die. I feel de water dragging, dragging at my feet, carrying me on, on toward de rapids, and den I remember no more except de noise of de Falls in my ears and de straining of de waters in de rapids, till I find myself lying on dis bed, and I hear nothing but de noise in my ears, till at last I remember all about de reason for it; and I know that I was de only man to go over Niagara Falls and live!"

Nothing could have been more conciliatory, we imagined, than our looks ; but the suspicion again came over him that we did not believe the story ; and suddenly raising himself on his two hands off his pillows he glared upon us with the fury of dying energy, and hissed out between his closed lips and set teeth :

"One of yo'selvas go over da Falls—you believe him ! but you no believe poorra Italiano !"

The jaw dropped ; the arms trembled at the elbow, and he fell back on his pillows.

"God forgive you, gentlemen," said the priest, "by your unbelief you have killed the man you had saved."

\* \* \* \*

There was a long pause ; each one

looked at the seething boiling rapids, rising and falling in gigantic waves, as they swept by, and weighed the chance a man would have for life in them ; let alone over and under the Falls themselves, till one bolder than the rest said to the narrator :

"Well it is a most extraordinary story. Did you believe it?"

"No !" he answered, laconically.

"Did the priest?"

"Not entirely," said he, "but there's no use raising a question against its authenticity. You have enjoyed your last half hour, not least of your other experiences at the Falls. Agree to let it be one of your experiences, and as we have only just time to catch our train let us go !"

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### AN UNDERGRADUATE'S AUNT.

BY F. ANSTEY, AUTHOR OF "VICE VERSA."

FREDERICK FLUSHINGTON belonged to a small college, and in doing so conferred upon it one of the few distinctions it could boast—namely, that of possessing the very bashfullest man in the whole university.

But his college did not treat him with any excess of adulation on that account, probably from a prudent fear of rubbing the bloom off his modesty ; they allowed him to blush unseen—which was the condition in which he preferred to blush.

He felt himself oppressed by a paucity of ideas and a difficulty in knowing which way to look in the presence of his fellow-men, which made him never so happy as when he had fastened his outer door and secured himself from all possibility of intrusion ; though it was almost an unnecessary precaution, for nobody ever thought of coming to see Flushington.

In appearance he was a man of middle height, with a long scraggy neck and a large head, which gave him the air of being much shorter than he really was ; he had little weak eyes, a nose and mouth of no particular shape, and very smooth hair of no definite color. He had a timid deprecating air, which

seemed due to the consciousness that he was an uninteresting anomaly, and he certainly was as impervious to the ordinary influence of his surroundings as any undergraduate well could be. He lived a colorless aimless kind of life in his little rooms under the roof, reading every morning from nine till two with a superstitiously mechanical regularity, though very often his books completely failed to convey any ideas whatever to his brain, which was not a particularly powerful organ.

If the afternoon was fine, he generally sought out his one friend, who was a few degrees less shy than himself, and they went a monosyllabic walk together ; or if it was wet, he read the papers at the Union, and in the evenings after hall he studied "general literature"—a graceful term for novels—or laboriously spelt out a sonata upon his piano, a habit which did not increase his popularity.

Fortunately for Flushington, he had no gyp, or his life might have been made a positive burden to him, and with his bedmaker he was rather a favorite as "a genelman what gave no trouble"—meaning that when he observed his sherry unaccountably sinking, like the



water in a lock when the sluices are up, Flushington was too delicate to refer to the phenomenon.

He was sitting one afternoon over his modest lunch of bread and butter, potted meat and lemonade, when all at once he heard a sound of unusual voices and a strange flutter of dresses coming up the winding stone staircase outside, and was instantly seized with a cold dread.

There was no particular reason for being alarmed, although there were certainly ladies mounting the steps—probably they were friends of the man opposite, who was always having his people up. But still Flushington had that odd presentiment which nervous people have sometimes that something unpleasant is on its way to them, and he half rose from his chair to shut his outer oak.

It was too late; the dresses were rustling now in his very passage—there was a pause, a few faint smothered laughs, and little feminine coughs—then two taps at the door.

"Come in," cried Flushington faintly; he wished he had been reading anything but the work by M. Zola which was propped up in front of him. It is your mild man who frequently has a taste for seeing the less reputable side of life in this secondhand way, and Flushington would toil manfully through the voluminous pages, hunting up every third word in the dictionary; with a sense of injury when, as was often the case, it was not to be found. Still, there was a sort of intellectual orgie about it which had strong fascinations for him, while he knew enough of the language to be aware when the incidents approached the improper, though he was not always able to see quite clearly in what this impropriety consisted.

The door opened, and his heart seemed to stop and all the blood rushed violently to his head as a large lady came sweeping in, her face rippling with a broad smile of affection.

She horrified Flushington, who knew nobody with the least claim to smile at him so expansively as that; he drank lemonade to conceal his confusion.

"You don't know me, my dear Fred?" she said easily. "Of course

not—how should you? I'm—for goodness sake, my dear boy, don't look so terribly frightened! I'm your aunt—your aunt Amelia, come over from Australia!"

The shock was a severe one to Flushington, who had not even known he possessed such a relative; he could only say "Oh?" which he felt even then was scarcely a warm greeting to give an aunt from the Antipodes.

"Oh, but," she added cheerily, "that's not all; I've another surprise for you; the dear girls would insist on coming up too, to see their grand college cousin; they're just outside. I'll call them in—shall I?"

In another second Flushington's small room was overrun by a horde of female relatives, while he looked on gasping.

They were pretty girls, too, many of them; but that was all the more dreadful to him; he did not mind the plainer ones half so much; a combination of beauty and intellect reduced him to a condition of absolute imbecility.

He was once caught and introduced to a charming young lady from Newham, and all he could do was to back feebly into a corner and murmur "thank you," repeatedly.

He was very little better than that then as his aunt singled out one girl after another. "We won't have any formal nonsense between cousins," she said; "you know them all by name already, I dare say—this is Milly, that's Jane, here's Flora, and Kitty, and Margaret, and that's my little Thomasina over there by the bookcase."

Poor Flushington ducked blindly in the direction of each, and then to them all collectively; he had not presence of mind to offer them chairs or cake, or anything, and beside, there was not nearly enough of anything for all of them.

Meanwhile his aunt had spread herself comfortably out in his arm-chair, and was untying her bonnet strings and beaming at him until he was ready to expire with confusion. "I do think," she observed at last, "that, when an old aunt all the way from Australia takes the trouble to come and see you like this, you *might* spare her just one kiss!"

Flushington dared not refuse; he tottered up and kissed her somewhere about the face, after which he did not know which way to look, he was so terribly afraid that he might have to go through the same ceremony with the cousins, which he simply could *not* have survived.

Happily for him, they did not appear to expect it, and he balanced a chair on its hind legs and, resting one knee upon it, waited patiently for them to begin a conversation; he could not have uttered a single word.

The aunt came to his rescue: "You don't ask after your Uncle Samuel, who used to send you the beetles?" she said reprovingly.

"No," said Flushington, who had forgotten uncle Samuel and his beetles too; "no, how *is* Uncle Samuel—quite well, I hope?"

"Only tolerably so, thank you, Fred; you see, he never got over his great loss."

"No," said Flushington desperately, "of course not; it was a—large sum of money to lose all at once."

"I was not referring to money," said she, with a slight touch of stoniness in her manner; "I was alluding to the death of your cousin John."

Flushington had felt himself getting on rather well just before that, but this awkward mistake—for he could not recollect having heard of cousin John before—threw him off his balance again; he collapsed in silence once more, inwardly resolving to be lured into no more questions concerning relatives.

His ignorance seemed to have aroused pathetic sentiments in his aunt: "I ought to have known," she said, shaking her head, "they soon forget us in the old country; here's my own sister's son, and he doesn't remember his cousin's death! Well, well, now we're here, we must see if we can't know one another a little better. Fred, you must take the girls and me everywhere and show us everything, like a good nephew, you know."

Flushington had a horrible mental vision of himself careering about all over Cambridge, followed by a long procession of female relatives—a fearful possibility to so shy a man. "Shall you be here long?" he asked.

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"Only a week or so; we're at the 'Bull,' very near you, you see; and, I'm afraid you think us very bold beggars, Fred, but we're going to ask you to give us something to eat. I've set my heart, so have the girls (haven't you, dears?), on lunching once with a college student in his own room."

"There's nothing so extraordinary in it, I assure you," protested Flushington, "and—and I'm afraid there's very little for you to eat. The kitchen and buttery are closed" (he said this at a venture, as he felt absolutely unequal to facing the college cook and ordering luncheon from that tremendous personage; he would rather order it from his tutor even). "But, if you don't mind potted ham, there's a little at the bottom of this tin, and there's some bread and an inch of butter, and marmalade, and a few biscuits. And there *was* some sherry this morning."

The girls all professed themselves very hungry, and contented with anything; so they sat round the table, and poor Flushington served out meagre rations of all the provisions he could find, even to his figs and French plums; but there was not nearly enough to go round, and they lunched with evident disillusionment, thinking that the college luxury of which they had heard so much had been greatly exaggerated.

During luncheon the aunt began to study Flushington's features attentively: "There's a strong look of poor dear Simon about him when he smiles," she said, looking at him through her gold double glasses. "There, did you catch it, girls? Just his mother's profile (turn your face a leetle more toward the window, so as to get the light on your nose); don't you see the likeness to your aunt's portrait, girls?"

And Flushington had to sit still with all the girls' charming eyes fixed critically upon his crimson countenance; he longed to be able to slide down under the table and evade them, but of course he was obliged to remain above.

"He's got dear Caroline's nose!" the aunt went on triumphantly; and the cousins agreed that he certainly had Caroline's nose, which made Flushington feel vaguely that he ought at least to offer to return it.

Presently one of the girls whispered

to her mother, who laughed indulgently: "What *do* you think this silly child wants me to ask you now, Fred?" she said. "She says she would so like to see what you look like with your college cap and gown on! Will you put them on, just to please her?"

So Flushington had to put them on, and walk slowly up and down the room in them, feeling all the time what a dismal spectacle he was making of himself, while the girls were plainly disappointed, and remarked that, somehow, they had thought the academical costume more becoming.

Then began a hotly maintained catechism upon his studies, his amusements, his friends, and his mode of life generally; which he met with uneasy shiftings and short timid answers, that they did not appear to think altogether satisfactory.

Indeed the aunt, who by this time felt the potted ham beginning to disagree with her, asked him, with something of severity in her tone, whether he went to church regularly; and he said that he didn't go to church, but was always regular at chapels.

On this she observed coldly that she was sorry to hear her nephew was a Dissenter; and Flushington was much too shy to attempt to explain the misunderstanding; he sat quiet and felt miserable, while there was another uncomfortable pause.

The cousins were whispering together and laughing over little private jokes, and he, after the manner of sensitive men, of course imagined they were laughing at *him*—and perhaps he was not very far wrong on this occasion. So he was growing hotter and hotter every second, inwardly cursing his whole race and wishing that his father had been a foundling—when there came another tap at the door.

"Why, that must be poor old Sophy!" said his aunt. "Fred, you remember old Sophy—no, you can't, you were only a baby when she came out to live with us, but she'll remember you. She begged so hard to be taken, and so we told her she might come on here slowly after us."

And then an old person in a black bonnet came feebly in and was considerably affected when she saw Flushington. "To think," she quavered, "to

think as my dim old eyes should see the child I've nursed on my lap growed out into a college gentleman!" And she hugged Flushington and wept on his shoulder, till he was almost cataleptic with confusion.

But as she grew calmer she became more critical; she confessed to a certain feeling of disappointment with Flushington; he had not filled out, she said, "so fine as he'd promised to fill out." And when she asked if he recollected how he wouldn't be washed unless they put his little wooden horse on the washstand, and what a business it was to make him swallow his castor-oil, it made Flushington feel like a fool.

This was quite bad enough, but at last the girls began to go round his rooms, exclaiming at everything, admiring his pipe and umbrella racks, his buffalo horns and his quaint wooden kettleholder, until they happened to come upon his French novel and, being unsophisticated colonial girls with a healthy ignorance of such literature, they wanted Flushington to tell them what it was all about.

His presence of mind had gone long before, and this demand threw him into a violent perspiration; he could not invent, and he was painfully racking his brains to find some portion of the tale which would bear repetition—when there was another knock at the door.

At this Flushington was perfectly dumb with horror; he prepared himself blankly for another aunt with a fresh relay of female cousins, or more old family servants who had washed him in his infancy, and he sat there cowering.

But when the door opened, a tall fair-haired good-looking young fellow, who from his costume had evidently just come up from the tennis-court, came bursting in impulsively.

"Oh, I say!" he began, "have you heard—have you seen? Oh, beg pardon, didn't see, you know!" he added, as he noticed the extraordinary fact that Flushington had people up.

"Oh, let me introduce you," said Flushington, with a vague idea that this was the proper thing to do. "Mr. Lushington, Mrs. —no, I don't know her name—my aunt . . . my cousins."

The young man, who had just been about to retire, bowed and stared with

a sudden surprise; "Do you know," he said slowly to the other, "I rather think that's *my* aunt!"

"I—I'm afraid not," whispered Flushington; "she seems quite sure she's mine."

"Well, *I've* got an aunt and cousins I've never seen before coming up to-day," said the new-comer, "and yours is uncommonly like the portrait of mine."

"If they belong to you, do take them away!" said Flushington feebly; "I don't think I *can* keep up much longer."

"What are you whispering about, Fred?" cried the aunt; "is it something we are not to know?"

"He says he thinks there's been a mistake, and you're not my aunt," explained Flushington.

"Oh, *does* he?" she said, drawing herself up indignantly; "and what does he know about it—I didn't catch his name, who is *he*?"

"Fred Lushington," he said; "that's my name."

"And who are *you*, if he's Fred Lushington?" she inquired, turning upon the unfortunate owner of the rooms.

"I'm Frederick Flushington," he stammered; "I'm sorry—but I can't help it!"

"Then you're not my nephew at all, sir!" cried the aunt.

"Thank you very much," said Flushington gratefully.

"You see," her real nephew was explaining to her, "there isn't much light out on the staircase, and you must have thought his name over the door was 'F. Lushington,' so in you went, you know! The porter told me you'd been asking for me, so I looked in here to see whether anything had been heard of you, and here you are."

"But why didn't he tell me?" she said, for she was naturally annoyed to find that she had been pouring out all her pent-up affection over a perfect stranger, and she even had a dim idea that she had put herself in rather a ridiculous position, which of course made her feel very angry with Flushington. "Why couldn't he explain before matters had gone so far?"

"How was *I* to know?" pleaded Flushington; "I dare say I have aunts in Australia, and you said you were one

of them. I thought very likely you knew best."

"But you asked after Uncle Samuel?" she said accusingly; "you must have had some object—I cannot say what—in encouraging my mistake; oh, I'm sure of it!"

"You *told* me to ask after him, and I did," said the unhappy Flushington; "I thought it was all right. What else was I to do?"

The cousins were whispering and laughing together all this time and regarding their new cousin with shy admiration, very different from the manner in which they had looked at poor Flushington; and the old nurse, too, was overjoyed at the exchange, and declared that she felt sure from the first that her master Frederick had not turned out so undersized as *him*, meaning Flushington.

"Yes, yes," said Lushington hastily, "quite a mistake on both sides; quite sure Flushington isn't the man to go and intercept any fellow's aunt."

"I wouldn't have done it for worlds, if I had known!" he protested very sincerely.

"Well," she said, a little mollified, "I'm very sorry we've all disturbed you like this, Mr.—Mr. Flushington" (the unlucky man said something about not minding it *now*); "and now, Fred, my boy, perhaps you will show us the way to the right rooms?"

"Come along, then!" said he; "I'll run down and tell them to send up some lunch" (they did not explain that they had lunched already). "You come too, Flushington, and then after lunch you and I will row the ladies up to Byron's Pool?"

"Yes, *do* come, Mr. Flushington," the girls said kindly, "just to show you forgive us!"

But Flushington wriggled out of it; to begin with, he did not consider he knew his neighbors sufficiently well, as they had only had a nodding acquaintance before, and beside, he had had enough female society for one day.

Indeed, long after that, he would be careful in fastening his door about luncheon time, and if he saw any person in Cambridge who looked as if she might by any possibility turn out to be a relation, he would flee down a back street.



## EUROPEAN LIFE IN EGYPT.—

IN Cairo, Alexandria, Port Said, Suez, and Ismailia, there was before the recent events such a large proportion of Europeans to the native population, that a few words in regard to the particular class of Europeans who inhabited these towns, their habits and modes of life, may not be without interest at the present time.

Cairo was to Alexandria what the West End is to the City of London—to some extent what Paris is to Marseilles. It was a city of pleasure, and for this reason attracted a class of Europeans who are not to be found in other parts of Egypt. And its position in the centre of so much that is ancient and interesting—the Pyramids, the mosques, the tombs, the bazaars, Heliopolis and Sakkarah, the Boulak Museum, etc., and its admirable situation as a starting-point for the journey up the Nile, all gave a distinct character to its European population. For the trades-people depended almost entirely upon the visitors, and the season extended from November to April.

There is, or rather was, a coterie formed of the residents in Cairo, chiefly composed of the Europeans belonging to the various governmental departments and their families. These, recruited by the arrival of friends, or others bringing introductions from home, form the "society" of Cairo. There was plenty of lawn-tennis of an afternoon at the house of the popular Consul-general, Sir Edward Malet. Then there were dances and dinners and a fair second-rate opera company, and returns of hospitality at Shepheard's Hotel, where theatricals and fancy balls would be arranged, or excursions planned, or flirtations carried on. Disquieting rumors were meanwhile afloat, as early as in March last, as to a contemplated massacre of Europeans, but the idea was scouted; nor was there anything in the attitude of the natives to support the rumor. During the Hadji, or procession bringing the holy carpet from Mecca, Europeans felt some little doubt as to their possible treatment by the mob, excited by religious enthusiasm, and by the presence of some thousands of soldiers, who were known to be unfriendly; but there were only a few isolated instances of disturbance, which

were as likely to have proceeded from one side as the other.

The Europeans engaged in commerce were chiefly Greeks or Levantines, with a fair sprinkling of Italians, Germans, and Maltese. It does not seem to be generally known that throughout Egypt, Italian is the only European language in common use. You may go into dozens of good shops in Cairo where French is not understood. All official notices are in Arabic and Italian. The hours of business are in the morning as on the continent, and from twelve to three nothing is done. The Europeans, Cairene of commerce spends a good deal of his time at the café smoking his narghileh and drinking coffee during the day, ready for any business that he may be called to, but not seeking it; and in the evening he likes to listen to the hideous Arabic music, to gamble at roulette or to dice with the hawkers who pass from café to café, dice-box in hand, to play you for their wares—ducks and fowls, scents and soaps, brushes and combs and writing-paper, and the like.

Alexandria was the Marseilles of the East, commercially speaking, and it had finer and better paved streets, finer houses and shops, and a drive by the Promenade and the Mahmoudieh Canal fringed by more beautiful and luxurious gardens and villas than are to be found in Cairo. Its business character was at once apparent. The crowds of well-dressed men about the Bourse; the activity and hurry in the surrounding streets; the loaded carts at the warehouse doors; the brass plates of companies, and bankers, and merchants; the rushing hither and thither of the chevasses or messengers in their Syrian dresses; the Arab porters, with legs bent under the enormous weights they carried on their backs—all spoke of a community full of the life of business. The talk was of bales and cargoes, and consignments and exchanges; and men adjourned to the famous café in the *Rue de la Bourse* to clench a bargain after the sociable fashion of Manchester or Liverpool. The wealthy merchants lived out in the suburb of Ramleh, about four miles from the town; and when anything particular in the form of amusement was to take place in Alexandria, the play-bills informed

the public that trains would be run to Ramleh so many minutes after the performance was over, as they might do if Ramleh were a suburb of Cottonopolis.

The European young man of business—English, French, German, Italian, or Greek—was like his counterpart in our own large commercial centres, somewhat dressy and given to jewelry and rather fast equipages; but the English had their cricket, and rowing, and athletic clubs into the bargain. Then the young men had the *entrée* of the houses with which they were connected, and the society of the families. There were two theatres; a very fair band at the *Café Paradiso*, formed of fair Triestines and Bohémiennes; *trente et quarante*, if one were so disposed; capital beer at the brasseries—notably Fink's; and oysters to be had for a piastre (twopence-halfpenny) a dozen. The lower class of Europeans in Alexandria were numerically as strong and morally perhaps worse than the Arabs in the town. In the summer, all Europeans who could, came from the interior to Alexandria for bathing.

Port Said is an overcrowded little coaling-station that was called into existence by the Suez Canal. Its growth has been something marvellous in the last ten years, and, beside coal, it carries on a very brisk trade in stores of all kinds with the steamers passing through the Canal. The respectable portion of the European inhabitants, bearing a very small proportion to the disreputable, have few resources out of themselves. The main street is scarcely fit for decent people to walk in after sundown, after which time the side streets and the Arab quarter at the back of the town send forth about as pretty a mixture of Levantine and Arab blackguardism as is to be found anywhere in the world. There is no redeeming feature in this miniature pandemonium, with its gambling-houses, grog-shops, and general immorality; and the low-class Europeans, chiefly from the Greek Archipelago and the Levant, are a good deal worse than the native population. And when a khamseen wind is blowing, and Port Said is enveloped in a mist of coal-dust and sand, it is not surprising that even the better class of inhabitants should rush to the billiard-tables of the *Palatine*, and the green cloth of *El Do-*

*rado* to get rid of the killing depression of the place.

It is pleasant to turn from the western port of the Suez Canal to the little town of Ismailia. The post-boat runs daily by the Canal, carrying mails and passengers, and takes about six hours for the journey. Ismailia is a veritable oasis in the desert waste between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. By a long avenue shaded by acacia trees, you pass from the landing-stage, cross the Fresh-water Canal, and reach the public gardens, which are laid out with great taste, with a fountain sparkling in the middle. The streets of the town radiate from this centre. There are trees everywhere, and it is the cleanest town in Egypt. It is altogether French; there are no shops, except at the Arab bazaar, about half a mile away across the sand. There is an hotel by the landing-place to which salt-water baths are attached; and a very comfortable and homely hotel near the gardens, where the few Europeans there are—nearly all French—take breakfast and dinner at the table d'hôte. They are chiefly officials connected with the Suez Canal, with a few merchants and clerks engaged in the cotton trade with Zagazig and Mansourah. M. Lesseps has a villa here which he occasionally visits. There is a deadly quiet about Ismailia; and empty houses and empty offices, the absence of shops and cafés together with its separation (characteristically French!) by half a mile from the Arab quarter, give the town a deserted appearance, which, however, is not without its charm in a country where huddling together, and the importunities of begging natives, are notable nuisances. A few little shoe-blacks, who are ready to show you the Khedive's palace or the other lions, or to brush your boots, alone pester you for backsheesh, rather as a matter of course than with any earnestness. They are amusing little ragamuffins, with none of the sharpness and vice of the little town *gamins* of Egypt. Ismailia, then, may be described as containing a small French colony, living their life, after the manner of Frenchmen abroad, very much as they would in their own country, and having as little to do with the natives as they conveniently can. A line of rail runs from Ismailia to Nefisa on the main line between Suez and Cairo, so that it will in all likelihood become

a place of some importance in the current course of events in Egypt.

Suez, with the most delightful climate in Egypt, with neither the "damps" of Alexandria nor the dust of Cairo, might, with a particle of the taste and discrimination shown by the French at Ismailia, have been made a perfect garden. The soil is most productive, covered by a mere coating of sand; and the excellence of the fruits and vegetables that are so sparsely cultivated here, are well known. Had the docks been made nearer the town—not, it has been thought, an impossible feat—Suez might have been made nearly as busy a seaport as Port Said; and from the charm of its climate, combining the purity of the desert air and the saltness of the Red Sea, it would doubtless have drawn many families to "winter" there, who went to Cairo. But with the town some two miles away from the docks, business confined to the quay and the custom-house, no amusements, a generally tumble-down look, and no trace of an attempt to brighten or beautify it, it is not surprising that Suez should usually be characterized as a "wretched hole." The European society in Suez was composed of the agents and officials of the Canal, the large steam companies, the post, the telegraph, and various offices of the Egyptian government, and for the most part English, French, and Italian. An excursion to the Atèkah Mountains or to Moses' Wells across the Gulf, fishing in the Red Sea, shooting duck and quail in the winter, strolling up to the Freshwater Canal, donkey-riding to the docks of Terra Pleina, a sail down the Gulf, occasionally lawn-tennis, a dance, or some pri-

vate theatricals, formed the sum of the amusements in Suez. As in most small communities, however, there was little "coherence" among the families, and the only really universal sentiment seemed to be that of lamenting the fate that compelled a residence in such a spot.

From February to April, the coming and going of travellers for the desert journey to Mount Sinai or Petra, and sportsmen for the Soudan or Abyssinia, would enliven the courtyard of the hotel; swarthy Bedouins in charge of the caravans, with their camels; dragomans swaggering and armed to the teeth; monkeys, jackals, and other strange beasts and birds clattering and screaming; horns, and skins, and tusks, and other spoils of the chase; spears, and daggers, and shields, and clubs, and other implements of barbarous warfare, all scattered about among the various *impedimenta*—tent-poles, ropes, chests, saddles, guns, etc.—of these excursions. There was a reading-room and bar off the courtyard, and here young Suez would come to see the newspapers, and listen to stories of flood and field, or hear how things fared east or west, as passengers from homeward or outward bound vessels turned up from a saunter ashore to slake their thirst. The relations between Europeans and Arabs were not always of a friendly character, and occasionally scrimmages took place. The Arabs are a truculent lot, many of them with Bedouin blood in them, and their predatory instincts have rendered them in many cases excessively troublesome to Europeans.

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#### LIFT THINE EYES.

O TROUBLED Soul of mine! lift up thine eyes  
 Unto the mountains mighty and serene.  
 Full strangely checkered hath their fortune been;  
 And they have suffered veriest agonies,  
 And oftentimes still the tyrant tempest lies  
 Heavy upon them; with the thunder they  
 Do wrestle. Yet of fear and of dismay  
 Nothing they know, still rising to the skies.  
 With many a thousand battles are they scarred;  
 The floods have broken on each helmless head;  
 Yet for all this, their beauty is not marred,  
 Nor in their hearts are they discomfited.  
 Still they endure whatever whirlwinds roll  
 Around—still glorious they endure, my soul!

*The Spectator.*

## LITERARY NOTICES.

COREA: THE HERMIT NATION. By William Elliot Griffis. Author of the "Mikado's Empire," and late of the Imperial University of Tokio, Japan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

There is a special timeliness in the appearance of this book, for readers of the news during the last few months have without doubt frequently been led to inquire who are these heathen Coreans that have recently slaughtered their king and his family? No event, since the opening of Japan has attracted so much attention to this, remote part of the Orient as the recent disturbance in the little Korean kingdom in which Commodore Schofield has been concerned. The causes of these troubles are to be found in a movement that has been going on for many years among the Coreans in favor of breaking down the walls of their seclusion and admitting the light of civilized nations. Mr. Griffis unravels these causes, and also points out the important political significance of the Korean problem in the affairs of the East. Situated between two jealous rivals, China and Japan, with the envious monster, Russia, near by, Korea will become, he believes, "the pivot of the future history of Eastern Asia."

The story of this "last of the hermit nations" is related in well-drawn outlines, from the earliest times to the present year, covering a period of over twenty centuries. The last chapter describes the treaty negotiations between our government and Korea, and the bloody riots of July last. The author does not claim for his work the importance of original research; but as a diligent compiler he has condensed in convenient form all the historic material that is at present available. It forms a natural supplement to his "Mikado's Empire," for the histories of Japan and Korea are so interwoven that the one cannot be written without including a good portion of the other; just as in English history France cannot be left out. The work is divided into three parts, first, "Ancient and Mediæval History," second, "Political and Social Korea," and third, "Modern and Recent History." The first part is largely mythical and traditional, containing accounts of the successive struggles against the rival attempts of China and Japan to get possession of the peninsula. But the chief interest is the identity that is discovered between the people and languages of Japan and Korea, as distinguished from the Chinese and other kindred nations. History and mythology both point to a common origin. An old tradition relates that the first settler of Japan cursed the water upright upon the back

of a fish, bringing from the Land of Morning Calm the rudiments of literature and civilization. The second part is the most interesting and valuable part of the book, describing the political and social customs of the Coreans, their daily life and employments, their religion, folk-love, and education. The author shows how society has passed through the usual transition from primitive feudalism to the formation of castes. Serfdom is the condition of the common people, but is undergoing rapid changes, pointing toward complete freedom. The chapters upon social relations and domestic life are especially interesting. In the chapter on "Woman and the Family," for example, we learn that the Korean woman has no moral existence and counts for nothing in society. She has no name, and is spoken of as "the sister" or "the daughter" of such a man. If she appear for trial before a magistrate, to save time and trouble, she receives a special name for the time being. Strangely, however, she is treated with much exterior respect. The men always step aside for her in the street, even though she be of the poorer classes. Her apartments are inviolable even to the officers of the law, and a noble who takes refuge in his wife's room may not be seized. She has nothing to do with the arrangements for her marriage, but great importance is attached to this event. Every unmarried person, of whatever age, is treated as a child, but when mated, even at twelve years of age, the married are adults. The badge of single or of married life is the hair, and the nuptial tie is, in reality, a knot of hair, for in wedlock the hair is bound up on the top of the head, but before marriage is worn in a simple tress down the back. It is therefore a great occasion for the bridegroom when his hair is "done up" for the first time in manly style and he is allowed to wear a hat and to speak in company.

In the third part Mr. Griffis describes in considerable detail the struggle of Christianity to gain a foothold in the hermit kingdom. By a kind of accident some translations of Jesuit writings into Chinese fell into the hands of two Korean students in the year 1777, who began immediately to teach and practice the new truths thus discovered. The first attempt of a foreign missionary to enter Korea was made in 1791 by a Portuguese priest, but the principal missionary operations were those of the daring French Jesuits in the ten years from 1835 to 1845. The story of the persecutions and martyrdoms of these determined missionaries is a harrowing one, and it furnishes a suggestive commentary upon the methods of



Christianizing these heathen adopted by certain American adventurers who, by their lawless deeds of violence, undoubtedly merited the name of "western barbarians," given finally by the natives to all foreigners who invaded their land. Our government may justly be praised for its part in the opening of Japan, but we cannot speak so confidently of its work in the opening of Corea to the world.

We miss in this book the element that gave to the author's former work, the "Mikado's Empire," such a fascinating interest, namely, the element of personal adventure and experience. But as a compilation it is thoroughly well done, and aside from its genuine popular interest it will be of inestimable value to merchants, missionaries, travellers, and government representatives whose relations with this distant people must increase in importance very rapidly. The volume contains a bibliography of works concerning Corea and an appendix describing the language and literature. It is plentifully supplied with maps and illustrations, and a large map, beautifully printed, is folded in at the end.

A GUIDE TO MODERN ENGLISH HISTORY. By William Cory. Part II. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

Whatever eccentricities may be found in Mr. Cory's manner—and they were plentifully shown in his previous volume—and notwithstanding the fact that he expressly disclaims any intention of writing "a history in the ordinary sense," it will be readily admitted, we believe, that he has written an excellent history for a large class of readers. The utmost lucidity of statement and explanation is the principle upon which he works, and if occasionally he offends by unnecessary explicitness, it can easily be pardoned, as an error on the right side; as, for example, when he interrupts the description of an important debate in parliament to explain the meaning of the terms "lobby" and "taking a division." He ignores the rule of historical perspective, treating topics frequently with an arbitrariness that would not be found in a duly proportioned history. Granted that an event is in itself interesting, and that it has not been explained as it might be, it is deemed a sufficient reason for dwelling upon it in detail. Such a method introduces the reader into many by-ways, where much may be seen that is new, interesting, and often valuable. Indeed the sustained interest which Mr. Cory secures would itself be an adequate justification of his departure from ordinary methods. His first volume covered the period from 1815 to 1830; the present volume, though twice the size of the former, carries the narrative forward only five years. But it deals with an important period

in English history, the period of the Reform Bill. While describing with great thoroughness the parliamentary struggles with reform, it also presents a comprehensive survey of England's foreign relations during the period and of minor domestic events. Mr. Cory writes professedly for the foreign reader who is unfamiliar with English affairs, but that his work possesses qualities which give it a much wider significance is shown in the following estimate by a London critic: "He shows us not only what was done in English affairs in and about 1832, but also, and chiefly, how and by what manner of men. A keen appreciation of human nature is reinforced by an acquaintance, unusually wide for a man who is not himself a politician, with the actively political type of English gentleman. Those who remember Mr. Cory's Eton days (they remember him best as William Johnson) will understand his opportunities. He made good use of them; and, if he seems to exaggerate the value of intelligent country gentlemen in English politics, he has brought out a side of English political life which Englishmen of affairs take for granted without explanation, which Englishmen who put their trust in newspapers and books only half understand, and which is extremely difficult for a foreigner to apprehend at all. Mr. Cory is the best exponent we have met with of the peculiarly English and eminently Whig doctrine that public life is the most honorable and reasonable occupation for men of good birth and leisure; and an intelligent reader may learn more from him of its working in practice than from any treatises on the British Constitution. Whether the political virtues and influence of such men as Lord Althorp and Lord Palmerston are or are not so closely connected with foxhunting as Mr. Cory willingly believes, they are facts unique in their way, and deserving the serious attention of students of history, and still more of politicians. In the way of single political characters Mr. Cory has here, perhaps, nothing quite so good as his account of the Duke of Wellington in the first volume. But there is much well said in sundry passages of Althorp, Palmerston, and Peel, and Lord Grey's conduct of the Reform Bill is told with personal sympathy which gives a fresh and dramatic interest even to such matters as the settlement of borough boundaries."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. HIS LIFE, GENIUS, AND WRITINGS. By W. Sloane Kennedy, Author of a "Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," etc. Boston: *S. E. Cassino.*

The life of the poet Whittier, itself almost an idyllic poem in its charming simplicity, affords but little material for the ordinary pur-

poses of biography. The "noiseless tenor" of his way has only once or twice been broken, and since the great struggle for freedom the beautiful serenity of his days has been, to those who read him most and know him best, as a perpetual benediction. The anti-slavery movement, into which Whittier entered with all his strength and soul, arrested his poetic development and undoubtedly robbed us of many a poem like "Snow Bound" and "The Tent on the Beach." But it is ungracious, perhaps, to express regret for the results of a course of action so nobly inspired. Beside, it is to be remembered that the motive of Whittier's life is philanthropic rather than artistic. "I set a higher value," he says, "on my name as appendant to the Anti-Slavery Declaration of 1833 than on the title page of any book." Mr. Kennedy tells the story of the poet's life in a brief but pleasing manner, giving us only glimpses of the simplicity and sincerity of his Quaker ways, but enough to win admiration and love. He devotes considerable space to the poet's ancestry, and to an explanation of Quakerism, since he would account for the peculiar qualities of his genius largely by the theory of inherited tendency. The classification and analysis of the poems will be found helpful to those who are not already familiar with them, and the critical comments are clear, candid, and suggestive. The faults of Whittier's manner are frankly stated. Most of his productions are disfigured "by homiletical tail-pieces, or morals, and by commonplace ejaculations of piety and inopportune religious aspirations." Not that his art is too moral, but his moralizing is without beauty, and therefore fails to ennoble and spiritualize. But for all the dulness of his preaching, three or four of his later poems, written when the artistic temperament prevailed, are a sufficient compensation. Just what rank the author intends to assign to Whittier as a poet, is not quite clear. As to his originality, he believes that he possesses "a distinctively national spirit or vision;" that he is democratic in his feelings, "not so powerfully and broadly as Whitman, but more unaffectedly and sincerely;" but that, like Bryant, he is "indigenous only in his subjects," in form and style wholly imitative. "Emerson and Whitman are our only purely original poets," Mr. Kennedy declares. Before accepting this judgment in all its length and breadth a question might naturally arise as to what constitutes poetic originality. Certainly if to be original is to be like Whitman, then we should all pray earnestly to have no more original poets in America, but only imitative ones like Bryant and Longfellow and Whittier. A disagreeable *penchant* of the author, revealed in frequent

allusions to the "Apostle of Democracy," mars somewhat the flavor of an otherwise pleasant book.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ESSAYS. Selected and Annotated by Austin Dobson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

It was a happy thought of Mr. Dobson's to fill a volume of the "Parchment Series" with selections from the last century essayists. Like rare antiques, these literary gems need only to have the dust of their lurking places brushed from them to exhibit their classic beauty. It would be easy enough to find fault with almost any gathering made from this delightful field, for whatever principle of selection may be adopted, a small collection cannot be truly representative of all that is contained in the forty or fifty volumes of the editions of Chalmers and Berguer. We miss in the present collection, for example, some of the graver essays, which better display the stiff and elaborate embroidery of the Queen Anne style. But these, Mr. Dobson believes, have lost their interest for the "general public," whose pleasure he is alone consulting, and even such pieces as Pope's satire on "Dedications" and the "Receipt to make an Epic Poem" and Swift's famous letter on "Slang" are rejected as being "too exclusively literary for our purpose." He confines his selection mainly to those essays which contain "sketches of character and manners, and those chiefly of the humorous kind," and within those limits has exercised excellent taste and discrimination. Eleven authors are represented, and of the thirty-four essays chosen fourteen are by Addison, seven by Steele, and four by Goldsmith. The editor's introduction contains a rapid survey of the essay literature of the century, with brief critical comments. Severe judgment is pronounced upon many of the obscurer writers who produced "nothing that seems to merit the honors of revival." The illustrative notes are not only helpful but interesting. The antique parchment covers and beautiful typography of this little volume are in admirable keeping with its choice contents. It is gracefully dedicated to Mrs. Richmond Thackeray Ritchie, the daughter of "the literary descendant of Addison and Fielding, of Goldsmith and Steele."

SPARE HOURS. By John Brown, M.D., LL.D., etc. Third Series. Locke and Sydenham, and other Papers. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This volume completes the collection of the late Dr. John Brown's writings, which are now presented in three neat and inexpensive volumes. They will be welcomed in this form by

the many admirers of this genial-hearted essayist, and many more will be led to their first acquaintance with dear "Rab and his Friends." The present volume consists mainly of the more purely professional papers, of which the author expressed the fear that they might not be "medical enough for the doctors, and too medical for their patients." But it was impossible to Dr. Brown's broad and radiant nature, even when writing of physic and surgery, to forget his unprofessional friends. This happy faculty of instructing and pleasing all is well illustrated in the initial essay of this volume. Several papers not hitherto included in the American edition have been added by the publishers. These will be found to possess the same pleasing qualities of the more familiar essays in the first volume of the "Spare Hours."

**THE BOY'S PERCY:** Being old Ballads of War, Adventure, and Love, from Bishop Thomas Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. Edited for boys, with an introduction by Sidney Lanier. With fifty illustrations from original designs by E. B. Bensell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is not easy to over-estimate the debt of gratitude which the boys of America owe to the late Sidney Lanier for the new world of instruction and delight which he has discovered for them. His abridgments from the old heroic literature of England are wholesome substitutes for the toneless stories that were once doled out to young people. "The Boy's Froissart," "The Boy's King Arthur," and "The Boy's Mabinogion," have already found their thousands of interested readers, and this last volume, containing the best of the grand old songs in "Percy's Reliques," is calculated to become even more popular than any of its predecessors. Had the editor never done anything else in literature to command the admiration of old and young, these carefully edited boys' classics would long serve to keep his memory green. It was a labor of love, dedicated to his young friends with almost his dying breath.

Nothing better could be selected than these old ballads for stimulating the boy's imagination and coloring his historic knowledge with a little useful idealism; for the tendency, already too prevalent, to restrain young minds with the bald realism of fact and of scientific exactitude is at least questionable from an educational point of view. We could well assume the responsibility of correcting the false views of life that might be found, if the doughty Douglas, the bold King Estmere, the Nut-brown Maid, and Clym of Clough, and fourscore more of those golden figures of ro-

mance were made to stand out "like rich tapestry work wrought-large as life" upon the arras with which the common living-room of young people is hung. Some of the lessons that will be learned from them are suggested in the closing lines of Mr. Lanier's excellent introduction. "I know," he says, "that he who walks in the way these following ballads point, will be manful in necessary fight, fair in trade, loyal in love, generous to the poor, tender in the household, prudent in living, plain in speech, merry upon occasion, simple in behavior, and honest in all things." The ballads here presented are thirty-five in number, and are chosen with careful regard to the purpose in view. Bishop Percy's original notes are appended to each ballad, with frequent additions by the editor. The designs by Bensell are conceived with much spirit and truthfulness, and are beautifully executed. No gift more charming and appropriate could be selected for the holidays.

**THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL.** By Heinrich Heine. Translated by S. L. Fleishman. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This remarkable essay was originally written and published in France in 1833, as a kind of sequel to Madame de Staël's "De l'Allemagne," which had long been the chief source of information as to the literary life of Germany that was accessible to the French. Thus being written primarily for the instruction of foreigners, and possessing acknowledged merits of a high order as a history of an important literary epoch, the absence of a complete translation of this essay has often been remarked upon with surprise. Mr. Fleishman has admirably supplied this need, and he is to be especially thanked for having presented Heine this time just "as he is;" for hitherto Heine's prose writings have been given to English readers only in snips and patches. Prudence and good taste have doubtless dictated such a method of translation, but in this essay the usual excuse for pruning does not exist; at least, the translator has ventured to allow Heine for once to offer his own vindication, if any be needed. The value of this work as literary history and criticism is great; and in genuine interest, and often in poetic beauty—for Heine could never write without being poetical, it stands next to the "Reisebilder." It contains some of the best of Heine's wit and wisdom. It professedly deals with that intellectual movement which had for its object the revival of mediæval mysticism in German art and poetry, of which the Schlegels were the chief apostles, and Goethe the chief apostate; but it is in reality much broader in its view, looking back in a rapid glance to the very springs of German poetry. It abounds in

illustrative wealth, and reveals in almost every page a keen critical lance that was wont to cut deep when applied to an enemy. Heine has been censured for his famous lashing of the Schlegels and some of their followers, but it is remarkable, as Mr. Fleishman suggests, that "his literary judgments have been essentially endorsed by posterity." He took a malicious delight in pricking the bubbles of these pompous preachers of reform. But he could be generous and just, in spite of a naturally jealous temperament, when dealing with true merit. "I frankly confess that I was envious of Goethe," he says, and then follow passages of the most clear, beautiful, and instructive criticism of the Goethean masterpieces that is to be found in any language.

This volume also contains translations of "The Suabian Mirror," a review of some of the minor poets of Germany, in Heine's characteristically brilliant, witty, and caustic style, and of the introduction to "Don Quixote," which contains many passages that happily illustrate his charming prose poetry.

THE SPEECHES AND TABLE TALK OF THE PROPHET MOHAMMAD. Chosen and Translated by Stanley Lane-Poole. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

We are very glad to have this little volume, giving as it does some of the best things in the Koran, so arranged as to be more intelligible and more mutually coherent than they are commonly found to be. Mr. Lane-Poole divides the "speeches" into four periods, to which he gives names descriptive of the changing attitude of mind in the speaker. These four are the "Poetic," the "Rhetorical," the "Argumentative," and the "Period of Harangue"—names which indicate a certain declension of fervor in the Prophet's mind. An interesting introduction is prefixed, most of which we may assent to without assenting to the whole estimate of Mohammed's character. Whatever the teacher may have been, there was, it seems to us, a fatal flaw in the character of the ruler which forbids us to speak of him as an enthusiast. The "Table Talk" contains not a few notable things. Here is an Oriental form of the "hoc habui quodcumque dedi":—"The people of the Prophet's house killed a goat, and the Prophet said, 'What remaineth of it?' They said, 'Nothing but the shoulder; for they have sent the whole to the poor and neighbors, except a shoulder, which remaineth.' The Prophet said, 'Nay, it is the whole goat that remaineth except its shoulder; that remaineth which they have given away, the reward of which will be eternal, and what remaineth in the house is fleeting.'"—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

A FRENCH *Saturday Review* is now appearing in Paris, which deals with the whole field of literature, science, politics, etc.

THE third and concluding volume of Prof. Villari's historical work, "Machiavelli and his Time," has just been published by Hoepli, of Milan.

MESSRS. SMITH AND ELDER announce for speedy publication a new work by Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole (Keeper of the Coins in the British Museum), entitled "Cities of Egypt."

MR. BROWNING has finished enough fresh minor poems to form a thin volume like the two last that he has published; but it is probable that he will keep them back till he has completed a longer poem to come out with them.

SOME unpublished works of Ferdinand Freiligrath will shortly be issued by Götschen, of Stuttgart, under the title *Nachgelassenes*. The volume contains two pieces of the poet's youth—"Der Eggestenstein," and a translation of Byron's "Mazeppa."

CONSIDERABLE literary activity seems to exist in Little Russia. Goethe's *Faust* has lately been translated into this dialect by Ivan Franke, and it is stated that the poet Panteleymou Kulisz is engaged upon a complete version of Shakespeare.

THE veteran poet, Mr. Richard Hengist Horne, who must now have passed his eightieth year, has written a new work, and also prepared a fourth edition of his "Cosmo de Medici," which first appeared in 1875. Both books will be published shortly by Mr. George Redway.

IN proof of the general diffusion of the name "Hamlet" in England in Shakespeare's time, Mr. Furnivall tells us that, in glancing through part of the first volume of the *Indexes to the Wills in the Gloucester Probate Court* lately, he saw, under 1594, "Johannes Hamlett" and "Margeria Hamlett."

WE understand that Mr. Robert Brown, Jr., the indefatigable author of "The Great Dionysiac Myth," is now working at the origin of the extra-zodiacal constellations. He hopes to be able to publish early next year a monograph on "Eridanus, River and Constellation" in continuation of his "Law of Cosmic Order."

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH AND CO. will shortly publish a work by Mr. John Nicholas Murphy, author of "Terra Incognita," entitled "The Chair of Peter; or, the Papacy considered in its Institution, Development, and Organization, and in the Benefits which for over Eighteen Centuries it has conferred on Mankind."



MR. GLADSTONE will shortly complete fifty years of public life, having been first returned to the House of Commons, as member for Newark, on December 13, 1832. In commemoration of this event, a "jubilee edition" of Mr. G. Barnett Smith's "Life of Gladstone" will be issued immediately by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co., at the price of one shilling, with a portrait, and several new chapters bringing the biography down to the present date.

We hear that Miss Mathilde Blind's biographical sketch of "George Eliot," which is to be the initial volume of Mr. John H. Ingram's forthcoming series of "Eminent Women," will be chiefly composed of new material. It will give, and for the first time, a faithful account of George Eliot's early life, refer to much of her unknown literary labors, identify the characters in her novels, and furnish new and interesting correspondence.

THE influential literary society of Vienna, called the Concordia, has passed a resolution favoring the discontinuance of Monday newspapers on the ground that the work for them must be done on Sundays; and this resolution has been vigorously applauded at a mass meeting of Viennese printers. The practice on this point is very irregular. Throughout the Continent nearly all papers are published on every day of the week, Sundays and Mondays included. In England we are not aware of a single daily paper that appears on Sunday; but we have heard of good people in Scotland who decline to read their papers on Monday mornings.

MESSRS. CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN AND CO. will shortly publish the conclusion of Sir Gavan Duffy's "Young Ireland," under the title of "Four Years of Irish History, 1845-49." It deals with the most memorable incidents in the modern history of Ireland—the Secession, by which the marvellous authority of O'Connell was overthrown; O'Connell's compact with the Whigs; the great famine; and, for the first time, the secret history, minutes of council, and private correspondence connected with the abortive insurrection headed by Smith O'Brien. It is written not only from close personal knowledge, but founded on unpublished documents and the correspondence of nearly every one prominently concerned in these transactions.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS have in the press a work on Arabian society in the Middle Ages and to-day, by the late E. W. Lane, the author of the "Modern Egyptians" and the Arabic Lexicon. It is an arrangement of all the more important notes appended to Mr. Lane's translation of the "Thousand-and-one Nights." Scholars, as well as ordinary readers, have often expressed a wish that the notes could be

obtained in a separate and convenient form; and, to meet this wish and render the notes more widely serviceable, Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole has arranged them in a series of chapters, which will form the most complete picture existing in any European language of the manners, beliefs and superstitions, social habits, and literature of the Mohammedans as they were in the days of the Mamluks, and as they are still to a great extent in Cairo and Damascus and Bagdad. The book will be a sort of Moslem encyclopædia.

THE Clarendon Press will publish shortly "The Gospel of St. Mark in Gothic, according to the Translation made by Wulfila in the Fourth Century," edited by Prof. Skeat. This work is intended to serve as a Gothic primer, and to introduce the beginner to larger works on the subject. The introduction gives all necessary elementary information concerning the MS., the author, and the sources of the alphabet, with some account of the pronunciation, phonology, and grammar. The glossary not only explains all the words occurring in St. Mark's Gospel, but is extended so as to explain all the more important words of the language, especially such as are most required by the student of English etymology, for whom some knowledge of Gothic is absolutely indispensable.

#### SCIENCE AND ART.

ATROPIA FOR EARACHE.—The most effectual treatment, and the one which has stood the test of years, says Dr. A. D. Williams, in the *American Chemists' and Druggists' Bulletin*, is the local application of a solution of the sulphate of atropia. Not a single case but has yielded at once. The solution is to be simply dropped into the painful ear, and allowed to remain there from ten to fifteen minutes. Then it is made to run out by turning the head over, then being wiped with a dry rag. The solution may be warmed to prevent shock. From three to five drops should be used at a time. The strength of the solution must vary, according to the age of the child. Under three years, one grain to the ounce, and over ten years, four grains to the ounce of water. In grown persons almost any strength may be used. All ages will bear a stronger solution in the ear than in the eye. The application should be repeated as often as may be necessary. Usually a few applications will stop the pain. In acute suppurative inflammation of the middle ear, and acute inflammation of the external meatus, atropia will only slightly palliate the suffering, but in the recurring nocturnal earaches of children it is practically a specific.

**A NEW VEGETABLE STYPTIC.**—A recent number of the *Neue Freie Presse* states that during the French expedition to Mexico a plant was discovered, called by the natives by a name which may be rendered as "Fowl-wort" (*Tradescantia erecta*, Jacq.), which has the property, when chewed or crushed, of stopping any hæmorrhage. A specimen planted in 1867 by the discoverer, in his garden at Versailles, has not only flourished, but flowered and fruited, without having its peculiar properties as yet appreciably diminished. Although no exotic, or remarkable for particular beauty of bloom, it, nevertheless, deserves a wider extension on account of its valuable properties, especially as its acclimatization may be regarded as having been fully established. Its action exceeds that of all styptics as yet known, as, for example, perchloride of iron, and it can, moreover, be very cheaply procured.—*Lancet*.

**HOW A MAN WALKS.**—One of the most remarkable things about a man's walk is the *diagonal* movement which characterizes it. The reader may imagine the hands and feet to form the four corners of a parallelogram, and the diagonal limbs are of course the right arm and left leg, and the left arm and right leg. By "diagonal movement" we therefore intend to convey the fact that the diagonal limbs, during locomotion, always swing in the same direction. A soldier on parade keeps his arms motionless by his sides, and on no account must they be allowed to vibrate. This is not what he would naturally do if left to himself. Watch any one person out of the hundreds walking along the streets, and it will be seen that he invariably swings his arms as he goes along, perhaps to an extreme degree if he be a rustic, and less so if town-bred. The arms swing by the body like a couple of pendula, and with a speed which entirely depends upon the rate at which he may be walking. The athlete, anxious to complete the given number of "laps" in a mile or couple of miles and outstrip his competitors, swings his arms to and fro with a quickness which corresponds with the motion of his swift feet; the business man also swings his arms with a motion which, if not so quick, exactly times with the motion of his legs; and even the idle man about town, lounging along some fashionable quarter, unconsciously gives a slow motion to his arms which corresponds to his tardy legs. Now, if the motion be even carelessly observed, it will be found that the right arm swings forward at the same time as the left leg; and when the right leg is advancing, it is the left arm which accompanies it. This is the natural gait, and, to convince one's self that it is so, it is only requisite to get a friend to walk across the room

in the opposite fashion—i. e., to swing the right arm forward when stepping out with the right leg, and then, in the same manner, when bringing forward the left leg, to accompany it with the left arm. Such a gait is both unnatural and uncomfortable to the person who tries it, and also ludicrous to the observer who watches a first attempt of the kind. The diagonal movement of the limbs is therefore the natural method adopted by man when walking, and it is the first and most apparent fact that one ascertains in studying human locomotion.—*Science for All*.

**A SALT MINE TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD.** A mine has been found in the mountain near Salsburg, Austria, which gives indications of having been occupied and abandoned at least two thousand years ago. It contains a large and confused mass of timbers, which were used for support, and a number of miners' implements. The timbers were notched and sharpened, but were subject to an inundation, and left in confused heaps. The implements were mainly wooden shovels, axe-handles, etc. Among the relics, also, was a basket made of untanned raw hide, a piece of cloth woven of coarse wool, the fibre of which is very even, and still in good preservation, and a torch, bound together with flax fibre. The probabilities are that the ancient salt-miners were overtaken by the flooding of the mine, as mummified bodies have been discovered also. The find seems to have belonged to the pre-Roman times, as the axe-handles were evidently used for bronze axes, specimens of which have been found upon the surface of the mountain. The relics are of a high order, the basket being superior even to some that were used in the early historic times.

**ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES AT REVEL.**—The *Riga Zeitung* gives an interesting account of the valuable manuscripts lately discovered at Revel. It was proposed to refit an apartment on the ground floor of the Hôtel de Ville, to serve as an additional receptacle for the city archives. But on examination it was found to be filled almost to the ceiling with manuscripts and books, the bulk of which belonged to the 18th and 17th centuries, while some thousands of them dated from the 16th, very many from the 15th, and some even went back to the 14th century. The most valuable among them was, perhaps, a collection of municipal account-books and similar documents. Hitherto only a few of the old city books of this once famous Hanse town were believed to exist; but about 40 of them, of all kinds, ranging from the 14th to the 16th century, have here been brought to light. Books of all kinds, such as were

kept probably only in the Middle Ages, are here represented—accounts of the municipal lime-kilns, mills, exchange of coins, exchequer receipts, beginning with the year 1432, registers of incoming ships, with abstracts of their bills of lading (from the beginning of the 15th century), port dues, lists of citizens, records of inheritances, ledger of receipts from succession duties, record of letters of convoy, several letter-books (one of which ranges from 1383 to 1425), and others for the end of the 15th and beginning of the 16th century. Among the other treasures here discovered is the chronicles of Dünamunde, long believed to be lost, and a manuscript belonging to the municipal archives of Lübeck. German mediæval archæologists are looking forward eagerly to a thorough investigation and calendaring of the contents of this precious "find."

**THE FIRE-FLASHING PLANT.**—The *fraxinella* is the subject of a tradition that is probably founded on fact. It is said that in hot weather the plant emits flashes of fire. Linnæus believed it; and Alphonse Karr, in his delightful "Tour Round My Garden," makes several references to the great Swedish botanist and his descriptions of the *fraxinella* fireworks. In Turton's "Linné," now before us, we find in vol. v., p. 678, a note on the plant in these words, "emitting inflammable odorous effluvia." Karr records in all seriousness that he many times endeavored to obtain flashes by passing a lighted candle over the plant, but had no success. In "Maund's Botanic Garden," edited by the late Mr. J. C. Niven, a record to the same effect will be found in vol. ii., p. 108. Mr. Niven says: "Another of the well-known qualities belonging to it is the inflammability of the exhalation from the little resinous glands with which it is covered. In very dry warm weather this will be seen to take fire, on bringing a candle near to it; but the best method of showing this properly is to gather a portion of the plant in dry weather and hold it near to a small candle, in a room that is otherwise dark. This statement, though tested on many occasions, has never been verified by us; doubtless the special oil contained in the glands is extremely volatile." We also can say that though tested on many occasions the statement has never been verified by us. It is but too likely that our summers are never hot enough to develop to their highest possible degree the properties of the plant on which its inflammability depends. It is some satisfaction to know that Karr failed to obtain from it the traditional flashes of fire; or, at all events, did not see them.—*Gardeners' Magazine*.

**ASIATIC RUG-MAKING.**—When an American buyer arrives in the heart of the rug-making country in Asia, he selects the best agent he can find, and gives him an order for, say, 100 rugs, of about the colors and sizes of certain samples which he may find in the bazaars. The Turkish agent then employs natives of the villages where the kind of rugs selected are wanted, giving to each a bag of gold and instructions to order four rugs. The sub-agent then goes among the families, and talks rugs with them, drinking many cups of coffee, and discussing the price for days at a time. When a bargain is concluded some money is furnished the family for wool, dyes, and food, and the agent goes away, sure that in the course of a few months the rug will be ready. Upon a carpet measuring 8 feet by 12 feet, a whole family will work for months. The cotton or woollen threads which form the groundwork or warp of the fabric are stretched upon a huge frame the width of the rug, and the family, or such members of it as are able to work, sit on the floor and tie knots in the warp threads with the colored wool tufts, tightening the finished fabric now and then with a rough comb. Each worker takes about 27 inches of the rug and works along this strip. From 2 inches to 4 inches a day is the speed at which the rug advances, if the family is large enough for the whole width of the rug to advance at the same time. A rug 8 or 9 feet wide requires four persons, who work side by side. The finishing of the rug, smoothing, clipping, etc., is a work requiring skill and judgment. The wages are very small, and the payment is according to the number of square feet. The workers know certain patterns by heart, and dye their own wools. The old dyes have in some instances been supplanted by aniline colors, which do not keep their tones, and fade without giving to the rug the softness of tint which is the chief glory of a fine Eastern rug. So many merchants have refused to buy the carpets in which aniline dyes have been used that the use of them may eventually be stopped. The rug makers as a class are poor in money, very ignorant, and very religious, but live comfortably. Especially around the borders of the Caspian Sea, in the country watered by the rivers from the Caucasian Mountains, are the people in comfortable circumstances, although about three centuries behind the rest of the world. Wine is still brought into Tiflis in ox hides holding a hogshead of wine, and is sold for about 15 cents a gallon. The rugs and carpets are brought in from Persia and the neighboring districts on camels' backs, the arrivals of camel trains being one of the curious sights of the town.—*Drafter*.

THE SPECTRUM OF THE LARGE COMET.—MM. Thollon and Gouy have communicated to the French Academy of Sciences the results of their spectroscopic observations on the large comet now visible. It appears from these that at the Observatory of Nice on September 18th, they detected very brilliant rays of sodium, which were slightly displaced toward the red. On October 9th the sodium lines had disappeared, leaving only four ordinary bands of carbon, of which the violet band was very distinct but feeble, while the others were bright, especially in the head. This gave at the same time a continuous spectrum in which could be seen a great number of black and bright rays. On October 16th the spectrum was much the same, except that the violet band had almost disappeared, and the continuous spectrum had become feebler. The spectrum in fact showed a striking resemblance to that of the flame of alcohol. Of course this does not imply that alcohol is present in the comet, since it is known that all compounds of carbon give the same bands, and of these alcohol was only chosen because it was most convenient for comparison. The "integral spectrum" taken by a direct vision spectroscope, showed that the major portion of the comet's light was white, and probably reflected sunlight. The vanishment of the sodium lines and other brilliant rays would seem to prove that the spectroscope cannot give a complete analysis of cometary matter. It is probable that this matter is similar to that of aerolites; and if the temperature of the comet is sufficient to produce an emission spectrum from the compounds of carbon, it ought also to give a spectrum of sodium; but this, as found by MM. Thollon and Gouy, is not always the case. They are, therefore, led back to the electric theory of comets. It is known that if a carburetted gas is traversed by the electric discharge from a Holtz machine, deprived of condensers, the gas kindles and gives the carbon bands; and if it hold metal dust in suspension, it will give the bands without showing the lines of the metals. Something of the same kind possibly takes place in comets.—*Engineering*.

#### MISCELLANY.

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.—As your eye wanders up the desert, it rests on groups of lesser pyramids at Dashour and Sakkara, there being still remains of sixty-nine of these, of divers forms—one being built in five distinct terraces—and of every size; from the merest cairn of stones, loosely heaped together, over the tomb of the poor; gradually advancing to the perfect structure, whether small or great,

which marked where richer members of the community slept their last sleep. The majority of these are built of the crude brick, baked in the sun, and are far more recent works than the giants at Gizeh. It is supposed that some of these may have been among the labors of the Israelites to which Josephus alluded when, speaking of their Egyptian task-masters, he says, "They put them to the draining of rivers into channels, walling of towns, casting up of dykes and banks to keep off inundations; nay, the erecting of fanatical pyramids." Scientific men are able in these old bricks to distinguish barley from wheat straw, or bean halm from stubble. One pyramid at Dashour has been especially noted, its bricks being made almost without straw, just the merest indications thereof, as though made in time of some strange scarcity—like that when the Israelites gathered stubble instead of straw. An old wall of precisely similar bricks was found at Heliopolis, five miles below Cairo—each brick bearing the cartouche or royal mark of Thothmes III., who is generally supposed to be the Pharaoh of the Exodus; a supposition to which the monumental hieroglyphics bear strange testimony in utterly omitting his name from all sepulchral records, thereby corroborating the theory of his having shared, with his great army, their silent, unmarked tomb beneath the waters of the Red Sea. It is said that the Egyptians religiously avoided any illusion to whatever evil might befall their kings; and it is very remarkable that monuments should have been found to all the other Pharaohs, while the stones that chronicle this man's actions both end abruptly, without any mention of his death. Moreover, while all his royal brethren were succeeded each by his eldest son, it is expressly stated that he was succeeded by his second son—while the "death of the firstborn" is altogether ignored.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

EARLY PRINTING IN CHINA.—In an interesting article on printing in China, the *North China Herald* says that the first great promoter of the art of printing was Feng Ying Wang, who in 932 A.D. advised the Emperor to have the Confucian classics printed with wooden blocks engraved for the purpose. The first books were printed in a regular manner, and in pursuance of a decree in 953. The mariner's compass and rockets were invented about the same time, showing that at this period men's minds were much stirred toward invention. Twenty years after the edict the blocks of the classics were pronounced ready, and were put on sale. Large-sized editions, which were the only ones printed at first, were soon succeeded by pocket editions. The works printed under the Lung emperors at



Hangchow were celebrated for their beauty; those of Western China came next, and those of Fokhien last. Movable types of copper and lead were tried about the same time, but it was thought that mistakes were more numerous with them, and therefore the fixed blocks were prepared. Paper made from cotton was tried, but it was found so expensive that the bamboo-made paper held its ground. In the Sung dynasty the method was also tried of engraving on soft clay and afterward hardening it by baking. The separate characters were not thicker than ordinary copper coins. Each of them was, in fact, a seal. An iron plate was prepared with a facing of turpentine, wax, and the ashes of burnt paper. Over this was placed an iron frame, in which the clay types were set up until it was full. The whole was then sufficiently heated to melt the wax facing. An iron plate was placed above the types, making them perfectly level, the wax being just soft enough to allow the types to sink into it to the proper depth. This being done it would be possible to print several hundred or thousand copies with great rapidity. Two forms prepared in this way were ready for the pressman's use, so that when he had done with one he would proceed with another without delay. Here is undoubtedly the principle of the printing-press of Europe, although western printers can dispense with a soft wax bed for types, and can obtain a level surface without this device. Perhaps the need of capital to lay in a stock of types, the want of a good type-metal easily cut and sufficiently hard, and the superior beauty of the Chinese characters when carved in wood, have prevented the wide employment of the movable types which are so convenient for all alphabetic writing. The inventor of this mode of printing in movable types five centuries before they were invented in Europe was named Pi Sheng.

**AUSTRALIAN MARRIAGES.**—Marriage among such a rude people cannot be attended with any religious ceremonies or mysterious rites. It is essentially marriage by force. The following is the method in which the Sydney natives used to obtain wives, and the manners of the Australian natives have not much improved for the better since the time this was written. "The poor wretch is stolen upon in the absence of her protectors. Being first stupefied with blows, inflicted with clubs or wooden swords, on the head, back, and shoulders, every one of which is followed by a stream of blood, she is then dragged through the woods by one arm, with a perseverance and violence that, it might be supposed, would displace it from its socket. The lover, or rather the ravisher, is regardless of the stones

or broken pieces of trees that may lie in his route, being anxious only to convey his prize in safety to his own party, when a scene ensues too shocking to relate. This outrage is not resented by the relations of the female, who only retaliate by a similar outrage when they find an opportunity. This is so constantly the practice among them, that even the children make it a play-game, or exercise." Again, Mr. Oldfield, an intelligent writer on these people, remarks that in Australia the men are in excess of the other sex, and "consequently many men of every tribe are unprovided with that especial necessary to their comfortable subsistence, a wife! who is a slave in the strictest sense of the word, being a beast of burden, a provider of food, and a ready object on which to expend those passions the men dare not vent on each other. Hence, for those coveting such a luxury, arises the necessity of stealing the women of some other tribe; and in these expeditions to effect so laudable a design, they will cheerfully undergo privations and dangers equal to those they incur when in search of blood revenge. When, on such an errand, they discover an unprotected female, their proceedings are not of the most gentle nature. Stunning her with a blow from the *waddy* (to make her love him perhaps), they drag her by the hair to the nearest thicket to await her recovery. When she comes to her senses they force her to accompany them; and, as at the worst, it is but the exchange of one brutal lord for another, she generally enters into the spirit of the affair, and takes as much pains to escape as though it were a matter of her own free will." Between the wives and the husbands little real affection can be expected. The husband avowedly looks upon his wife as a beast of burden; a slave to whom every labor is to be delegated, and who is to be brutally beaten and ill-used on the most trivial provocation. Ex-governor Eyre, who was for some years one of the Australian "Protectors of Aborigines," declares that few women "will be found upon examination to be free from frightful scars upon the head, or the marks of spear-wounds about the body. I have seen a young woman, who, from the number of those marks, appeared to have been almost riddled with spear-wounds. If at all good-looking, their position is, if possible, even worse than otherwise." So brutal, indeed, is the way in which these wretched wives of wretched men are treated, that a recent eminent ethnological writer—Sir John Lubbock—feels himself bound in respect to the feelings of a certain section of his readers, to translate into Latin the description of how they are treated.—*Peoples of the World.*

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## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

### 1883.

THE present number of the *ECLECTIC* begins the thirty-seventh volume of the new series and the thirty-ninth year of its existence.

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We shall be glad of the assistance of our subscribers in increasing our circulation for the coming year, and to this end any of our subscribers who will send us the names of parties whom they think will be likely to subscribe, will confer a favor on us, and whenever practicable we will send a specimen copy of the work.

The general plan of the *ECLECTIC* will be continued for the new year, and with the addition of several new periodicals to our list, we hope it will fully keep up to the standard of its past history.

**THE ALLIGATOR INDUSTRY.**—The business of killing and catching alligators gives occupation, it is stated in a St. Louis paper, to many persons in the South of the United States. The hide of a large alligator is worth \$1 to \$2. It is almost a day's task to skin a large one. Alligator oil (which has at first a most unpleasant smell) is much valued as a remedy for rheumatism. Fishermen sometimes eat portions of the animal's body; the flesh of the tail when cooked is said to be like veal in look and like pork in taste. Colonel Williams some time ago made a contract with a fisherman to stock a hole at Spanish Fort, known as the alligator pond, for him, and in a fortnight he had it stocked with thirty alligators, ranging

from 6 inches to 7 feet or 8 feet. The mode of capture, in which the men showed no fear, was as follows: Some of the young are caught out from where the old one is lying, and a strong noose is placed, so that she must thrust her head in it in emerging. When all is ready the young are allowed to cry out, the old one appears, and is caught in the noose; she is then dragged round in the water till nearly choked, when another noose is secured to her tail, and she is firmly strapped, stomach downward, on a wide board. Her head is then fastened to the boat, the noose round her neck is removed, and she is towed away after her young have been placed in the skiff. Young ones are bought by dealers from \$2 to \$4 a dozen, if not over a foot in length. They fetch a much higher price when retailed, as they are hard to keep alive. There is an increase in the selling price of 50 cents to \$1 for every additional foot over a certain length. Alligators 16 or 18 inches long are often found by dozens in shallow water, and they may be handled without trouble, provided the old one does not take alarm. Most alligator-fishers are usually turtle-hunters as well, pulling out the animals from holes with a hooked pole.

**LAKE LEMAN TO BE DRAINED.**—Land-hunger has led an English company to make the extraordinary offer of carrying away the waters of Lake Lemman, provided they can have the land thus laid dry. They not only ask for no subsidy, but are willing to pay 5,000,000*l.* for the privilege of doing the work. Their plan is to construct from its lowest depths a tunnel-like canal to a point some 20 miles distant, where the water of the lake can be made to run into the river Rhone. The bed of the Rhone is there about 250 feet below the level of the lake.

**GROWTH IN THE FAR WEST.**—A Philadelphia man who went West to grow up with the country has returned with some stories illustrating how it was that he failed to keep up. He says that night overtook him while he was hunting in the mountains, and he went to sleep in a tree to keep out of reach of the wolves. Early on the next morning, he avers, some workmen told him to come down and finish his nap on the court-house steps, as they wanted to turn the tree into a flag-pole for the hotel across the way.

**COLORED PHOTOGRAPHS.**—A Nuremberg inventor has just made public a new and interesting process of printing photographs in colors, which has been regarded in some quarters as much superior to, and destined to supersede, chromo-lithography. The inventor secured some surprising results in artistic photography in various public experiments, recently, and won commendation from capable critics. His process consists in securing six gelatine copies on glass of a photograph negative. These plates are next painted with a combination of five primary tints, including a gray and a brown. These same tints, in a different combination, are next applied to the second plate, and so on until there are six different combinations on each plate, which series, the inventor claims, will enable him to secure any desired coloring in his photographs. After being colored, the plates are treated with bi-chromate of potash which renders them perfectly insoluble and capable of being operated with an ordinary lithograph press. The great advantage possessed by them over the old chromo-lithography process is that the color photographs can be secured from them in complete condition in five printings, whereas a dozen to twenty separate impressions are required to produce a chromo-lithograph. Fidelity in copying the original tints of color in the object photographed is secured by means of a prepared scale, in which every possible combination of the five colors is clearly shown. By subdividing these five into fifths, the inventor has secured no less than 1600 tints, which have been analyzed and reproduced on the scale, so that the operator of the coloring apparatus can readily discover their component colors. It is claimed that three months' practice is sufficient to impart proficiency in the process to any student of color photography.

**DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH.**—The President of the New York Life Insurance Company, Morris Franklin, says: "I suffered every morning for years from headaches. Dr. Scott's Electric Brush relieves them at once. I heartily recommend it."

**SUN TELEGRAPHY.**—A message was sent, by means of the sun's rays reflected in a heliographic mirror, from one of the pyramids near Cairo to the Khédive at Alexandria, a hundred and twenty miles, during the summer's campaign in Egypt.

**VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.**—A desperado who stopped a Nevada coach the other day, and made the passengers shell out their valuables at the muzzle of a revolver, affably explained that he was taking up voluntary contributions for campaign purposes.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*The Boy Percy.* Being Old Ballads of War, Adventure, and Love, for Boys. By SIDNEY LANIER. With fifty illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 8vo, cloth, pp. 441. Price, \$2.50.

*Campaigns of the Civil War.* Vol. VIII. The Mississippi. By FRANCES VINTON GREENE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, cloth, pp. 276. Price, \$1.

*Quintus Claudius.* A Romance of Imperial Rome. By ERNST ECKSTEIN. From the German, by Clara Bell. New York: W. S. Gottsberger. 2 vols., paper, pp. 616. Price, \$1.

*Renaissance in Italy—Italian Literature.* In Two Parts. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 8vo, cloth. Part I., pp. xv. 561. Part II., pp. xvi. 631. Price, \$7.

*John Greenleaf Whittier: His Life, Genius, and Writings.* By W. SLOANE KENNEDY. Author of a "Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow." Boston: S. E. Cassino. 12mo, cloth, pp. 311. Price, \$1.50.

*Spare Hours.* By JOHN BROWN, M.D., LL.D. Third Series. Locke and Sydenham, and other Papers. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 368. Price, \$1.50.

*Poems of American Patriotism.* Chosen by J. BRANDER MATTHEWS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, cloth, pp. 285. Price, \$1.50.

*The Beginnings of History from the Creation of Man to the Deluge.* By FRANCOIS LENORMANT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, cloth, pp. 588. Price, \$2.50.

*Winners in Life's Race; or, the Great Back-boned Family.* By ARABELLA B. BUCKLEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 367. Price, \$1.50.

*Facts and Phases of Animal Life.* By VERNON S. MORWOOD. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 286. Price, \$1.50.

*English Colonies in America: Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas.* By J. A. DOYLE. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 12mo, pp. 420. Price, \$1.50.

*In Sancho Panza's Pit.* By Mrs. B. S. CUNNINGHAM. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 295. Price, \$1.50.

*Flower de Luce.* By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. Reproduced in fac-simile from the original MS., illustrated. By ISAAC SPRAGUE. Boston: S. E. Cassino. Large 4to. paper, silk fringe. Price, \$1.50.

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# COMPOUND OXYGEN,

—\*For the Cure of Chronic Diseases.\*—

## A BLESSING TO THE AGED.

Very few persons, on reaching threescore, find themselves in good health. From various causes the constitution, which may have been vigorous in early life, has become broken, the nervous energy depressed, and organic disease of some kind added too often to the catalogue of ailments which burden and distress the waning years of life. In cases of this kind the medical profession can do little, if anything. The administration of drugs only makes matters worse, and tonics, health-cures, sanitariums, and the like, give at best only temporary respite from depressing weakness or suffering. As the years go on, health steadily declines, and the days become more and more shadowed. It has become sadly true that a vigorous old age is the exception, and not the rule. The cause lies chiefly in the overstrain of early and middle life, or in a continued neglect of the plainest laws of health.

To this class Compound Oxygen comes as a boon and a blessing. It has rarely happened in our administration of this new agent of cure that persons in advanced life have not found it a remarkable quickener of all the vital forces, giving a new sense of life and comfort, and complete or partial freedom from pain where nervous or organic troubles have entailed suffering. The following extract from a letter written to us by a lady in Ohio, seventy years of age, gives an instance of what Compound Oxygen can do and is doing, in a large number of cases, for the aged, in bringing them relief from suffering and depressing weakness in their declining years:

"I am much better," she writes, "of all my troubles, though I am reminded of them occasionally. I said *all*. The oldest of all is Dyspepsia, which hangs on in some form occasionally, but which dates back more than twenty years. The skin trouble, by whatever name it may be called, came next: after being a six years' scourge, has mostly disappeared. The Catarrh, a five years' distress, has also gone entirely. The throat disease and laryngitis gone; only threatening a little upon taking cold.

"I have never given up to be an invalid, confined to the house, and if it were not that I am threescore and ten, I think I could increase in strength and activity. What strength I have and what power to do I attribute, under the blessing of God, to the use of Oxygen, as I feel confident I should have succumbed to Bronchitis, if not to other diseases, had I not used it.

"I shall keep the Oxygen and use it as I need. I hope by this means to finally overcome the dyspeptic tendency. I have written thus definitely that you may use it as you please, only withholding name for the present. Sometime I may give it."

In the case of a gentleman over seventy-four years of age, the brother of a physician who procured our Treatment for him, the revitalizing action of Compound Oxygen is quite as marked:

"My brother writes me that he has gained in weight sixteen pounds since the 1st of October last. Feels strong as a young Samson. Has an excellent appetite and a good digestion. Cough and expectoration reduced to less than nine tenths of what it was six months ago, when he began the Compound Oxygen Treatment. He says that in all of his long life (above

seventy-four years), he never enjoyed a better class of good feelings. Sleeps as calmly as an infant from ten o'clock p.m. until five o'clock a.m. every night."

## BRONCHITIS, with NIGHT-SWEATS AND CHILLS.

A gentleman of Ackley Station, Pa., procured a Treatment for his wife, who was suffering from disease of the throat and chest. This was in October last. November 28th he wrote:

"My wife's trouble was Bronchitis, caused by a cold which she had taken last March. She was also greatly prostrated, raising a great deal of bloody matter; loss of appetite and no strength; had night sweats and chills, and seemed to be running down very fast. The Compound Oxygen was received and she commenced taking it at once, and has taken it regularly ever since; and now, the 28th of November, she is almost as well as she ever was. She has some trouble in her throat yet, but not much. She has a good appetite, and has gained ever so much in flesh and strength, and is around attending to her household affairs, as usual."

## "SURPRISED AT THE PROGRESS I HAVE MADE."

The patient, whose brief report we give below, had been a sufferer for twenty years with a catarrhal affection, which took on every autumn the aggravated form of Hay Fever. He also had occasional hemorrhages from the lungs, and was growing worse, year by year. In August last he began the Oxygen Treatment and reported every few weeks a steady improvement in all respects, though with an occasional return of bad symptoms, which, however, were of brief duration. After using two supplies of Oxygen, he gives the following report of results:

"My health has slowly improved in almost every respect. Since my improvement, a good many persons are making inquiry about Oxygen. If I did get entirely well, I will be a walking advertisement for everybody who knows me is aware of my 20 year's sickness. My friends are surprised at the progress I have made in the direction of health."

## "AM EATING HEARTILY AND SLEEPING SOUNDLY."

The following case shows a rapid improvement under the effects of Compound Oxygen. With sound sleep and a good appetite, a return to health in almost any disease comes as a natural result:

"Am happy that I can write a more favorable report than I have yet done since I commenced your Treatment. My health is improving more rapidly than ever since I received your last Treatment. I am eating heartily and sleeping soundly at night, and feel almost ten years younger than I did six months ago. In fact, I feel that my whole physical frame is undergoing a reorganization; or in other words a rebuilding up anew of my whole system. I consider that I cannot say too much in praise of your Compound Oxygen, for I do not think I could possibly have lived to the close of this year if it had not been for your remedy."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature, and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

Also sent free, "Health and Life," a quarterly record of cases and cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

DEPOSITORY ON THE PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Matthews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

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